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cast. + graphics

✧✧✧

in which the quiet girl who has been hidden for most of her life, finally feels seen under the gaze of bellamy blake

✧✧✧

[LILY COLLINS as ***AVERY COLLINS]***

the sunshine

[image]

[BOB MORLEY as **BELLAMY BLAKE]**

the protector

[image]

[THOMAS MCDONELL as **FINN COLLINS]**

the spacewalker

[image]

[MARIE AVGEROPOULOS as **OCTAVIA BLAKE]**

the warrior

[image]

[LINDSEY MORGAN as **RAVEN REYES]**

the badass mechanic

[image]

[ELIZA TAYLOR as **CLARKE GRIFFIN]**

the leader

[image]

[RICHARD HARMON as **JOHN MURPHY]**

the cockroach

[image]

also featuring

DEVON BOSTICK as **JASPER JORDAN**

CHRISTOPHER LARKIN as **MONTY GREEN**

JAROD JOSEPH as **NATHAN MILLER**

CHELSEY REIST as **HARPER MCINTYRE**

RICKY WHITTLE as **LINCOLN KOM TRIKRU**

[the rest of the 100 cast as their respective characters]

GRAPHICS!
special thank you to the lovely and talented END0RSKIES for these beautiful graphics <3

[image]

[image]

note from author.

hi my lovely readers! just an fyi that I am currently editing/ revamping parts of this story (as of november 2021).

unfortunately, me doing so removes some inline comments. i'm sad that this is what happens , but am excited to fix certain parts of this story that I was not a fan of.

love you all, and hope you'll add new inline comments <3

-maddy xoxo

00. prologue

[image]

❝There are two things in life for which we are never truly prepared: twins.❞

-josh billings

✧✧✧

Twins.

One hundred years ago, that word brought excitement, joy, maybe nerves. But it was a blessing for many- two babies instead of one. Children grew up forever grateful that they had that one person they could always rely on.

For Avery Collins, being a twin meant she was hidden her whole life. No chance to experience life the way most did.

Her twin brother, Finn ,got that chance. Being a female deemed Avery less valuable, and therefore doomed her to a hidden life. For fifteen years, Avery stayed hidden while her brother lived his life.

Their parents got away with their dirty secret until their death. Both of them were floated for 'crimes' they committed which left the teenage twins alone to fend for themselves. Without their parents around, Avery eventually got caught and arrested when she was barely fifteen.

The next three years of her life were to be spent in the Skybox, awaiting the day she turned eighteen in which she would finally meet death-punishment for the crime of being born.

But before that day could come- something else happened...the 100 were sent to the ground.

01. earth bound

[image]

Chapter Song- Jungle by X Ambassadors

I stared out the only small window in my cell. That small window being one of the only things that kept me sane.

"What are you doing ?" my cell mate and best friend, Octavia, questioned from where she sat on her bed. Octavia was the only other thing that kept me somewhat sane.

"Trying to pretend I'm not stuck in this hell hole." I grumbled, closing my eyes as I leaned my head against the wall.

"Probably not going to work." Octavia retorted, shooting me a grin as I opened my eyes and gave her a sideways glance.

A year after I was locked up Octavia became my cell mate. She was probably one of the best things that ever happened to me. She understood me better than anyone else. She had gone through the exact struggles I had growing up. We were the only two people on the Ark who could relate to each other's circumstances.

"Why don't they just float me early?" I muttered, pushing myself off the cold ground.

"Avery, stop it." Octavia groaned "I don't want to talk about getting floated okay?"

"It's going to happened soon, Tavia!" I argued, "I turn eighteen in less than a month."

"Yeah, so for the next 4 weeks just shut up about it." she teased, shooting me a wink.

I let out a small laugh, opening my mouth to shoot back a smart remark. However, before any words could leave my mouth, the door to our cell swing open aggressively.

"Prisoners 255 and 256 face the wall." a guard ordered, marching into our cell with another two guards behind him. With the door open, I could now hear a commotion taking place outside of our room. I craned my neck, looking past the guards to see all of the cell doors were open, kids being pulled from their rooms from all directions

"Woah, woah just wait what's going on?" Octavia demanded.

"Face the wall." The guard sternly repeated.

I nervously looked toward Octavia, giving her a slight nod before turning towards the plain grey wall.

"Stick out your right arms." another guard demanded, setting down a small metal box beside us.

"Tell us what's going on." I pleaded, turning my head to look back at the men.

"Right arm." the guard ordered, ignoring my pleas.

I let out a shaky sigh, reluctantly sticking out my arm. I knew it was better not to fight.

Octavia did the same, and soon enough metal bracelets were snapped onto our wrists. I flinched as the metal pinched my skin as it felt like something was stuck into my wrist

"This way." the guard instructed, ignoring the look of discomfort on my face as he grabbed onto the upper part of my arm. Another guard did the same to Octavia who met my eyes with a worried expression.

"Are you going to tell us what's going on." I asked as we emerged out into the hall, being met with the scene of dozens of kids being ushered down the corridors.

"Maybe you got your wish." Octavia muttered as the guards pushed us down the hall. The two of us were then pushed into a long line of teenagers. I craned my neck attempting to see what we were being lined up for. When I couldn't see anything I sighed and rejoined

Octavia back in line.
"I can't see anything. I don't know what's going on" I huffed looking down at the band on my wrist.

Octavia grabbed my arm, pulling me with her as the line began to move. "Guess we're going to find out soon."

Eventually the two of us made it to the front of the line.

"Names?" A lady with a tablet asked, looking between Octavia and myself.

"Why do you need to know.?" Octavia sassed.

The lady did not look impressed as she let out a sigh, "We can do this the easy way or the hard way, you chose."

"Avery Collins and Octavia Blake." I butted into the conversation, very well knowing Octavia was not about to take the easy route.

The woman typed something into the tablet before directing us down a tunnel which led to a ladder. I could only assume the ladder led to some kind of ship.

"Go strap in" the man at the door ordered. I was right. We were on some kind of ship, along with what looked like the rest of the juvenile prisoners.

I froze at his order, why would we need to strap in unless- "We're leaving the Ark." I announced in a daze.

"What?" Octavia almost shouted.

"I think they're sending us to Earth." I repeated, almost stumbling over my own feet as we were directed to our seats.

"No! That's impossible. How could they send us to Earth when it's not even inhabitable for another hundred years!?" Octavia looked like she was going to throw up.

"I have no idea Tavia." I breathed as I lowered myself into one of the empty seats. "But I guess we're going to find out."

As I strapped in I though more about what Earth would be like. I resisted a smile as the thought of being free filled my mind.

"Let's go to Earth." I whispered.

/// So this is the first chapter! I Sorry it's short but I just wanted to give you a little taste of Avery's life before she was sent to the ground! :)

Please vote/comment and tell me what you think :))

02. reunited

[image]

My stomach did flips as the drop ship took off, my hands tightening around my seatbelt as my body jolted around. Slamming my eyes shut, I tried my hardest to block out what was truly happening. I knew very well that she could die on the way down to the ground.

Another large jolt shook the ship. The lights flickered and then the power buzzed to life, illuminating the once dark ship.

"What was that?" Octavia asked, barely above a whisper.

"I think it was the atmosphere." I replied, my voice laced with worry.

A voice rang out through the ship, pulling both of our eyes were pulled towards a large TV screen where a speech was being recited by Chancellor Jaha. "Prisoners of the Ark, hear me now. You have been given a second chance. And with this chance, I hope you see this as not just a chance for you, but a chance for all of us, indeed man kind."

I rolled my eyes and turned my head away from the TV. I didn't want to listen to him.

"I'm sure we'll be on the ground soon." I announced, attempting to calm not just the other kids nerves but my own as well.

Yelling from the other side of the drop ship caught my attention, "Spacewalk bandit strikes again! Go Finn!"

I immediately turned my head at the calling of my brother's name. I didn't know Finn had been arrested. Octavia and I had only been allowed very few opportunities to mingle with the other prisoners- and not once did I ever see my brother there.

Octavia let out a cheer of excitement beside me as Finn floated

around the ship.

"Finn!" I yelled, hoping to grab his attention, but my calls were drowned out by the rest of the noise.

I pursed my lips and sunk back into my seat, my eyes glued to my brother. I watched as he floated over to a blonde girl and dark skinned boy and began talking to them. I could tell by the boy's face that Finn was pissing him off.

Two other boys to the side of me followed in Finn's footsteps, undoing their seat belts and allowing themselves to float around the ship.

"Hey! You two get back in your seats if you want to live!" The blonde girl yelled.

Before the two boys could decide whether or not they wanted to listen, what i'm guessing was the parachutes on the ship deployed, sending Finn and the other two boys into the wall. The two boys hit some pipes which sent steam and sparks flying.

"Finn!" I shouted trying to push against my seat belt to make sure my brother way okay. Suddenly the ship stopped after a harsh impact. All the machines shut off leaving the ship completely silent.

"Listen." A boy on the other side of me said. "No machine hum."

"Woah." Another boy beside him said in awe. "That's a first." he added.

I wasted no time undoing my seatbelt, all the others doing the same. I rushed over to my brother and the other two boys, the blonde girl doing the same.

"Finn is he breathing?" The girl asked. Finn didn't respond, but instead just stared at the boys.

"You're an idiot." I muttered from behind my brother, which instantly caused him turned around with a shocked look on his face.

"Avery." he whispered, before pulling me into a tight hug.

"Can't believe you got yourself arrested." I laughed slightly, pulling away from my twin.

Finn cracked a small smile. "What can I say."

"The outer door's on the lower level!" someone announced interrupting the moment my brother and I were sharing.

The blonde girl who was still beside Finn gasped as her eyes grew wide. "No! Wait" She yelled as she turned and rushed down the ladder. Finn and I shared a look before deciding to follow after her.

"Stop!" The girl ordered, pushing her way through the crowd. "The air could be toxic."

The guy who was standing at the door looked much older than the rest of the prisoners. He was tall with tanned skin and dark hair that was gelled back neatly.

"If the air's toxic we're all dead anyways." He retorted.

"Bellamy?" Octavia's voice questioned from the back of the crowd. She pushed to the front, pausing for a moment in front of the man by the name of Bellamy.

I gasped, causing Finn and a few others to look over at me, "That's her brother." I explained quietly to my own brother.

"God, look at how big you are." Bellamy whispered as Octavia threw her arms around him.

"What the hell are you wearing? A guards uniform?" she questioned as she pulled away from her brother.

Bellamy slightly shook his head. "I borrowed it to get on the ship. Someone's got to keep an eye on you." He explained, cracking a smile.

"Where's your wristband." The blonde inquired, interrupting their reunion.

"Do you mind?" Octavia snapped. "I haven't seen my brother in a

year."

"Nobody has a brother!" someone protested. I let out a small grunt as if to say 'yeah right.' Finn looked over at me and laughed slightly before throwing his arm over my shoulder.

"That's Octavia Blake! The girl they found hidden in the floor! I wonder if her freak friend is here too" Someone in the crowd snickered.

I looked down at my feet, resisting the urge to say something, "You're not a freak." Finn promised. I just shook my head, directing it back to the front of the ship where Octavia lunged towards the crowd. Bellamy reached out, catching her arm and pulled her back before she could do anything.

"Octavia, no. Let's give them something else to remember you by." Bellamy offered.

"Yeah? Like what." my best friend snickered.

A smile spread onto Bellamy's face. "Like being the first person on Earth in 100 years." As soon as the words left his mouth, her turned and pulled a lever. Smoke gushed from the doors as the fell open. A bright white light filled the room. I held up my hand in attempt to shield my eyes from the sun.

I stood at the door beside my brother and Bellamy, everyone watching as Octavia slowly walked down the ramp. As she reached the end she paused for a moment before she jumped onto the Earth.

"We're back bitches!" Octavia yelled throwing her arms up.

Cheers erupted around me as a wide smile spread onto my face.

"Come on." Finn encouraged pulling me off of the ship.

As soon as my feet hit the ground, I let out a small laugh. Taking in the new scenery. I took a deep breath, taking in the fresh air.

"Beautiful." I mumbled glancing around at all the trees.

I looked over to my brother, who's eyes were following the blonde girl from before who was now headed into the forest.

"Who is she?" I asked.

Finn turned to look at me, his cheeks turning pink. "Clarke."

The name triggered something in my memory. "Clarke Griffin?"

Finn shrugged before he set off after the girl. I watched him follow her.

Clarke Griffin, the daughter of Abby Griffin, also known as the doctor who saved both Finn and my lives, as well as our parents when we were still babies. Abby was the doctor in charge of our mother's pregnancy. When Abby found out our mom was to deliver twins she kept it a secret. She even helped birth us and made sure I received my check ups and medicine, even while I was in hiding.

"Stop thinking so much we're on Earth!" I was startled from my thoughts by Octavia who now stood beside me.

"Sorry, I'm just-"

"Overthinking things like usual." Octavia said finishing my sentence.

I laughed and let out a sigh. "So this is Earth." I whispered looking around at the teenagers who ran around taking in the new sights.

"This is Earth."

03. mount weather

[image]

Chapter Song- Jungle by X The Ambassadors and Jamie N Commons

Teenagers full of excitement and apprehension milled around the Drop Ship, taking in the brand new views.

I, myself, stood in a certain awe, taking in the new scenery. For my entire life, I had seen only the inside of my family's quarters and the confines of the Skybox, meaning that this was a welcomed sight for me. While I knew survival wasn't guaranteed down here, neither was death.

Breathing in the fresh air, I closed my eyes and titled my head back slightly, allowing the warm rays of sun to soak into my skin.

As I finally opened my eyes, I noted that someone was watching me. But it wasn't just anyone...it was Octavia's brother.

I met his eyes, and for a moment the two of us just stared at each other, neither one of us willing to be the first to break eye contact.

Before either of us made the choice to look away, a commotion from in front of the Drop Ship grabbed everyone's attention, mine and Bellamy's undeclared staring contest being called off.

"Relax, we're just trying to find out where we are." The Chancellor's son, Wells, defended to a pale boy with dark hair.

Bellamy was the one to address Wells. "We're on Earth, isn't that good enough for you?"

"We need to find Mount Weather." Wells explained taking a few steps closer to Bellamy. "You heard my father's message, that's got to be our first priority."

I found myself instantly moving toward my best friend among the threat of chaos. I had a sneaking suspicion this was not going to end

well.

"Screw your father." Octavia snapped, causing me to wince slightly. She always spoke her mind...I'll give her that.

A shocked expression soon overcame Wells' face, prompting Octavia to continue. "What you think you're in charge here?" she sneered, nodding over to Clarke. "You and your little princess?"

I shifted slightly as everyone turned to look at Octavia, which subsequently caused me to fall under their stares.

"Do you think we care who's in charge?" Clarke spat "We need to get to Mount Weather, not because the Chancellor said so but because the longer we wait, the hungrier we'll get and the harder this will be."

She was met with silence, causing her to continue on. "How long do you think we'll last without those supplies? We're looking at a 20 mile trek, Okay? So if we want to get there before dark we need to leave. Now."

After finishing her little speech, Clarke looked around at the group of us in expectation, waiting for agreement.

But she didn't get that. Instead, Bellamy let out a laugh from beside me, causing me to turn and look at him in confusion. What the hell was so funny?

"I got a better idea." he proposed, crossing his arms over his chest. "You two go. Find it for us. Let the privileged do the hard work for a change."

Cheers of agreement rang off amongst the group in response to Bellamy's suggestion. Octavia grinned over at her brother, meanwhile I remained silent.

I wasn't really sure who's side I was on here. While I'm sure Clarke was right in that we needed to get to Mount Weather in order to find our next meal, I wasn't so sure all of us needed to go.

"You're not listening." Wells argued. "We all need to go."

The pale boy from before stepped forward, shoving Wells from behind with a smirk. "Look at this, everybody. Chancellor of Earth."

"You think that's funny?" Wells demanded, taking a step toward the boy.

Pale boy didn't answer, but instead lunged forward and kicked Wells' leg out from under him, sending him crashing to the ground.

I felt myself wince slightly as a grunt left Wells' mouth, clearly indicative that he had been injured.

"Oh, but that was." The boy taunted.

"Wells!" Clarke gasped, attempting to rush forward. However, she was quickly held back by some of the other boys.

"Come on, guys!" I yelled. "Is this really what we need to be doing?"

"Oh, come on Aves." Octavia mumbled, shooting me a grin as she bumped her hip into mine. "It's just a little fun."

Bellamy rose his brows at me in amusement before looking back to the scene. Letting out a flustered sigh, I did the same.

Wells was shakily back on his feet by this point, the group egging him on as he prepared to fight the other boy.

I shook my head as I crossed my arms across my chest...boys and their egos.

Before the fight could ensue, a figure dropped down from the Drop Ship, landing in between the two boys.

A small grin came to my lips when I realized that it was my brother, come to save the day.

"The kid's got one leg." Finn pointed out to the dark haired boy. "How bout you wait until it's a fair fight?"

The boy glared at Finn, but didn't press the issue any further, someone I was relieved over.

"Hey Spacewalker!" Octavia called, stepping away from Bellamy and I. "Rescue me next."

I rolled my eyes as I watched my best friend flirt with my twin brother.

"You got a problem with him?" A deep voice asked from beside me. Upon turning slightly, I noticed that Bellamy was watching me, awaiting my answer.

I let out a small laugh. "Got about a million." I muttered, and upon Bellamy's confused look, elaborated. "He's my brother-my twin." I explained.

"Twin?" Bellamy asked, almost sounding shocked.

"What? Never heard of a two kid family?" I joked. Bellamy didn't seem to find the joke very funny, as he gave me an odd look before turning away.

I shrugged to myself, at least I though it was funny.

Ignoring Bellamy's sour mood, I sought out my brother who had disappeared from the crowd.

I found him by the back of the Drop Ship, seemingly on a mission.

"Spacewalker saves the day." I mocked, stopping beside him with a grin.

My brother rolled his eyes at me as he shook his head. "Don't call me that."

I feigned confusion. "Everyone else seems to call you that."

"Well, you don't get to." he murmured, his eyes roaming the ground for something.

"Are you ever going to tell me how you got that nickname?" I wondered, realizing I had missed a lot of my brother's life in the past three years.

Finn looked up at me with a small smile. "Someday." he promised. "But you have to tell me everything you've been up to in the past three years."

I rose my brows as if to say *yeah right.* "That won't take long." I muttered.

When a comfortable silence fell across the two of us, I looked back to the group for a moment, my eyes landing on Wells' who was nursing his ankle.

"Good job saving Wells' ass, *Finn*." I enunciated the lack of the name 'Space Walker.'

He shrugged, his eyes still scouring the ground. "That other kid's an ass. Someone had to put him in his place."

As soon as the words left his mouth, a satisfied grin came to his lips as he bent down, scooping up a sharp rock .

"What are you doing?" I inquired.

He looked up at me with a devious smile as he began prying at the wristband on his arm. "Trying to get this damn thing off."

I grabbed his arm, stopping him from going any further. "Why would you do that?"

He let out a sigh as he dropped the rock, giving me a steady look. "We don't owe them anything up there. You know that, right?"

I fell silent for a moment before giving a small nod. "Yeah, I know. It's just..."

Finn threw his arm around my shoulder and pulled me close to him. "Don't worry." he ordered. "Let's go find Clarke and see what the hell the plan is."

I gave a small nod, nervously shoving my hands into my pocket as we made our way back to the entrance of the Drop Ship.

"So, Mount Weather. When do we leave?" Finn questioned as the

two of us approached Clarke and Wells.

Clarke instantly stood up, turning away from Wells. "Right now."

She looked back to Wells who was seated on the ramp, clearly immobile. "We'll be back tomorrow with food." she advised.

"How are the two of you going to carry food for a hundred?" he questioned, looking between Clarke and my brother.

"Three of us!" I piped, stepping out from behind Finn with a grin.

Wells gave me a skeptical look. "Okay, fine... how are the three of you gonna carry it all?"

Finn turned around and grabbed the closest two boys, pulling them into our small group.

I smiled when I realized it was Jasper and Monty. In the few times Octavia and I were allowed in social setting, Jasper and Monty were the life of the party.

"Five of us." Finn declared, Jasper and Monty looking confused for a moment before shrugging. "Can we go now?"

"Sounds like a party, make it six!" Octavia said cheerfully as she sauntered into our group.

I gave my best friend a grin, which earned a wink back from her.

"Hey, what the hell are you doing?" Bellamy demanded, coming up behind his younger sister and grabbing onto her.

"Going for a walk." Octavia replied, turning back to the group without looking at Bellamy.

"Hey," Clarke said ignoring Bellamy and Octavia's disagreement. "Were you trying to take that off?" she asked pointing to Finn's wristband.

My brother shrugged. "Yeah. So?

"So," Clarke began, "This wristband transmits your vital signs to the ark. Take it off and they'll think you're dead."

"Should I care?" Finn challenged.

"Well I don't know," Clarke retorted. "Do you want the people you love to think you're dead? Do you want them to follow you down here in two months, cause they won't if they think we're dying "

Finn shrugged looking over at me. "I already have my family down here."

I walked alongside Octavia and Finn. I took in my surroundings as we trekked deeper into the forest. It was truly breathtaking.

My bliss was ruined when I caught sight of Finn picking a flower before delicately placing it into Octavia's hair.

"That, my friend is game." Jasper said from behind me.

"That, my friend is disgusting." I grumbled.

"That, my friend is poison sumac." Monty correct.

A loud laugh fell from my lips as Octavia aggressively swatted the flower from her hair.

She turned to me with a furious expression. "Real nice, Aves."

"The flowers aren't poisonous. Medicinal actually, calming." Monty further explained.

"His family grows all the pharmaceuticals on the ark." Jasper said after noticing everyone's slightly shocked expressions.

"Hey guys! Would you try and keep up." Clarke called from up ahead.

"Come on Clarke, how do you block all of this out?" Finn asked.

"Well it's simple." She explained. "I wonder why haven't we seen any

animals yet? Maybe it's because there are none, maybe we've already been exposed to enough radiation to kill us!" she explained. "Sure is pretty though." she added before turning around.

"Someone should slip her some poison sumac." Octavia mumbled. I laughed, Monty and Jasper laughed, but Octavia didn't seem to care, she was more disappointed by the lack of Finn's laugh.

"I've gotta know what you two did to get busted." Finn asked Monty and Jasper as the five of us followed behind Clarke.

"Sumac's not the only herb in the garden." Monty said.

"Someone forgot to replace what we took." Jasper added.

"I apologized like a thousand times." Monty defended.

"What about you Octavia, what'd they get you for?" Jasper asked.

Octavia clenched her jaw. "Being born." she answered before jogging up to catch up with Clarke.

"Oh." Jasper whispered awkwardly.

"What about you Avery?" he asked trying to lighten the mood.

I laughed as I gave him an apologetic look, my answer wasn't any better than her's. "Same as her."

"You're a second child too?" he asked in shock.

Finn chuckled from beside me. "We're twins Jasper." he announced.

"Oh my God, that's freaking awesome!" Jasper mused. "You know I once read that twins can communicate telepathically."

I looked over at my twin brother, both of us stifling a laugh. "It's not a thing Jasper." I admitted, probably crushing his hopes. "Unless you count us being insanely good at charades."

Jasper shrugged, seemingly somewhat content with my answer. I gave him a grin before focusing back on the walk.

As I did so, my eyes focused on Clarke and Octavia who were both waving us forward.

I shared a look with the boys before running over to the girls, kneeling down beside them. Clarke held a finger to her mouth, signalling for us to be quiet.

I craned my neck to see what was going on.

A surprised gasp tumbled from my lips when I spotted what we were supposed to be looking at. It was an animal in the clearing-a live one. I recognized it to be a deer.

"No animals huh?" Finn teased Clarke before taking a step closer, his foot accidentally snapping a twig. When the deer heard the noise it turned it's head causing me to stumble back with a gasp.

"Oh my god."

A/N Sorry this chapter is short and it sucks, but it's just a filler. Updates should hopefully be more frequent, since i'm having surgery in a few weeks and I'll be in recovery so I'll have time to write!

Also I made a twitter account recently and you should follow it, it's wutblake :) I follow back

pls vote/comment/follow

-maddy :)

04. river monster

[image]

Chapter Song- Sail by Awolnation

I fell backwards into Jasper, a surprised gasp flying from my lips as the deer turned to look at us with *both* of its heads.

"Oh my God." Finn muttered as the deer took off, back into the protection of the forest.

All six pairs of our eyes watched as the creature ran off, shock present in all of them.

"Welcome to Earth." I joked, which caused Clarke to turn to me with a small glare.

"I told you it was too good to be true." she announced, pushing herself up from the ground. "Now come on, we have to keep moving."

"Well look on the bright side," Finn suggested as we all scrambled to our feet, beginning to continue our trek once again. "At least it's still living."

I let out a small snort as I playfully rolled my eyes. "Shut up Finn." I grumbled, giving him a light shove.

He turned around, giving me a cheeky grin. Letting out a laugh, I pointed up ahead to where Clarke was.

"Get moving before you get us in trouble."

At that, I quickened my pace, not wanting to face Clarke's wrath for falling behind. I caught up to Octavia, giving her a small grin as I joined her.

"Did you ever expect this?" she asked me, her eyes scanning the forest in awe. "That we would ever get to see this beautiful Earth?"

I smiled, reaching out to run my hand over a moss covered rock. "Who knew this morning when we woke up that we'd end up here."

"You know what I'd like to know?" Finn questioned, clearly eavesdropping on mine and Octavia's conversation.

"Not really." I mumbled, which resulted in a laugh from Jasper and Monty.

Finn ignored me and continued on with his thought. "Why send us down today? After 97 years, what changed?"

"Who cares?" Octavia challenged. "I'm just glad they did. I woke up rotting in a cell and now, I'm spinning in a forest." she grinned as she twirled around a tree.

"Maybe they found something on the satellite. You know, like an old weather satellite or something." Monty wondered aloud.

"It wasn't a satellite." Clarke announced her eyes focused on the path ahead "The Ark is dying."

The remaining five of us stopped and looked at the blonde to see if she was joking. We soon caught on that she wasn't, as she stormed passed us with a stoic expression.

"With the current population there's only three months left of life support, maybe four now that we're gone."

"So that's the secret they locked you up to keep?" Finn declared in realization. "Why they kept you in solitary, floated your old man."

Clarke's face twitched slightly. "My father was the engineer, and discovered the flaw. He thought the people had the right to know. The council disagreed, my mother disagreed. They were afraid it would caused a panic."

"Do you think what she's saying is actually true?" Octavia muttered, leaning closer to me.

I turned to look at my best friend before nodding my head slightly. "Yes." I answered quietly.

"How do you know?"

"Look at her face."I advised, nodding towards Clarke who wore a defeated look. "She's telling the truth."

"They're gonna kill more people, aren't they?" Monty questioned, his voice wavering in fear.

When Clarke didn't respond, Octavia jumped in. "Good. After what they did to me, I say kill them all."

She gave as all a pointed look before breaking into a jog, running ahead the rest of the group. I let out a small sigh as I shook my head.

"You don't mean that!" Jasper called as he followed after her.

"She doesn't." I confirmed to the rest of the group, particularly Clarke who looked disturbed by Octavia's statement. "She's just angry."

"Why aren't you angry?" Clarke wondered.

"What do you mean?" I questioned as we followed behind Jasper and Octavia, who were quite far ahead by now.

"They locked you up too. Why aren't you angry about it?"

"I was." I admitted. "But I don't want to spend my whole life-or what's left of it- dwelling on the past. There was nothing I could do about it then, and there's nothing I can do about it now." I explained.

I looked over to my brother, giving him a small smile. "I'm always going to be a second child, and I just have to learn to live with that."

Finn smiled as he placed his hand on his my shoulder, as if to tell me he was proud of me.

I was startled out of our brief twin moment due to the fact that we had finally caught up to Jasper and Octavia.

"Aw damn. I love Earth." Jasper laughed. He was standing next to a river bank, his wide eyes locked on something.

I frowned as my own eyes followed his, eventually landing on my best friend who was in the middle of stripping down to her underwear.

"Octavia!" I gasped, pushing past an awe struck Jasper. "What the hell are you doing!?"

Octavia looked back at the group before taking a step and jumping into the river below. Panic ripped through my body as she disappeared beneath the water.

The remaining five of us rushed forward, leaning over the bank hoping to see a sign of Octavia. Luckily, our fear turned to relieved amusement when her head popped up, a sly expression on her face.

"We can't swim!" Monty pointed out.

"I know, but we can stand." Octavia responded, as she stood up to her full height, the water only reaching her hips.

I let out a small laugh as I watched my best friend. She really did keep me on my toes, that was for sure.

"Wait, there's not supposed to be a river here." Clarke observed, her brows furrowed as she looked down at our map.

"Well there is, so take off you damn clothes!" Finn ordered, already beginning to pull off his shoes.

Jasper didn't need to be told twice. He began peeling off his layers, desperate to get in the water with Octavia.

I watched him with an amused look, shaking my head before pulling off my jacket. Might as well have some fun while we're here.

I was in the middle of pulling off one of my boots when Jasper let out a shocked gasp. I looked over at him, instantly noting the horrified look on his face.

"Octavia get out of the water!" he ordered, his eyes locked on something in the water. I squinted my eyes against the sun, noticing movement further down the river.

"What the hell?" I whispered, fear starting to bubble in my chest.

"Get out of the water now!" Jasper screamed, rushing to the edge of the bank.

Before anyone had a chance to do anything else, Octavia let out a terrified scream. I felt my heart lurch in my chest as something grabbed onto my best friend from beneath the surface, pulling her under.

"Octavia!"

i'm so so so sorry for lack of updates, but i was having a hard time writing this story. But luckily the season 3 promo really inspired me to write again, so I'm hoping i can keep it going this time!

comment your feedback and thoughts! and don't forget to vote! :)

05. surprise

[image]

Chapter Song- Byegones by Volcano Choir

I was in a state of complete shock as whatever had a hold of Octavia pulled her under the surface again, and again.

"We have to do something!" I shouted at the other four teens who were just as shocked as I was. My heart pounded against my ribcage as Octavia let out a wail for help.

I rushed to the side of the river, getting as close as I could without actually being in the water. "Tavia, hold on!" I screamed, my eyes frantically searching for something that could help save her.

The thing in the water lurched to the side, carrying Octavia further and further from us. I let out a grunt of frustration as I began following it down the bank.

"What the hell is that?" Monty shouted as the rest of them began following after me, all of us desperate to reach her.

"What are we gonna do?" Jasper questioned, his eyes as wide as saucers as he stumbled over his own feet.

We came to a halt, all of us breathing rapidly as the unseen monster pulled back slightly. I hadn't seen Octavia's head above water in what felt like too long.

My brother wore a determine look as he began pulling off his jacket. "Try not to get hit."

I felt my heart drop at the thought of my best friend and brother both being in there "Finn-"

"No, wait!" Clarke yelled, stopping Finn from jumping into the river. "If we can distract it, maybe it'll let her go." she said, kneeling beside a boulder, "Here help me."

I took that as a welcomed opportunity to prevent Finn from jumping into the river. Kneeling down beside her, I was joined by the three boys.

"One three." Clarke instructed, all of us giving her small nods. "One...two...three!"

We all pushed as hard as we could, and our combined effort sent the large boulder tumbling into the river.

Luckily, Clarke's theory was proven correct, and the monster released it's gripped on Octavia. I could see is silhouette under the water as it headed toward where we had just released the boulder.

"Octavia, get to the shore! Now!" Jasper yelled, taking off toward Octavia.

I watched in horror as Jasper didn't hesitate before jumping into the water, grabbing a hold of a struggling Octavia.

My heart was in my throat as the monster turned, realizing that there was no other prey, and made its way back to where they were.

"Jasper, hurry!" I screamed, rushing down to the shore. "It's coming back!"

Jasper sped up his pace, pulling the two of them to shore. The monster was seconds from reaching them when he managed to drag Octavia up onto a rock, putting both of them out of harm's way.

I was by their side in a second, my relieved eyes falling on my best friend. I pulled Jasper into a tight hug, pressing a quick kiss to his cheek before moving to check on my best friend.

A blissful smile spread across Jasper's face as his cheeks reddened slightly as he seemed to register all the events of the past few moments.

"Tavia, your leg." I breathed, my eyes locking on the huge gash on her upper thigh.

Clarke was silent as she dropped down next to me, ripping a strip from Jasper's shirt before fastening it around the top of Octavia's leg.

Octavia winces slightly as Clarke tied the tourniquet, but aside from that wound, she seemed unscathed.

"Thank you!" she beamed, pulling Jasper into a tight hug. Seemingly not used to so much female attention, Jasper's face was a violent shade of red.

"Note to self," Monty started, "Next time, save the girl."

After the attack at the river, we had hiked only a bit further before deciding to set up camp. It seemed a much better alternative to hiking through the forest in the dark with no knowing of what was out there.

The forest was simply beautiful at night. The mossy covered trees and rocks seemed to glow under the moonlight and I had never seen anything like it.

A sense of calm overcame me as I looked around at the forest, my eyes dancing across the scene in awe.

"Pretty cool, right?" I turned to see Jasper standing beside me, a lopsided grin on his face which was lit up from the florescent glow of the forest.

"I've never seen anything so beautiful." I breathed, lightly running my hand across a moss covered rock.

Jasper let out a small laugh as he nodded. "Guess that makes up for the sea monster."

I turned to him with a grateful smile. "Thank you for saving Octavia." I said, looking over to where my best friend sat.

Jasper's face reddened as he nonchalantly tried to wave me off. "All in a day's work." he muttered, his eyes falling downward as he tried

to hide his blush.

"I'm glad you came with us." I declared, leaning over to bump his shoulder with my own. "Jasper saves the day."

"Oh, come on." he breathed, overwhelmed with the positive affirmations. "Your brother would have saved the day. Guys like him always do, right?"

My eyes travelled toward where Finn and Clarke were in conversation, a huge smile on my brother's face as he talked to the blonde girl.

"Sure." I agreed with a shrug. "But you saved the day this time...don't forget it."

A small smile spread across Jasper's face as he nodded. "Thanks, Avery." his eyes flickered toward mine. "I'm glad you're here."

"Me too." I smiled, placing my hand on his shoulder for a moment before turning. "I'm heading to bed." I declared, making my way back toward our small campfire. "Clarke's probably going to have us up at the crack of dawn."

"Good thinking." Monty agreed from where he sat next to Octavia.

"Oh, come on guys!" Octavia groaned, "We're on Earth...live a little!"

I glared at her as I bunched my jacket into a makeshift pillow. "You know I need my beauty sleep."

She rolled eyes with a laugh as she looked toward Monty and Jasper who had both prepared for sleep. "Yeah, you guys should see her if she gets any less than eight hours-total nightmare."

"I don't believe it." Jasper argued. ""Avery" and "nightmare" don't seem to go together."

I shot him a quick wink as I laid my head down on my bunched jacket. "Just wait until you get to know be a bit better."

Octavia let out a loud laugh, Monty and Jasper soon joining in. I

couldn't fight the smile that spread across my face as my eyes tired.

I fell asleep that night with a blissful smile on my face.

When I awoke the next morning, I had a kink in my neck and my throat was almost too dry to speak, but still it was one of the best sleeps I had had in almost 18 years. Because for once, I knew that when I woke up I'd be free.

"Morning Miss Bedhead." Finn greeted, sitting down beside me and holding out a water filled leaf.

I shot him a glare as I reached up and tried to smooth down my hair. "Am I the last one up?" I wondered, still trying to wake myself up.

He shook his head as he passed the leaf cup into my hand. "Octavia's still asleep."

Taking a sip of the water, I cocked a brow. Who needs their beauty sleep now, Tavia?

Finn let out a laugh as he nodded toward her. "Go wake her up. Clarke wants to get moving."

I let out a small groan as I pushed myself to my feet. My body ached from the walk we had done yesterday. This was the most I had walked in one day in my entire life.

Handing off the leaf for Finn to finish, I made my way toward my still slumbering best friend.

"We tried to wake her." Jasper explained, as he laced up his boots. "She wouldn't budge."

I gave him a small grin as I knelt beside Octavia. "The key is to not be gentle what-so-ever."

Jasper gave me a confused look as I leaned closer to Octavia's ear, bracing for impact.

"Octavia!"

She shot up upon my yell, her eyes wide and wild as she looked around.

As soon as the landed on me, she reached out and shoved me, causing me to fall over.

I let out a loud laugh as I pulled myself up. "See?" I said to Jasper. "It's all about execution."

Octavia grumbled as she reached for her boots. "One whole year of living together and you'd think I'd have gotten used to that."

I gave her a toothy grin as I pulled myself to my feet, sticking my hand out to help her up. "How's your leg?" I wondered.

Octavia shrugged, placing her hand into my own before allowing me to pull her to her feet. "It's fine."

I rolled my eyes, very well knowing that was the response I was going to get. Octavia never showed defeat. Ever.

"Everyone ready?" Clarke asked her bag already on her shoulders, ready to go.

I sighed as I grabbed my bag, reaching out to take Octavia's as well. "As ready as I'll ever be."

About an hour later, we came across a river. It was decided that no one was going swimming, however we did find a vine swing that looked pretty fun.

"You said you wanted to go first! Now stop stalling!" I yelled up at my twin who was hanging onto the rope, still not going anywhere. Jasper, who was beside Finn, whispered something in his ear and Finn gave him a slightly confused look.

"Today, Finn!" Clarke said impatiently.

"Aye, Aye Captain." Finn mocked, giving Clarke a salute.

As he pulled down on the vine, ready to swing, Jasper stopped him, "Wait!"

"What?" Finn asked, looking over at Jasper.

"Let me." The younger boy suggested, a sense of confidence in his words. His eyes were locked on the other two girls and myself. "I can do it."

Finn looked slightly relieved as he handed the vines over to Jasper. "I knew there was a badass in there somewhere."

"You're just glad you didn't have to go first!" I shouted, calling my brother out on his bluff.

Finn glared at me as Jasper grabbed a hold of the vines, looking down at us three girls and Monty, "See you on the other side!"

As he flew across the river he let out a scream, I wasn't sure if it was in fear or enjoyment. But either way, Jasper made it to the other side, hitting the ground with a large thump.

We all rushed further down the bank so we could see him, "Jasper!?" I called.

At the sound of his name, Jasper shot up with his hands in the air yelling in enjoyment, I could tell this time.

"Yeah, Jasper!!" I called, my cheers being mixed in with the others.

"Let's go Princess." Finn said handing the vines to Clarke, "You're up.

"Come on, Clarke, you got this!" Jasper yelled from across the river.

As Clarke grabbed the vines, ready to swing, Jasper's voice came across once again, "We did it!" He yelled, holding up an old sign that read Mount Weather.

A huge smile came across my face as Octavia jumped on me in excitement.

All the excitement was ripped from the air seconds later as we all watched in terror as a large wooden spear flew across the river... lodging itself right in Jasper's chest.

06. finding jasper

There was an intense rushing in my ears as I stood in shock, unable to grasp what has just happened. One minute we were cheering in joy, the next we were gasping in horror.

At one point, a hand grabbed onto me and pulled me away from the rocks. Spinning around with wide eyes, I met the terrified face of my brother who was trying to drag me away from the riverbank. "Avery, we've gotta go."

I shook my head, trying to free myself from Finn's grasp. "We can't just leave him!" I argued, my eyes staying locked on Jasper who was laying on the ground across the river, moaning in pain as the spear stuck out of his chest.

"Avery, we can't stay here. We have to go." Finn said once again, this time more forcefully. He wasn't debating this issue.

A mangled cry fell from my lips as he finally managed to tug me away from danger. As the group of us took cover behind some rocks, I looked around at the equally as scared looks that every body else wore.

"We're not alone." Clarke whispered, her eyes wide and face pale.

I looked around at the other four, heart hammering in my chest. "We—we have to go get him." I stuttered, stumbling over my own words.

"It's not safe." Clarke argued instantly, giving me a firm shake of her head.

"She's right." Finn agreed with Clarke, turning his head as some noise was heard across the river, "We have to go."

The other three numbly nodded as they took off into the forest, putting more and more distance between themselves and then river.

But I couldn't move. My every nerve ending was buzzing with shock, it felt like I couldn't even move by body if I wanted to.

"*Now*!" Finn yelled, gripping onto my arm.

I looked to him with a shake of my head. "Finn—"

"Avery, if we stay here we end up like Jasper and then we're no go for anyone, okay?" Finn reasoned as he grabbed a hold of my hand, pulling me up and dragging me after him. I hated to admit it, but my brother was right.

With my heart still rapidly pounding in my chest, we ran through the uneven ground of the forest. The only thing I could hear was my laboured breath and the loud pounding of our feet hitting the ground.

Suddenly, Finn came to an abrupt stop in front of me as Monty tripped over something, tumbling to the ground.

"Monty come on!" Octavia rushed as her and Finn attempted to pull him off of the ground, but he was focused on something else.

My eyes followed his, landing on a set of bones. I let out a gasp as my brother noticed them too, "Who are they?"

Clarke bent over and picked up the skull, holding it up to reveal its odd shape, "*What* are they?"

"We're so screwed." Octavia whispered.

I opened my mouth to say something, but before anything could come out a loud pain filled scream came from the area we had just left.

"Jasper!" Clarke gasped, "He's alive." she announced, taking off back towards the river.

Finn was already protesting as I thoughtlessly joined Clarke in her pursuit of Jasper. If he was alive, there was really no way we could just leave him.

"Wait!" Finn demanded as he caught up to us. He grabbed onto my arm and yanked me back before lightly doing the same to Clarke. "Stay in the trees."

My eyes frantically searched the area for Jasper, but he was nowhere to be seen. The place I had last seen him was now empty.

"He was right there." Monty exclaimed, "Where is he?"

"They took him." Clarke responded with a defeated sigh.

That was the last thing that any of us wanted to believe.

"We have to be getting close." Clarke promised as we trekked back to the camp. After realizing that Jasper was taken we knew we had to get back to camp as soon as possible. The more people we had helping us, the less chance who, or whatever these things are, would come after all of us.

I walked beside Monty who was looking down at his feet in sorrow. I couldn't imagine how he felt losing his best friend on day two in our new home. "We'll find him." I comforted, grabbing his hand and giving it a light squeeze.

Monty gave me a sad smile, "He just had to show off and go first didn't he?"

As the words left his mouth, something clicked in my mind that made my heart clench. Finn was supposed to go first, but Jasper jumped in. That would have been my brother laying on the other side of the river with a spear sticking out of his chest.

A wave of sadness washed over me as I looked over at my brother who was walking ahead of us with Clarke. I didn't know what I would do if I lost him. I wasn't sure I could even handle the thought.

"Do you hear that?" Clarke asked, causing all of us to stop and listen. A loud commotion could be heard coming from where we had left the rest of the group at the DropShip.

The group of us took off running without even so much as a discussion. We had been gone for a day, how could things have already gone so wrong? If I could hedge my bet, I was guessing that pale face Murphy kid was at the root of the problem.

Clarke and Finn were first to the camp, Monty and I followed behind with Octavia in between us, her arms draped around our shoulders. I shifted Octavia's weight slightly as we neared the centre of camp.

Once close enough, I could see that my guess was correct. Wells and Murphy were at each other's throats—literally— Wells had a knife held to Murphy's throat.

"Wells!" Clarke shouted, "What are you doing? Let him go!"

At Clarke's demand Wells let Murphy go, shoving him hard to the ground, which inevitably pissed Murphy off. In seconds, he was back to his meet, lunging at Wells.

"Hey!" Bellamy shouted, finally deciding to do something as he stepped in between the two, "Murphy! No!"

Murphy adhered to Bellamy's demands, shooting Wells one final glare before backing off. With a small smirk on his face, Bellamy turned to the group of us who had just arrived.

The smirk instantly fell when he noticed his sister standing in between Monty and I. "O!" He gasped, taking her from us before leading her to sit down on a nearby rock. "Are you okay?"

Octavia grunted as she slowly lowered herself into a seated position. "Yeah. Great, actually."

Upon receiving the validation that his sister was okay, Bellamy turned to the rest of us, "Where's the food?"

The five of us exchanged a look, "We didn't make it to Mount Weather." Finn explained, his voice showing his exhaustion.

"What the hell happened out there?" Bellamy demanded as nervous chatter began to flutter around the group.

"We were attacked." Clarke answered, a nervous tone to her voice.

Wells furrowed his brow. "Attacked? By what?"

"Not *what*" Finn started, "*Who.* Turns out when the last guy from the ground died on the Ark, he wasn't the last Grounder."

More quiet mutters began circulating around the camp, everyone turned to the person beside them with a mix of worry and confusion on their faces.

"It's true." Clarke validated "Everything we thought we knew about the ground is wrong. There are people here, survivors. The good news is, that means we can survive, radiation won't kill us."

"Yeah the bad news is the Grounders will." Finn added, instantly crushing any seed of hope that had just been planted in everyone's mind.

"Where's the kid with the goggles?" Wells suddenly asked.

"Jasper was hit." I announced, giving everyone a minute to register the news before speaking again, "They took him."

Clarke, who seemingly had a small attention span looked down at Wells' wrist, "Where's you wrist band?" she demanded, grabbing a hold of his arm.

Wells lightly tugged his arm back before nodding towards Bellamy, "Ask him".

All of us turned to Bellamy who tried to avoid the stares he was receiving "How many?"Clarke barked.

Murphy, who was standing just to the side of Clarke, wore a smug look on his face, "24 and counting."

"You idiots." Clarke whispered, "life support on the Ark is failing! That's why they brought us down here. They need to know that the ground is survivable again and we need their help against whoever is out there. If you take off your wrist bands you're not just killing them, you're killing us."

As everyone began to take in what Clarke said and actually consider the fact that she was right, Bellamy spoke, "We're stronger than you think. Don't listen to her, she's one of the privileged, if they come down, she'll have it good. How many of you can say the same?" Bellamy asked as murmurs went around the camp,"We can take care of ourselves. That wrist band on your arm, it makes you a prisoner. We are not prisoners anymore! They say they'll forgive your crimes. I say, you're not criminals! You're fighters, survivors, the grounders should worry about us!"

A chorus of loud cheers went around the camp as people voiced their pleasure with Bellamy's ideas.

My blood was boiling as I watched him smile in triumph, this idiot was going to get us killed. I didn't care if he was my best friend's brother, Bellamy Blake was a certified ass.

"Don't you guys get it?" I began, causing the yelling to quiet "We need all the help we can get. You weren't out there today, you have no idea what we're up against, quite frankly neither do I. But what I do know is they—" I paused, pointing up into the sky, "—can help us. As much as we hate them for what they did to us, having some more people on our side against whatever is out there might just be what keeps us alive. So if you want to take off your wrist band, go ahead, but just think about it for a second."

As I finished speaking the whole camp was dead silent, everyone staring at me like I had two heads. I wasn't sure if it was because they finally figured out who I was or if it was because of my speech. I shifted my gaze so I was looking at Bellamy who was staring back at me with an unreadable expression.

I shook my head and turned away from the group, silently praying that Bellamy wasn't about to rebut everything I had just said.

"When did you become such a motivational speaker?" Finn teased as he caught up to me on my way to the drop ship to find Clarke who had wandered off.

I shot him a concealed smile. "I learned it from all my years of arguing with you."

He mocked surprise. "Us? Argue? Never."

Giving him a small shove, I rolled my eyes. I was glad to have my brother with me through all of this chaos.

"You two ready?" Clarke questioned as she approached us at the entrance of the DropShip.

"I'm not going anywhere. And neither should any of you." Finn laughed as if it was obvious that he wasn't going to come. When both Clarke and I gave him puzzled expressions, he continued. "That spear was thrown with pin point accuracy from 300 feet."

"Are you serious?" I asked, turning to him in shock. It wasn't like him *not* to try and help people.

"So what, we just let Jasper die?" Monty snapped.

"That's not going to happen." Clarke promised before turning back to Finn with a look of contempt. "Spacewalker? What a joke. You think you're such an adventurer, but you're really just a coward."

I knew I should probably step in and say something, but quite honestly I agreed with Clarke on this one.

"It's not an adventure Clarke, it's a suicide mission." Finn defended.

Clarke just shook her head as she pushed past him. I did the same, but before I could get outside my brother had my arm in his grasp, "Aves, be logical. You go out there and you die. This has bad idea written all over it."

"I'm not sure what the hell happened to you since I last saw you, but I'm pretty sure the brother I know wouldn't leave people behind and neither would I. I'm going whether you come or not."

"Avery, I'm serious, you're not going." Finn said more forcefully.

"You don't get to tell me what to do, Finn. Let go of me. Now." I ordered, pulling my arm from his grasp before following after Clarke before he tried to say anything else.

As I caught up to Clarke and Wells, they were approaching Bellamy and Octavia, "Are you guys leaving now? I'm coming too." Octavia exclaimed, pulling down her pant leg over her wound that Bellamy was just cleaning.

"No, no way. Not again." Bellamy shot down her offer quicker than Finn runs when he sees a spider (which is very quick).

Octavia looked as if she was about to argue but Clarke stepped in, "He's right, your leg will just slow us down."

I gave Octavia a sad smile and she returned one, we both knew her not coming was in her best interest.

"I'm here for you." Clarke announced to Bellamy.

"What?" I exclaimed in shock, causing Bellamy to shoot me a dirty look.

"I hear you have a gun." Clarke continued. Bellamy tore his eyes away from me as he nodded and lifted his shirt to reveal the gun in his waistband.

I rolled my eyes as he pulled his shirt up way further than necessary. "We get it, you're ripped." I muttered, causing Wells to stifle a smile as Bellamy dropped his shirt and raised his brows at me.

"Good." Clarke commented, ignoring my remarks, her eyes still focused on Bellamy. "Follow me."

"Why would I do that?" Bellamy asked. I was asking the same question in my head.

Clarke spun around with a challenging look on her face, "Because you want them," she said nodding towards the centre of camp, "to follow you. A right now they're thinking only one of us is scared."

Clarke turned, satisfied with her reasoning as Bellamy clearly milled over what she said, having a mental battle with himself.

Finally, he turned toward the menace himself. "Murphy, you're with

me."

Great. Bellamy *and* Murphy—my two favourites.

As Bellamy started barking orders at his other groupies, I turned to Octavia. "Rest your leg." I ordered with a soft smile. She nodded as she wrapped her arms around me, "Be safe."

I gave her a slight nod before running to catch up to Clarke and Wells. Bellamy and Murphy followed close behind me, their glares burning holes into the back of my head.

This was going to be a very long walk.

07. dinner

[image]

I followed behind Clarke and Wells with Bellamy and Murphy trailing behind me. With each and every step I felt more and more discouraged. The dense forest did not seem to get any less confusing the further in we got. I had no clue how we were going to find Jasper.

"Hey! Hold up, what's the rush?" Bellamy called after about thirty minutes of silence, causing Clarke, Wells, and myself in turn to slow down. "You don't survive a spear through the heart." He was now waving his gun in the air as if to show it off.

"Put the gun away Bellamy." Wells ordered, causing Murphy to step forward and give him a shove.

"Why don't you do something about it?" He challenged.

I rolled my eyes with a huff. "Would you two cut it out?" I snapped, stepping in between the two boys.

"Stay out of this *freak."* Murphy snickered, getting way too close to my face for comfort."Where is your brother anyway? Too chicken? Or is he hiding in a cupboard..." He trailed off for a moment, a smug look covering his face as he rose his brows. "Wait sorry, that was you."

I clenched my fists at my sides, honestly trying to resist punching this kid square in the nose. Bellamy, who seemed to have been triggered by Murphy's comments stepped in between us, giving him a light shove away from me. "Murphy, that's enough." he ordered, his voice thick and angered.

"Jasper screamed when they moved him," Clarke started, ignoring everything that had just been said, "if the spear had have struck his heart he'd have died instantly. Doesn't mean we have time to waste."

Bellamy lunged forward, grabbing Clarke's arm as she began to move, "Soon as you take this wrist band off, we can go." Bellamy smirked.

Clarke ripped her arm from his grasp, "The only way the Ark is going to think I'm dead, is if i'm dead. Got it?"

Bellamy looked slightly taken aback but the smirk still remained on his face, "Brave Princess."

"Why don't you get your own nickname?" All of our heads turned to see Finn making his way towards us. As mad as I was at my brother, I couldn't help the small smile that spread onto my face.

"You call this a rescue party?" Finn questioned, ignoring the shocked looks on our faces. "We've got to spread out, cover more ground. Avery, Clarke, you two come with me."

Another hand grabbed onto my arm and pulled me away from my brother and Clarke. "She's with me." Bellamy declared.

I spun to look at him, brows furrowed in confusion. "Why?"

My brother stepped forward. "She's coming with me." He argued.

Bellamy kept a neutral expression, not letting go of my arm. "It makes more sense to split into groups of two."

"Then Avery can go with Wells." Finn shot back.

I sighed, feeling a lot like a piece of property. "I'll go with Bellamy." I interjected, much to my brother's dismay. "It'll be fine."

Finn clenched his jaw as he looked between Bellamy and I before breaking. "If you so much as hurt her feelings, I'll kill you, Bellamy."

Bellamy rolled his eyes with a smirk. "She'll be fine."

Finn and I locked eyes and I gave him a slight nod letting him know it was okay. He gave one last hard look to Bellamy before he and Clarke turned and left.

Once the two of them were out of sight, Bellamy released my arm, instead opting to place his hand on my back in an attempt to lead me in the direction we needed to go.

Gritting my teeth, I slapped his hand away. "Don't touch me."

He let out a breathy laugh from behind me. "Sorry, Sweetheart."

"And *don't* call me that." I ordered, already fed up with his presence.

He fell silent for a moment as we continued walking, putting more distance between ourselves and the other boys. Even without seeing him, I could tell he was thinking about something.

"What do you want from me?" I questioned, turning to look at him.

He paused for a moment, looking down at me with an amused expression. "Who said I want something from you?"

I positioned my hands on my hips. "Why else would you demand that I, of all people ,come with you?"

"Maybe I just wanted to get to know you, Avery. Considering you're my sister's best friend and all."

He was a terrible liar.

"Fine." I challenged, turning away from him. "Don't tell me."

A few seconds passed before his hand grabbed onto my arm once again. "Okay." he breathed, face written in defeat. "There is something I wanted to ask you."

I tried to hide my satisfied smile as I turned to face him. "Yes, Bellamy?"

It seemed that he would have rather asked anyone else this question, but it seemed I was the only one who knew the answer. "Was she okay? After she was locked up...what was she like?"

Of course the question was about Octavia. Bellamy may have been an ass, but I had to admire the love he had for his sister. He and I

were two people who loved the same person, even if we didn't get along.

I contemplated making him push harder for my answer, but by the look on his face, I couldn't morally do that. "She was okay." I studied his face for a moment, heart softening ever so slightly. "She talked about you a lot. She admires you."

His face relaxed. "Really."

"Yeah." I answered with a sigh. "But she clearly forgot to mention what a jackass you were."

That broke the silent cease-fire that had just settled between the two of us for the last few moments.

Glaring at me, Bellamy shoved me forward so I wasn't facing him any longer. "Let's go, smart-ass."

"How do we know we're going the right way?" Murphy challenged.

Moments after Bellamy and I had finished our discussion about Octavia, Clarke and Finn had found us with the news that they had discovered a trail of blood.

"We don't." Bellamy argued. "Spacewalker thinks he's a tracker."

Jackass Bellamy is back.

"It's called cutting side." Wells answered, fed up with the two of them, "Fourth year Earth skills. He's good."

"Do you want to keep it down or should I paint a target on your back?" Finn asked in frustration. Everyone fell silent at his words as he paused, reaching forward to touch a branch that instantly fell limp. Bending down he placed his fingers on a rock, holding them up to reveal blood.

We were close.

As if on cue, a loud groan cut through the air, causing all of us to turn in the direction it came from. "What the hell was that?" Murphy questioned, evident fear in his voice.

Clarke turned to Bellamy with a worried expression. "Now would be a good time to take out that gun."

And then we all started running, without so much as a discussion. We didn't know what had happened to Jasper, but it was evident that if we didn't get to him soon, it may be too late.

After a couple of minutes of running we emerged into a clearing. It was empty except for a large tree that stood in the middle. Strapped up in that tree was Jasper.

I felt my heart lurch as we all hesitantly began to move toward Jasper. We needed to get him down from there,

Halfway toJasper, the ground beneath me suddenly gave way. My heart felt like it was in my throat as my body plummeted downward. I didn't even have time to scream.

I slammed my eyes shut, but before I felt any impact with the ground, a hand had mine in theirs.

Hesitantly, I looked down at the hole I was dangling over. There were a series of sharp spikes set up directly beneath me. This had been a trap...I should have known better.

With a shaky breath, I looked up at who was holding me... the only thing that was keeping me alive. It was Bellamy.

He stared at me for a brief moment, his hand tightening around my own before he yanked me up. Finn has rushed to his side, grabbing onto me as I neared the top. My brother had me enveloped into a hug before I could even utter a single word.

I wrapped my shaky arms around my brother as I looked to Bellamy, mouthing a quiet *Thank you*.

"Are you okay?" Finn questioned, pulling out of our embrace to check me over for any injuries.

I nodded, leaning back on my heels. "I'm fine." I assured. "Go help Jasper."

Finn nodded as he stood up before offering a hand to pull me to my feet. "I'll climb up there and cut the vines." He announced to the group.

"Yeah, I'm with you." Wells offered.

"No." My brother immediately denied the other boy's help, "Stay with Clarke and Avery. And watch him." he ordered, nodding towards Bellamy. He then motioned for Murphy to follow him. "You, let's go."

Finn and a reluctant Murphy started towards the tree, Clarke spoke, "There's a poultice on his wound."

"Medicine?" Wells asked, "Why would they save his life just to string him up as live bait?"

"Maybe what they're trying to catch likes its dinner to be breathing." Bellamy suggested, causing chills to run through my body.

"Maybe what they're trying to catch is us." When the words left my brother's mouth my heart dropped into my stomach.

I wrapped my arms around myself, fear surging through me. "Okay. Please hurry." I prodded the two of them, my eyes dancing around the forest.

Finn nodded as he and Murphy began to climb the tree. Nervously, I tugged at my fingers as they did their best to hurry up the tree toward a still groaning Jasper.

"Hurry up, Murphy." Finn prodded as the two cut away the vines that were holding Jasper in place.

I ran a hand through my hair in desperation. "Be careful!"

The nerves that I had been feeling were quickly overtaken by pure panic when a growl came from within the dense vegetation. I paused, as did everyone else, as we tried to ensure that we had

actually heard something.

"What was that?" Wells was the first to ask as we all spun in slow circles trying to pinpoint the source of the growl.

"Grounders?" Murphy wondered from the tree, his voice teetering slightly.

Suddenly, a blur of movement caught my eyes, causing me to freeze and fear gripped my body. "Not Grounders!" I declared, eyes still wide as I rose a shaky hand to point toward the large animal that was prowling toward us. "Definitely not Grounders."

A string of gasps and curses were heard from the rest of the group as they spotted what I was pointing out.

"Bellamy, gun." I ordered, my voice thick with terror as the animal began toward us at a quicker pace, teeth bared.

Bellamy looked equally as terrified as I did as he reached into his waistband for his gun. My eyes watched his movements and I felt confusion wash over me when Bellamy pulled his hands back to reveal no weapon.

He looked over at me with a stunned expression "I don't—"

His words were cut off as shots began to ring off from somewhere behind us. The two of us spun around, only to see Wells now with Bellamy's gun.

Wells fired shot after shot, missing almost every one which was only making the animal increasingly angered.

The animal was running toward us at this point, directly at Bellamy and I. I stumbled back in fear as Wells continued firing. "Bellamy!" I pleaded, somehow believing he could do something to stop all of this.

He grabbed a hold of my arm, pulling me close to him as the two of us watched the bushes around us move. The animal had hidden, but it was readying to attack at any moment.

"Wells shoot it!" Finn yelled from the tree, his voice laced with worry.

"I can't see it—" Wells was cut off by a vicious growls as the animal finally leaped from the bushes...right towards Bellamy and I.

I let clamped my eyes shut as Bellamy and I shrunk back, both of us awaiting the moment the creature make impact with our bodies. The two of us huddled together, preparing for the inevitable pain that was about to assault us.

But with a stroke of luck, that moment never came. One last shot echoed through the air. The animal fell to the ground at mine and Bellamy's feet, taking one final shuddered breath before it died.

All of us, both those on the ground and in the tree, stared at the dead animal in shock. We were *that* close to being its dinner.

It was only then that I realized my hand was gripping Bellamy's. He showed no sign of letting go, so I was the one to pull away as I looked to Wells who was still firing the empty gun. "You can stop now." I told him, my breath laboured.

Bellamy looked between Wells and Clarke, anger on his features. "Now she sees you."

I sense some tension between avery and bellamy ;)

08. let's take a hunting trip

My hand, which was gripped tightly around Jasper's waist, was still shaking, close to an hour after we had almost been attacked by that animal and I could not will it to stop.

"You okay there, Sunshine?" I turned to look at Bellamy who was walking behind me, him and Murphy carrying said animal, now dead of course.

I turned back around and nodded, not wanting him to look at my face any longer. Because the truth was, I wasn't okay...not at all. In the past two days, I had been sent down to a new planet, reunited with my twin, almost lost my best friend to a freaking sea monster, saw my new friend get speared in the chest by people who are wanting to kills us, and oh yeah, was almost ripped to shreds by a rabid animal.

I didn't want to tell him any of that, so I gripped onto Jasper even tighter, trying to hide my tremors. "I'm fine."

Finn, who was on the other side of Jasper turned his head slightly to look at me with concern. I gave him a small shake of the head to tell him I didn't want to talk about it.

"I see the camp!" Clarke called from up ahead. That put a little more pep in each of our steps. It was nearing dark, and most of us were starving. Not to mention, we needed to get Jasper medical attention sooner than later.

As we reached what was to be our temporary home, someone announced our arrival. Dozens of heads turned toward us, each of them desperate to see how we made out.

I ignored their stares, Finn and I rushing past curious faces as we made our way into the DropShip.

Clarke, Octavia, and Monty follow closely behind us, bringing

armfuls of supplies with them. We didn't have a lot, but we had enough to make-do.

A quiet whimper came from Jasper as Finn and I gently laid him down. I felt my heart pinch at his expression. He was in horrible pain.

Grabbing a piece of cloth, I dipped into the pot of fresh water before lightly rubbing it across Jasper's face, trying to remove the blood and grime that had built up.

Remorse washed over me as I considered what he went through these past few hours...we never should have left him.

"We would all be dead." Finn announced from next to me. He was reading my expression...and maybe my mind.

"What?"

Sighing, he took the cloth from my hand and dipped it back into the water. "If we went after him earlier today, we all would have been dead. We had no choice."

"Finn's right." Clarke declared as she laid out the supplies in front of her, her eyes scanning them. "We did the right thing."

"Right thing for who?" Monty muttered, his sad eyes on his best friend.

"For everyone." Clarke asserted, her eyes flickering back to me. "Avery, can you hold the light. We need to clean this wound."

With a small nod, I took the light, flicking it on before holding it over Jasper's wound. It looked even worse under the bright light.

"This is going to hurt." Clarke whispered to Jasper, her hand hovering over the bloody mess on his torso.

My spare hand reached out, gripping onto Jasper's as I gave it a tight squeeze. Octavia was positioned at Jasper's head

My spare hand found Jasper's as I gave it a tight squeeze. "Here we

go."

***

Jasper's screams that cut through the night sky still echoed through my ears as I exited the Dropship in search of food. It had taken us less than ten minutes to have Jasper fully cleaned up, but his screams of agony didn't stop there.

Finn had disappeared at some point, and Clarke had insisted she was going to stay for just a little bit longer. Monty insisted he was never leaving. As for Octavia, I wasn't entirely sure where she had gone either.

So, that left me alone as I made my way out to where the rest of the group was gathered. There was loud chatter floating through the night sky.

As the crisp air hit me, so did the smell of roasted meat. My stomach growled at the scent, starved for some kind of food. It wasn't hard to pinpoint the source of the smell...Bellamy and Murphy had cooked the animal that we had killed earlier.

But that sight alone wasn't what made my jaw drop in shock. What did, was the fact that the two of them were forcing people to take off their wristbands in exchange for food.

"No way." I whispered to myself, feet already moving before I knew what I was going to do.

When I stopped in front of him, Bellamy looked down at me with a smug smile. "Well, hey there, Sunshine. Hungry?"

"What the hell are you doing, Bellamy?"

He passed a piece of food to one of the boys who had just removed their wristband. "What does it look like? Wristband comes off, food is given."

I looked down at the growing pile of discarded bands. "Have you lost your mind? You can't extort people like that."

Murphy looked over at me with raised brows. "Looks like we can."

I shook my head, folding my arms over my chest. "I'm not taking mine off."

"And why's that?" Bellamy challenged. "You have someone back on the Ark worried about you? Boyfriend? Parents?" He asked, the smallest hint of a smile on his face.

I scoffed. "Obviously not."

He continued. "You want the very people who locked you up to come down here and do it all again?"

"Stop asking stupid questions. This has nothing to do with me, but —"

"No 'buts,' Sunshine. Take it off." Bellamy said, reaching down to grab my wrist.

"Avery!" I spun around to my brother calling my name. "Come on." he nodded towards the treeline, two sticks of meat in his hand and his wristband still intact.

A smile creeped onto my face as other kids began to notice Finn's act of defiance, quickly following suit.

Anger had washed over Bellamy's face as he looked around at his plan crumbling before his very feet.

As one of the kids reached for a stick, Bellamy grabbed onto his wrist, yanking it back before sending his fist into the poor boy's face.

The boy collapsed to the ground, letting out a small groan of pain as Murphy let out a low whistle. "Shit."

"What the hell, Bellamy?" I snapped, shoving him away from the boy on the ground. "What's wrong with you?"

He looked toward me, no sign of remorse on his face. "Follow the rules and stuff like this doesn't happen."

Gritting my teeth, I kept my eyes locked on him. "Who the hell put you in charge anyway?"

Rather than answering me, Bellamy just shook his head before shoving past me. He said nothing as he made his way toward the trees. "Asshole." I muttered to myself, still seething as I knelt down next to the boy Bellamy had hit. "Are you okay?"

He sat up, clutching his cheek. "I think so."

"He's a dick." I sympathized, giving them boy a sorry smile.

He let out a quiet laugh. "You might be one of the only people in this camp who isn't scared of him."

I rolled my eyes. Was everyone really afraid of Bellamy of all people?

"Here." I muttered, reaching up and grabbing a stick of meat before passing it to the boy. "Eat up."

He smiled at me. "Thanks. I'm Cooper by the way."

I stuck my hand out to pull him up off the ground. "Avery. And don't be afraid of Bellamy. Trust me."

Cooper grinned at me, taking a bite of the food. My own stomach growled, a reminder of the fact that I, too, was starving.

"I've gotta go find my brother, Cooper. But let me know if Bellamy's bugging you again, seriously."

He laughed, taking another bite. "Thanks, Avery."

Most of my anger had subsided by the time I finally found Finn on the outskirts of camp.

'Hey." he mumbled softly as I sat beside him, taking the extra stick of meat.

I huffed, resting my head against the tree behind us. "Bellamy just punched a kid" I announced, before taking my first bite of real food

since we got down here.

Finn snorted. "Why doesn't that surprise me?"

We fell into a comfortable silence for a moment as I looked upward. "It's beautiful out here" I commented, looking around at the trees and the stars in the sky. They were the same stars that I had stared at everyday on the Ark, but somehow they felt more beautiful down here.

"I think this will be a good thing for us Aves, I really do." Finn admitted, looking over at me with a sincere look on his face.

I gave my brother a small smile. "I really hope you're right."

***

It was the sunlight that had woken me up the next morning. I still wasn't used to the way it was down here.

Sitting up, I felt a pain shoot through my neck. With my eyes adjusting, I pinpointed the source of the pain—Finn and I had fallen asleep on the rocks.

As I rubbed my neck, I gave my brother a light jab with my foot. He shot up, his look of surprise soon turning to discomfort.

"Damn." he muttered, rubbing at his neck the same way I had.

"Remind us never to fall asleep on a rock again" I mumbled, standing up and letting my sore body stretch.

Finn chuckled. "Noted" he groaned, following my actions.

Once I felt like I could move without unimaginable pain, I looked back toward the Dropship. "We should get back to camp and see how Jasper is."

"Clarke was probably up all night with him. We should take over so she can get some rest." My brother declared, already on his way back toward camp.

I tried to hide the look that overcame my face. "You seem pretty concerned about Clarke?" I pointed out, my brows raised in curiosity. "Are you and Raven—"

"Raven's up there." Finn interjected, his tone much colder than it usually was with me. "We're down here."

I was ready to press him on the matter further, but before I could do so, a loud wail cut through the air.

It was Jasper, his screams of pain seeming to fill the entire camp. I couldn't imagine what he was feeling right now."

"It's been going on all night." A voice snapped from behind us. "Someone better shut him up soon or I will."

I whipped around to find Murphy. He was standing with Bellamy and a few other boys, knives and hatchets in their hands.

"Give it up, Murphy." I spat, anger coursing through me as Finn grabbed onto my arm and yanked me away from the snickering boys.

" I don't know how much longer I can put up with that kid before I try to kill him" I admitted as we entered the Dropship.

"Well how about we refrain from killing people, yeah?" Finn suggested, guiding me toward the ladder.

"No promises." I muttered, climbing up to the upper level where Jasper's screams were even more pronounced.

"Sorry." I apologized to Clarke as we joined her and Monty. "We fell asleep."

She looked up at us with a small shake of her head. "You don't have to be sorry. We all need sleep or we're useless."

I sat down next to Jasper, a sad smile coming to my face smile. "How is he?"

"He's stable." Clarke answered. "But without medicine-—the pain is

too much."

Inching toward Jasper, I examined his pain stricken features. "Hey, Jasper. Hang in there, okay?"

"I don't understand." Clarke pondered as she examined the wound. "The Grounders cauterized his wound, saved his life."

"Yeah, saved his life so they could string him up as live bait." Finn countered. "The Garden of Eden this ain't."

Monty, who was fiddling with the wristbands on the other side of the room, looked over at us with worry in his eyes.

"This is infected. It could be septic" Clarke explained as she dabbed a cloth on Jasper's wound. "Any progress on using the wristbands to contact the Ark?"

Monty had his gazed fixed on his best friend, showing no sign that he had heard anything Clarke had just said.

"*Monty*." Clarke repeated more sternly, causing Monty to finally look at her.

He shook his head, coming out of the daze. "That would be a firm 'no.'"

Clarke looked utterly distressed. "My mother would know what to do."

Another body appeared in the upper level as Wells sat down next to me. "How's he doing?"

"How does it look like he's doing, Wells?" Clarke snapped, causing the tension in the room to heighten.

"Hey, I'm just trying to help." Wells defended calmly. It was almost as if he was used to this kind of treatment from Clarke...maybe he was.

Clarke took a few deep breaths before speaking again, "You want to help? Hold him down." she instructed.

My brother and I shared an uneasy look as Wells secured his hands on Jasper's legs. Tentatively, I took a hold of one of his arms, Finn taking the other.

With a shaky breath, Clarke turned toward us with a blade, its metal red and sweltering after being dipped into the flame that was lighting up the room.

I felt my breath catch in my throat as Monty's eyes widened slightly. "I'm not going to like this, am I?" he questioned, already fully knowing the answer.

The five of us shared uneasy glances as Clarke hovered the knife over Jasper's chest. "No matter how much he screams we have to do this okay?" She verified, assuring none of us were going to back out.

All eyes immediately turned to me with skepticism. A defensive look covered my face before I realized they were probably right. I *would* be the first one to freak out and pull back. "Okay, okay." I sighed.

Clarke let out a deep breath, counting to three before plunging the knife into Jasper's wound. His screams of pain were immediate, and I almost broke down right then and there.

If we thought his screams of pain were loud before, they were unmatched compared to this. The sheer sound of his pain made it feel like *I* was the one experiencing this. It was heartbreaking.

"You have to hold him still! I need to cut away the infected flesh!" Clarke yelled over the noise. Jasper's screams soon died down as his head lulled to the side, eyes rolling back in his skull. This wasn't good.

"Stop!" A new voice screamed. "You're killing him!" I looked up with panicked eyes to see Octavia rushing toward us.

"Tavia, she's trying to save his life." I explained, attempting to keep my voice even.

"She can't." Bellamy announced, following up after his sister.

"If it isn't Mr. Optimistic." I muttered, rolling my eyes at the mere sight of him.

"Back off." Wells warned as he stood up in front of Bellamy, putting distance between him and Jasper.

"We didn't drag him though miles of woods just to let him die" Clarke announced, her eyes still fixed on Jasper.

Bellamy shook his head "Kid's a goner, if you can't see that then you're diluted. He's driving everyone crazy."

Clarke still wouldn't look at Bellamy. "Sorry if Jasper's an inconvenience to you, but this isn't the Ark. Down here, every life matters."

"Take a look at him." Bellamy demanded. "He's a lost cause."

Everyone fell silent at his words. All of our eyes focused on Jasper, the boy we had tried so hard to save.

"Octavia," Clarke said softly, ignoring Bellamy. "I've spent my whole life watching my mother save people. If I say there's hope, then there's hope."

"It's not about hope," Bellamy retaliated, "It's about guts. You don't have the guts to make the hard decisions. I do. He's been like this for days. If he's not better by tomorrow, I'll kill him myself." he announced, walking away from us and towards the ladder, "Octavia, let's go."

"I'm staying here." Octavia shot back. I had to hide the smile that spread across my face at my best friend's defiance.

Bellamy glared at each of us before angrily descending the ladder, disappearing from sight.

"Power-hungry, self-serving jackass. He doesn't care about anything but himself." Monty grumbled. "No offence." he added, looking to Octavia who just shrugged sadly.

"Yeah," Finn agreed solemnly. "Bellamy is all that. But he also

happens to be right."

***

"I need to talk to you." Octavia announced, pulling me away from the centre of camp.

Clarke, Finn and Wells had run off to find some magical seaweed to heal Jasper, and Monty had assured me he was fine to watch after him for the time being. At this point, all Jasper did was sleep.

I had instead decided to focus on helping out around camp. I spent time building tents, gathering fire wood, and sorting what food we had.

By the time Octavia pulled me away, I was running out of things to keep myself busy with.

"What's going on?" I wondered, noticing the way her eyes darted around, as if she was making sure we were along.

"Have you talked to Atom at all?" She wondered, her eyes focused in on mine.

I shook my head with a confused look. "Who?"

She sighed. "Atom. You know, one of Bellamy's—"

"—Goons?" I finished, earning a small shove from my best friend.

"Be serious, Aves. Have you talked to him at all?" She seemed desperate, something Octavia rarely was.

Still confused, I shook my head. "Can't say that I have. Why?"

With a small groan, she ran her hands over her face. "Bellamy caught us the other night in the woods and—"

I had to suppress a laugh as a cheeky grin spread across my face. "Caught you?"

"Aves, come on." She ordered, trying to stifle her own laugh. She

did her best to keep the concerned look, but she couldn't fight the smile. "He did something to Atom, something about punishment for disobeying him and now Atom won't even speak to me."

I blew out a breath, not entirely shocked that Bellamy had now incorporated punishment into his little reign of terror. "Do you want me to talk him?"

Octavia clasped her hands under he chin in delight. "Would you?"

I shrugged. "Why not?"

She let out a relieved breath as she pulled me into a tight hug. "This is why you're my best friend."

Jokingly rolling my eyes, I returned her hug. But as we pulled apart, my eyes focused on a group moving toward us. In that group was none other than Atom.

A mischievous grin fell across my face. "Perfect timing."

"We're heading out now." Bellamy announced, mostly to Octavia.

Perking up, I took a step toward them. "Where are you going?" All of the boys turned to look at me, but my eyes were only focused on one.

Bellamy rolled his eyes and let out an exhausted sigh as if he just noticed I was there. "Hunting. Care to join?"

He was kidding, and was mostly just being an ass, but he was giving me exactly what I wanted.

"I'd love to." I smiled sweetly, giving Octavia a quick wink.

Octavia had to turn away from us to hide her smile as Bellamy and the other boys looked at me in shock. "I wasn't being serious. I'm not taking you with us."

"Why not?" I questioned, folding my arms over my chest.

"Do you even know the first thing about hunting?" he challenged.

"Not exactly."

"Have you ever held a weapon in your entire life?"

I cocked my head to the side in false contemplation. "If I say no, is that going to ruin my chances?"

Bellamy shook his head, the hint of a smile on his face. "You're not coming."

"I want to learn!" I argued. Mostly, I wanted to talk to Atom, but it seemed some sacrifices needed to be made.

Bellamy looked over at his friend Atom who gave him a small shrug as it to say *why not*?

With a look of displeasure, Bellamy turned back to me. "You stay close, don't get in the way and stay quiet, understand?"

I rolled my eyes at his orders but agreed nonetheless, "Whatever you say, Sunshine." I mocked, using the stupid nickname he had coined for me.

Bellamy scoffed as he signalled for the group of us to follow behind him. I smiled, turning to give Octavia a thumbs up before following after the group.

Avery: 1, Bellamy: 0

***

We had been wandering through the woods for a good hour and a half before we finally saw something.

A black boar rustled in the leaves up ahead of us, so unsuspecting that its death was imminent.

"She's mine." Bellamy warned the other boys as he crept towards it.

"You're actually going to kill it?" I asked quietly. Part of my heart hurt for the animal.

Bellamy spun to look at me incredulously. "Why do you think we're out here?"

"Exploring?" I answered, causing Atom to chuckle.

He waved me off dismissively. "Stop talking. You're distracting me."

I barely had a chance to formulate my response, as the sound of twigs snapping caused all of us to turn, Bellamy's hatchet already flying in the directed of the noise.

The boar squealed as it took off into the woods, the boys shouting as they followed after it.

I was too shocked to see if they had caught it or not. My eyes were focused on the girl, maybe thirteen, who was standing beside the tree where Bellamy's hatchet was nested.

"Who the hell are you?" Bellamy demanded, approaching the girl with intensity.

She didn't waver at his level of intenseness. "Charlotte." she answered calmly.

"I almost killed you," Bellamy pointed out, grabbing his hatchet from the tree, "Why aren't you back at camp?"

"Well, that guy who was dying, I couldn't listen anymore." She explained. I frowned at her explanation of Jasper.

"There are Grounders out here. It's too dangerous for a little girl." Atom warned.

"I'm not little." Charlotte argued.

Bellamy held his gaze on the younger girl before breaking a smile. He liked her grit, that was evident. "Well you can't hunt without a weapon." he said, handing a knife to her. "Ever killed anything before?"

Charlotte shook her head and Bellamy's smile grew. "Who knows, maybe you're good at it."

And just like that, our hunting party grew.

As the three of us began walking once again, I pulled Bellamy back. "You're kidding right?" I demanded, my grip tight on his arm.

"What?" he asked, playing dumb as usual.

"You just gave a 13 year old a knife!"

"And?"

"And, you didn't give me one, hell you wouldn't even let me come!"

Bellamy laughed in amusement as he reached into his back pocket grabbing a knife and handing it to me.

"How many of those things do you have in there?" I asked curiously.

Bellamy shook his head and laughed as we caught up to the rest of the group, "Are you going to kill something now?"

"Absolutely not."

hey guys! sorry for slow update, but I hope you enjoyed this! I love writing scene in which Avery and Bellamy are bickering back and forth lol it's so amusing. don't forget to tell me your thoughts on this chapter, I'd love to hear them

-maddy xo

09. fog

[image]

[image]

After the boar ran off, and we gained a new member on our expedition, we continued on. As much as I didn't want to kill anything, I knew we were desperate for food. Not making it to Mount Weather had really hurt us.

I took the silence that had fallen across the group to achieve the mission I had set out here to do--talk to Atom.

The two of us had fallen behind slightly, I was pretty convinced he had been told by Bellamy to make sure I didn't wander off somehow.

"So," I hummed, glancing over to him with a small smile. "You and Octavia."

His eye roll was immediate as he shook his head. "Is that the whole reason you came—to talk to me about Octavia?"

I shrugged, frowning slightly. "No."

"Are you lying?"

"Maybe."

His eyes darted up to the front of the group where Bellamy was walking with Charlotte. "Bellamy will kill me if I go anywhere near her again."

"Bellamy isn't in charge of her— or you." I pointed out, unsure of

when Bellamy began the all-almighty in our camp. "Do whatever you want, Atom."

Quirking a brow, he let out a small sigh. "He strung me up in a tree and left me there, Avery. I'd rather not cross him again."

I did my best to conceal the shocked look that covered my face. I clearly hadn't been informed about that part of the story. "Are you serious?"

Atom dipped his head slightly. "Wish I wasn't."

"I'm sorry he did that to you, Atom. I didn't—"

"Hey!" Bellamy called, turning to look at the two of us. "If you two don't keep up, you're going to get left behind." His eyes then settled solely on Atom for a moment. "You move on quick." He muttered.

Scoffing, I waved Bellamy off. "Mind your own business, Bellamy. Maybe it'll do you some good."

He paused, brows raised at the fact that I had challenged him. "Watch your mouth."

Charlotte looked between the two of us, her face morphed into a slight frown at our bickering. The other boys ignored us, continuing on their path.

It seemed Bellamy and I were going to be locked in a never ending staring contest, but something broke it.

Yelling from somewhere up ahead caught all of our attention, and when I tore my eyes away from Bellamy, I saw what all the commotion was about.

There was a billowing cloud of yellow fog coming right at us. Whatever it was, it didn't look good.

Bellamy's instruction for everyone to *RUN* wasn't entirely necessary. All of us were breaking into a sprint before the words has barely left his mouth.

Atom grabbed onto my arm, pulling me along with him as Bellamy did the same with Charlotte. We needed to find a safe haven.

I ran as fast as I possibly could. Faster than I ran that day we rescued Jasper. Faster than the day I ran from the guards on the Ark...the day I was locked up.

"There's some caves up ahead!" Bellamy yelled back at us, turning his head ever so slightly before picking up his pace. "Let's go!"

I did the same, picking up my step as we neared the entrance of the caves. Almost there.

Suddenly, the hand that had been wrapped around my arm was yanked away as a *thud* sounded from behind me.

Stumbling, I turned to see Atom hit the forest floor, the fog instantly surrounding him. My eyes widened as I lunged forward, reaching out for him. "Atom!"

The moment the fog came into contact with the skin on my arm, it burned a pain so blinding, I could hardly handle it.

That was what Atom was feeling all over, his screams a clear indicator of the pain he was in. I had to help him. I couldn't leave him—"

"Avery!"

Bellamy's voice came from directly behind me, he had clearly backtracked to get to me. "We have to go." He asserted, grabbing onto me and pulling me away from Atom's withering body.

His screams echoed off the walls of the cave as Bellamy and I ducked inside where Charlotte was already hidden. My breath came out in short, panicked breaths as I leaned against the cool rock walls, struggling to slow my heart rate back down.

Atom continued to scream, pleaded for us to help him. I felt like I was going to be sick as we listened to his screams. They slowly died off, and I only hoped that that meant he had found shelter somewhere else.

"Does it hurt?" Bellamy's voice was strained as he spoke. It seemed he was trying to do anything to ignore his friend's pleas for help.

My eyes flickered down to my arm where he was looking. Angry blisters had begun to form where the fog had touch my skin.

Nodding, I pulled off my jacket to get a better look. "Yeah."

Lightly, Bellamy took a hold of my arm, examining it for a moment before reaching into his backpack to pull out a small canteen of water. Slowly, he poured the water over my wound, causing me to flinch slightly.

"Better?" He wondered, his eyes flitting up to meet mind.

I stared back at him for a moment, realizing that for the first time since I had met him, I wasn't looking at him in anger.

"Yeah." I whispered, lightly taking my arm from his grasp. "Thank you."

He nodded, setting down the canteen as he looked back toward where Charlotte was huddled.

The two of us shared a silent look, one that agreed that I needed to go sit with her. So, silently, I took a seat next to her, trying to provide any comfort I could.

"How long are we going to have to stay in here?" She finally asked, her voice small and muffled.

Bellamy glanced out toward where the fog was still roaring. "I really don't know."

It turned out the fog had stayed a lot longer than we had expected. The cave eventually grew dark and it was evident that night had fallen outside.

Charlotte had fallen asleep at some point, which left Bellamy and I in an uncomfortable silence. Neither of us knew what to say to each

other.

That was until I broke the silence. "I—uh—I never got to really thank you." My voice cracked as I spoke, the result of too long of not saying anything.

Bellamy looked up at me, his brows furrowed slightly. "For what?"

"For saving my life that day we went after Jasper." There had been so much chaos that day, I never got the chance to really thank him.

He studied my face for a moment before nodding. "Well I can't let you die. Octavia would kill me."

"Yeah. Well, thank you."

After a slight nod from Bellamy, we fell back into silence, this one even more uncomfortable than the last.

My eyes flickered around the cave for a few moments, trying to think of something to talk about. But somehow, they ended up back on Bellamy who was already watching me.

As we made eye contact, he cleared his throat awkwardly. "So, what was it like?"

I shivered slightly at the cool night air. "What was what like?"

"Being a twin." He answered. "I mean, I know what it was like to have a sibling...but what was it like to have a twin?"

Smiling softly, I recalled my life with Finn. "It was the best and worst thing that ever could have happened to me." I admitted honestly. And that was the truth. "I couldn't imagine my life without my brother. But being a twin also made my life that much more difficult. It hurt the most knowing we were born only minutes apart but he got to live his life while I...didn't. It wasn't Finn's fault...but it hurt."

Bellamy watched me thoughtfully. "I wished everyday that I could have traded places with Octavia. I'm sure your brother wished the same."

I let out a soft laugh. "He did. When we were kids, he used to beg my parents to take my spot and I could go to school for him. I don't think he realized we weren't identical."

A genuine laugh fell from Bellamy's lips, the first I had heard since I met him. It caused me to smile. Maybe Bellamy Blake wasn't as bad as I thought.

He smiled back at me for a moment before looking over to where Charlotte was still sleeping. "We should sleep, too." He advised.

Part of me wanted to argue, but the other part agreed full-heartedly. My body and mind were exhausted after the day we'd had.

Nodding, I shuffled so I was laying down on the cool rock. It was less than comfortable, but it was all we had.

As I drifted off, the last thing I could hear was the repeating of Atom's screams. They haunted my dreams that night.

When I awoke, it wasn't to the sound of Atom's screams, but someone else's.

It was still dark, and indicator that it hadn't been too long since Bellamy and I had fallen asleep. At the noise, I jolted up and a jacket fell off of my body. I glanced down at it quickly and realized it wasn't my own...Bellamy had given me his.

My eyes then snapped up, meeting the panicked ones of Bellamy who had also awoken in a daze. Together, the two of us looked toward Charlotte who was withering in her sleep, letting out cries of protest.

Bellamy stood up and took a few large strides toward her. "Charlotte." He called, lightly shaking her.

Her cries stopped abruptly as she sat up, her eyes wide and tired as she looked at the two of us apologetically. "I'm sorry."

I shook my head with a gentle smile. "You don't have to be sorry, Charlotte."

Keeping his hand resting on her shoulder, Bellamy looked down at her. "Does it happen often."

Charlotte glanced down at her hands in embarrassment, as she let out a small sigh. She wouldn't look either Bellamy or I in the eye.

"What are you scared of?" Bellamy wondered. But before Charlotte could respond, he spoke again. "You know what? It doesn't matter. The only thing that matters is what you do about it."

She frowned. "But...I'm asleep."

Bellamy shook his head with a small smile, "Fears are fears. Slay your demons when you're awake, and they won't be there to get you when you're asleep."

"Yeah, but how?" Charlotte wondered, furrowing her brows.

"You can't afford to be weak." He explained. "Down here, weakness is death, fear is death."

I wasn't entirely sure if that was the best thing to be telling a thirteen year-old with nightmares, but I remained silent.

"Let me see that knife I gave you." Bellamy instructed, causing Charlotte to reach into her jacket and pull out the knife he had given her earlier today.

He took the knife from her hands. "Now, when you feel afraid, you hold on tight to this knife and you say 'Screw you, I'm not afraid'"

Charlotte reclaimed the knife, looking over at me and then back to Bellamy, "Screw you, I'm not afraid." she said meagerly.

When Bellamy gave her a disapproving look, she spoke again. This time, it was louder and more assertive. "Screw you, I'm not afraid!"

"Slay your demons kid, and then you'll be able to sleep." Bellamy smiled, giving her a light pat on the knee.

As I watched the way he was with her, I couldn't help but crack a small smile. He may have been an ass half of the time, but he had some redeemable qualities.

Charlotte fell back to sleep rather quickly, and once I was sure she was, I handed Bellamy's jacket back toward him. "Here."

He looked over at me, quirking a brow. "What?"

"Take your jacket." I ordered, "I'm fine."

"You were shivering." He muttered. "I can't let you freeze. Octavia will—"

"She'll kill you...I know." I interjected.

Upon realizing he wasn't going to take it, I let out a sigh and dropped it back onto my lap. "Why do you act like such an ass?" I blurted, my curiosity winning the internal battle I was having.

Propping his head on his hands, he glanced over at me. "Care to explain?"

"I saw the way you just were with Charlotte." I declared. "Yet here you are talking about killing Jasper and punching kids and making everyone afraid of you...I just don't get it, Bellamy."

He remained silent for a moment. "I make the hard decisions that no one else wants to make. If that makes me a bad person, so be it."

"You gave me your jacket." I returned to our earlier discussion. "A jackass would have just let me freeze."

"It wasn't about you." He argued.

I stifled a smile as I threw the jacket back at him. "I can't let you freeze either. Octavia would kill me."

He tried to hide it, but I could see the smile that touched at his lips at me flipping the script on him. "Has anyone ever told you you're irritating?" He grumbled.

I laid back down, letting out a small laugh. "No. I think you're the first."

"Won't be the last." He mumbled, setting his jacket beside him.

"You can say whatever you want, Bellamy. But you showed me tonight that you actually have a heart...and I'm going to make sure everyone knows it."

This time when I fell asleep, it was with a smile on my face.

When I opened my eyes again it was daylight. Much to my chagrin, Bellamy's jacket was draped overtop of me once again. This guy was relentless.

"Morning Sleeping Beauty." Bellamy mumbled, causing Charlotte to let out a giggle next to him.

I glared at him as I pulled the jacket off of me, this time launching it in his direction in a less than kind manner. "Hilarious."

Bellamy smirked as he stood up, putting on his jacket and walking to the entrance of the cave. "I'll make sure it's safe out there and then we can get going. "

Yawning, I pulled myself to my feet, examining the blisters on my arm. It wasn't pretty.

"The fog did that?" Charlotte verified, her eyes locked on my wound.

I nodded, pulling my sleeve overtop of it so she couldn't look at it anymore. "Yeah." I answered. "We're lucky we found this cave."

She looked slightly concerned as her and I watched Bellamy advance toward the exit of the cave. I kept Charlotte close to me, the two of us holding our breath as Bellamy took a step out into the forest.

When he didn't fall to the ground in pain, he turned to us with a

small nod. "All clear."

I pulled Charlotte with me, following Bellamy out of the cave and back into the open. Everything looked untouched, as if a vicious cloud of fog hadn't terrorized the forest for the past few hours.

Bellamy glanced around. "Anybody out here!?" He called, " Jones!"

"Over here!" Someone called from deeper in the forest. Bellamy motioned for Charlotte and I to follow him toward the voice.

"Lost you in the stew. Where'd you go?" He asked as we approached a group of three other kids from camp.

"Made it to some caves down there." Jones explained. "What the hell was that?"

"I don't know." Bellamy admitted. He the paused, looking at the three faces in front of us. "Where's Atom?"

Jones' face fell as he looked between Bellamy and I. "Last I saw he was with Avery. What happened?"

Pushing the lump down in my throat, I spoke. "He fell and we—we couldn't help him there was too much fog."

"We thought he might have made it to you guys." Bellamy interjected. "But maybe he found shelter somewhere else. Let's split up. We can find him that way."

No one argued, and within seconds we had spread out across the area that Bellamy and I had last seen Atom. It was difficult to tell exactly where that had been due to the thickness of the fog, but we were doing our best.

I walked alongside Jenna, one of the other girls from camp, as we scanned the area. "It was somewhere her that I last saw him."

As I pointed, my sleeve rode up, revealing the blisters on my arm. "Did the fog do that?" Jenna questioned, her eyes widening.

Pulling the sleeve back down, I nodded slightly. "Yeah."

"So if Atom was out here..." She trailed off, her voice solemn.

I cleared my throat, trying to push down the negative thoughts. "Maybe he made it to safety."

Wrong.

Charlotte's shrill scream caused the remaining five of us to startle, sharing nervous looks before we took off toward the sound.

Jenna and I joined the three boys as all us of rounded a tree, reaching the spot where Charlotte was standing. She was staring down at something, and when I followed her gaze, I wasn't prepared for what I saw.

Atom was laying on the ground, gasping for air in panicked, pained gulps. Blisters, similar—but much, much worse—to the ones on my arm, covered his entire body.

My heart plummeted as I turned away for a moment, intense guilt and a heart-wrenching remorse washing over me.

Charlotte let out a small sob next to me, her face breaking. Silently, I grabbed onto her and turned her away from the sight. She didn't need to see that any longer.

"Son of a bitch." Bellamy whispered, his eyes pain as he rushed toward his friend. "Atom."

As Bellamy tentatively kneeled down, Atom looked up at him with tears in his eyes. "Kill me." He pleaded, my heart now fully breaking.

I closed my eyes for a moment, only reopening them when Charlotte pulled away from my grasp to take a few steps toward Bellamy and Atom.

Without saying anything, she reached into the pocket of her sweater and pulled out the knife Bellamy had given to her. Holding it out to him, she spoke quietly. "Don't be afraid."

Taking the knife, Bellamy looked at it for a moment before glancing

back toward the rest of us. "Go back to camp."

The other three didn't argue at all. Each of them seemed eager to get away from the horrific sight in front of us.

"Charlotte, you too." Bellamy instructed. Charlotte didn't look entirely pleased with the instruction, but she didn't argue.

As she passed me, I gave her a small nod, letting her know I would be there soon. I didn't want to see this, but I refused to leave Bellamy alone to shoulder this.

Silently, I took a few steps toward the two boys, my heart hammering against my chest as I listened to Atom's gasps of pain.

Bellamy didn't—and part of me believed that he couldn't—look up at me. "Avery, go."

"I'm not leaving." I asserted, slowly kneeling down on the other side of Atom who was still begging for us to end his life. "You shouldn't have to do this alone."

Pushing a lump down in his throat, Bellamy nodded as he readjusted the grip he had on the knife.

"We're going to help you Atom." I whispered softly, my voice catching in my throat as I looked down at the boy we left behind.

His blue eyes looked up at me, and he gave a small nod. As his eyes met mine, I felt like all the emotions were attacking me at one. Regret, pain, sadness, anger— all of them.

Atom was about to die because Bellamy and I had left him behind. We had done that.

But now wasn't the time for self regret or blame. Atom needed us to make this as pain-free and comfortable as possible.

Gently, I ran my fingers through his hair as I softly hummed a tune that my mother always sang to put Finn and I to sleep as children. As much as I didn't want to, I held my hand out, signalling for Bellamy to give me the knife.

Bellamy's argument was instantaneous. "Avery, no—"

"Bellamy, someone has to do it." I argued, tears pricking at my eyes as I looked up at him.

He didn't hand over the knife. "I'm not making you do that." He argued as he looked from me down to Atom."Just keep doing what you're doing."

With shaky hands, he gripped onto the knife and as gently as he possibly could, drove it into Atom's neck. As he pulled it out, blood began to spill and within a matter of moments, Atom had bled out.

His gasping ceased as his eyes glazed over, wide and looking up at the sky.

I fell silent as I reached out and gently closed his eyes. My own eyes were teary as I looked up at Bellamy who was starring at Atom, his face hard. He was silent as his eyes flickered between the knife and his friend.

"I'm sorry." I whispered quietly.

Bellamy nodded as he stood up,."There's nothing else that we could have done. This was for the best."

It may had been what was best...but that didn't make it any easier.

hey loves!! I hoped you guys liked this chapter and Bellamy's sweet side :)) I know in the show Clarke kills Atom but I thought it would better for Avery and Bellamy to have to deal with the death of one of their own together.

let me know what you thought of this chapter in the comments

-maddy :)

10. oh, hello

[image]

[image]

A pained silence had fallen over Bellamy and I as we made our way back to camp, Atom's body being carried between the two of us.

Bellamy carried the load of the weight, my arms burning from the exertion. He had noticed the way I winced as we walked, and had automatically taken the burden of it.

"We couldn't have done anything." I finally spoke, voice wavering. "We both would have died if we stayed out there any longer."

I couldn't tell if my words were to convince Bellamy or myself more. Nonetheless, he looked over at me. "When I came to get you...I should have grabbed Atom, too."

"No." I argued instantly. "You couldn't have, Bellamy. There was no way."

His eyes drifted back to the forest in front of us. Our camp could now be seen, the campfire illuminating the night sky.

As we neared, my heart began to hammer in my chest again at the prospect of Octavia learning of Atom's death. I didn't want to see my best friend's heart break. It already hurt enough envisioning her reaction.

"I've got him." Bellamy said, taking all of the weight from my arms. "Can you—uh— can you talk to Octavia?"

I looked toward him, noting the pain on his face. He didn't want to

see Octavia's heartbreak anymore than I did. "Yeah." I whispered, the two of sharing a final uneasy look before stepping into the thick of camp.

At our arrival, everyone in camp quieted down. One person noted the body in Bellamy's hands, and then another, and another.

No one dared say a word as Bellamy gently laid Atom's body down by the fire, draping a jacket over his face.

I bit down on the inside of my cheek, turning from the scene to search for Octavia. I prayed that she hadn't seen our arrival.

Luckily, I found her sitting by the Dropship. As I made my way toward her, she stood up in exasperation. "There you are!" She exclaimed. "Did Bellamy and Atom come back with you?"

Damnit.

"Yeah." I answered, forcing a smile onto my face. It didn't reach my eyes, and I think Octavia could sense that.

"How's Jasper?" I questioned, attempting to steer the conversation in another direction, at least for a moment.

She looked at me skeptically. "He's okay. Clarke and your brother got back just before you guys and got him the medicine."

I nodded, the sad smile still on my face. "Good. That's good."

"Aves." Octavia pressed, her eyes searching my own. "What's going on?"

People had begun to gather around the fire, everyone wanting to get a look at who was underneath the jacket. Unfortunately, this caught Octavia's attention.

I reached out to her, trying to pull her back as she began making her way past me. "Tavia." I begged, my voice pleading. "Just hold on. Let me talk to you."

She ignored me, pushing past me and heading straight for Bellamy.

I shot him a desperate look, trying to let him know that I had failed.

He met my gaze, his eyes soon flitting back to his sister. "Octavia, just stay there." He ordered, giving her a light shove backward as she approached.

I followed after her, my heart beating a mile a minute at the horror she was about to witness.

Unsurprisingly, Octavia ignored her brother and pushed forward anyway. Silence fell across the camp as she slowly knelt down next to the body.

Hesitantly, she reached out her had and carefully pulled the jacket away. I closed my eyes, not wanting to see his lifeless face again.

Octavia breath came out as a gasp. "Atom." She whispered as murmurs began to fly around the camp.

"There was nothing I could do." Bellamy assured, attempting to defend himself.

His sister didn't want to hear any of it. Her hand shot up, signalling for him to stop. "Don't." She snapped coldly, tears already flooding her eyes.

My face pinched in sadness as I placed a hand on her shoulder. "Octavia." I whispered as she pulled the jacket back over Atom's face. She needed to know this wasn't Bellamy's fault.

My hand abruptly fell as she stood, turning her back to us as she made for the forest.

"O!" Bellamy called, turning in the direction she had taken off in.

I gave Bellamy a sad look as everyone in camp began whispering among themselves. This was our first official death on the ground. We had lost the two on the way down due to Finn's grand idea, but Atom was our first loss on Earth. There was a lot to talk about.

"I'll go talk to her." I offered, lightly brushing past Bellamy in search

of my best friend.

I walked through camp, eventually stopping just outside the boundaries of our little safe haven to find Octavia sitting on a rock, her knees pulled up to her chest. "Tavia?" I asked gently, kneeling in front of her.

She looked up at me, her eyelashes wet. "I can't believe he's gone. Just yesterday he was—he was here."

"I know." I whispered sadly.

"Were you—" She paused, taking a deep breath. "Were you there? Did you see him?"

I looked down at my feet for a moment, not prepared to tell her everything that happened. "Yeah. I was there."

"So he wasn't alone when he—"

I cut her off as I shook my head. "No. He wasn't alone."

Resting her chin on her knees, she nodded. "Good."

After a moment, she dropped her knees from in front of her chest. "I'm going to miss him." She admitted.

I didn't say anything at first, but just pulled her into a tight hug.

As she quietly cried into my shoulder, I squeezed her tighter. "It'll be okay, Taves. I promise."

After giving Octavia some more time to digest what had happened, the two of us joined Monty and Finn in the Dropship where they were keeping an eyes on Jasper.

Monty, took a gulp of a bottle of liquor that had somehow appeared in camp. "Smooooth." he slurred, a sloppy smile on his face.

He reached out with a cough and handed the bottle to Octavia. She

took it gratefully, tipping it back to take a swig. As the liquor met her lips, she scrunched her face up in disgust. "Disgusting." She coughed. "I love it."

With a grin, she handed the bottle to me. I shot her an amused look as I took it. Brining the bottle to my lips, I felt myself cringe as the liquid slid down my throat, burning along the way. "Where'd you get this, anyway?" I wondered, handing the bottle off to my brother.

"Found an old car in the forest. It was in there." he answered with a small grin.

"That's—uh— that's concerning." I muttered, unsure if hundred year whiskey was the best idea.

Finn shrugged, letting out a small laugh as he brought the bottle to his lips. As he tipped it back, another voice filled the room. "Can I uh—get a hit of that?"

All of us turned in shock to see Jasper trying to sit up, a loopy smile on his face. He was alive.

"Jasper!" Monty exclaimed, as we discarded the bottle, rushing to Jasper's side.

"Let's start with the soft stuff first." Finn suggested, holding a canteen of water up to Jasper's lips. He took the water gratefully.

Monty reached out and allowed Jasper to grip onto his hand, pulling him up from the spot he'd been laying for the last several days.

"Was that a dream or did I get speared?" Jasper wondered, a grin playing on his face.

I couldn't help but smile as Clarke entered the room, a smile on her face as well. "You'll have a very impressive scar to prove it."

"My saviour." Jasper exclaimed with a smile.

"Thank you," Clarke said approaching Jasper's side, "For not dying. I

don't think I could have taken that today."

"Well, I'll try not to die tomorrow too if that's cool." Jasper grinned, all of us breaking into large smiles at his words.

He then looked over at Octavia and I with a lopsided smile on his face, "Oh, hello!"

My face mimicked Jasper's as did everyone else's. In that moment, I thought maybe everything was going to be okay. We may have lost Atom, but Jasper was okay. We could heal from this...move on.

I was hopeful...but the next morning when I awoke, everything has changed.

Wells was dead.

I was awoken with the news early in the morning and Clarke, Finn and I had buried him before daylight broke.

He had been stabbed right outside of the makeshift wall we begun building and Murphy and Bellamy had used his death as a way to scare the other kids into working harder.

We were building up a wall that would hopefully keep something like this from happening again. If we could keep the Grounders out, maybe we could stay safe.

I did my best to keep myself busy. The more time I spent unoccupied, the more time I had to think about the fact that another one of our own was dead.

Working alongside Charlotte, the two of us tied a series of knots around logs. The aim was to create trusts for the walls. We had been making fast work, and I had to admit that I was enjoying her presence.

My zoned in groove was interrupted when Connor, one of the boys in camp, fell to the ground in exhaustion. The log he was carrying thumped to the ground next to him, gathering the attention of those

closest.

"Hey!" Murphy yelled, making his way toward us. "You think the Grounders are just going to sit around and wait for us to finish the wall? Maybe we should let the girls do the lifting for you huh?" he asked, motioning towards Charlotte and I.

Connor let out a cough. "I just need some water, okay? Then I'll be fine."

"Murphy," Bellamy beckoned, approaching the scene, "Get this guy some water."

Murphy scowled at Connor before stalking off. I rolled my eyes as I watched him go. "Someone's on a power trip." I muttered.

"Hey, you got this?" Bellamy called to Charlotte, nodding down at the discarded log. "You got this?"

Instantly, Charlotte dropped what she was doing and rushed towards the log, bending down to grab it.

Bellamy stuck out his hand, a genuine smile coming to his face. "I'm just kidding." he promised, picking the log up himself and walking off.

I smiled at Charlotte as she rejoined me. "You're a good worker, Charlotte." I admired. "You're a good asset to this camp."

She smiled shyly. "I just want to show everyone that I'm not some little girl."

"Bellamy knows you're not." I assured. "I know it, too. Trust me, when I was thirteen, I never could have imagined joining a hunting party with a bunch of older boys. I would have been terrified."

I decided to leave out the part that when I was thirteen, I was still locked in a cabinet. That wasn't the point of my story.

Blushing, Charlotte shrugged. "Like Bellamy said, fear is weakness down here."

I rose my brows, somewhat impressed with her maturity. "Wow, something Bellamy said has actual—"

My words fell dead in my throat as I watched Murphy re-approach Connor. He didn't have any water in his hand. What he did instead caused my mouth to fall open in shock.

He stood behind Connor, undid the zipper to his pants and *peed* on his back. Just when I thought Murphy couldn't get anymore despicable.

"What the hell?" Connor snapped, jumping to his feet and spinning around to shove Murphy"I'm going to kill you!"

"You said you needed some water." Murphy smirked as the the two of them were broken apart by a few other boys. He then turned to look at the rest of us who were gaping in shock. "Everybody get back to work!"

With anger coursing through my veins, I turned to Charlotte. "I'll be right back, okay?"

She nodded, a slight look of concern overtaking her features as I dropped what I was doing and began making my way toward Murphy, fists clenched at my side.

"You know, you really are the biggest jerk I've ever met." I spat as I approached him. I was done watching him bully everyone in this camp.

He turned to look at me with an amused smile on his face, "Considering you lived soley in a room for eighteen years, I'm not going to take that one to heart. Nice try though, Freakshow."

That was when I snapped.

I wasn't sure why it was now, but it was. In one swift movement I had pulled back and punched Murphy.

Two feelings overwhelmed me as I pulled my hand back and cradled it against my chest. One was relief, the other was pain.

"What the hell is wrong with you?" Murphy spat, clutching onto this cheek. "You crazy bitch! I'm going to—"

"Hey!" Bellamy snapped, stepping in between the two of us. "What the hell is going on here?" He looked between Murphy's swollen cheek and my increasingly swollen hand. I think he knew what was going on.

"Little Freakshow over here just punched me." Murphy exclaimed, looking past Bellamy to glare at me.

A slight smile was creeping onto Bellamy's face as he looked over at me. He did his best to conceal it, but it was there. "Murphy, go get cleaned up." he ordered.

"Really?" Murphy spat. "That's it?"

"You heard him, get out of here you little rat." I snapped, stepping towards Murphy which caused him to rush off towards one of the tents.

Once Murphy had scurried off, Bellamy looked to me with an amused expression. "Did you seriously hit him?"

I shrugged, trying to stifle my own smile. "He had it coming."

With that, I turned and rejoined Charlotte who grinned up at me as we got back to work. I fell back into my pattern of quick work...even if my hand was throbbing.

11. killer within

[image]

"You need to come with me."

I dropped what I was doing to look over at Bellamy who had grabbed me by the arm and began pulling me through the camp.

Worry flooded through me as my eyes darted around the camp, trying to find the source of the issue. "What's wrong?"

Bellamy didn't say a word as we stopped at one of the tents and he ushered me inside. As I entered I was met with the sight of Jasper, Clarke, and Octavia standing around a table.

"What's going on?" I question, all of them looking up at me, before all of their eyes fell back to the table, or rather what was on the table.

"Is that-" I cut myself off, my eyes fixed on the three fingers and the knife that were sitting on the table.

"Wells' fingers." Clarke confirmed.

"Wh-how-where did you find them?" I asked in shock, not sure of how to react in a situation like this.

"Jasper and I found them just outside the wall." Octavia answered.

Clarke leaned forward and picked up the knife, turning it over in her hands, meanwhile examining it, "this knife was made from metal from the drop ship." she concluded.

"What do you mean?" Jasper questioned.

"Who else knows about this?" Bellamy asked, cutting in, trying to sway the conversation.

"No one." Octavia answered with assurance, "we brought it straight here."

"Clarke?" Jasper said quietly, reproaching the earlier point Clarke had tried to bring up.

"It means the Grounders didn't kill Wells." Clarke said, finally answering Jasper's question, "It was one of us."

I felt my heart drop as the words left her mouth. There was a killer in our camp.

"So that means there's a murderer in the camp?" Jasper's voice camp out shaky and nervous.

"There's more than one murderer in the camp." Bellamy pointed out as if that was supposed to make us feel better. "This isn't news, let's keep it quiet." He was trying to do everything he could to keep everyone afraid of what was outside our walls, not in. But truthfully, that was only going to create more problems than it solved. People needed to realize that we had rules in here...we couldn't go around killing each other and getting away with it by blaming the Grounders.

But I also knew there was a careful way we had to approach this. The minute people got word that it was one of us who killed Wells, all hell would break loose.

I shared a look with Jasper and Octavia, the two of them seeming to share similar concerns to my own. But there was one person in the tent who was too livid to stop and consider the consequences of bringing this to the whole group.

Clarke Griffin was already marching toward the exit of the tent before anyone could say another word. The knife was still gripped tightly in her hands, a determined look on her face.

Before she could reach the doorway, Bellamy stepped into her path, barring her from going forward.

"Get out of my way Bellamy." She ordered, voice dark.

"Be smart about this." Bellamy tried to reason. "Look at what we've achieved, the wall, the patrols. Like it or not, thinking the Grounders killed Wells is the good for us."

There it was...his strewed way of thinking.

"Oh, good for you, you mean!" Clarke argued. "What? Keep people afraid and they'll work for you, is that it?"

"Yeah," Bellamy answered honesty, "That's it. It's good for all of us. Fear of the Grounders is building that wall and besides, what are you going to do walk out there and ask who the killer is? We don't even know whose knife it is."

"Oh really?" Clarke challenged, "J.M." she said, holding up the knife to show the initials etched into it, "John Murphy, the people have a right to know."

Bellamy's eyes fell to the ground and Clarke shoved passed him.

I shook my head in disbelief as I followed after her, I knew this was not about to be good. "Clarke come on!" I pleaded, following after her, "Just stop and think about this for one—"

"You son of a bitch!" Clarke yelled, ignoring me as she approached Murphy, giving him a hard shove backwards.

Murphy glanced back at the group of us who had followed Clarke out, a small smirk playing on his face. "What's your problem?" He let out a small laugh, amused with Clarke's anger.

Holding up his knife, Clarke shoved it toward his face, "Recognize this?"

A loot of recognition came to his face as he nodded. "Yeah, that's my knife. Where did you find it?" he asked, reaching out for the weapon.

"Where you left it after you killed Wells." Clarke fired back, being sure she was loud enough so the whole camp could hear.

Murphy's face fell as he took a step back. He looked completely

shocked. "Where I what?"

A crowd was now gathering as the ordeal continued. I stood beside Octavia, Jasper and Bellamy, all of us watching intently to see what Murphy would say.

Quiet murmurs began to fly around the camp as Murphy shook his head, his face paler than usual. But it was evident that he was trying not to let his fear show. "The Grounders killed Wells, not me." He argued.

"I know what you did, and you're going to pay for it." Clarke threatened.

"Really?" Murphy said with a slight smirk, his eyes straying toward Bellamy, "Bellamy, you really believe this crap?"

Bellamy ignored Murphy, casting his eyes downward as Clarke continued, "You threatened to kill him, we all heard you! You hated Wells."

"Plenty of people hated Wells." Murphy pointed out, "His father was the Chancellor that locked us up!"

"Yeah, but you're the only one who got in a knife fight with him!" Clarke was now yelling, her voice full of anger.

Murphy wore an incredulous expression, "Yeah I didn't kill him then either, did I?"

"Tried to kill Jasper too!" Octavia added, causing Jasper to mutter in shock at this revelation.

"Come on this is ridiculous, I don't have to answer to you, I don't have to answer to anyone!" Murphy exclaimed, walking away from Clarke.

"Come again?" Bellamy asked sternly.

Murphy paused before walking over towards us, "Look, Bellamy I'm telling you man, I didn't do this."

"They found his fingers with your knife." Bellamy declared, causing Murphy to fall silent.

"Is this the kind of society we want?" Clarke asked the group, "You say there should be no rules, does that mean we should be able to kill each other with no punishment?"

"I already told you, I didn't kill anyone!" Murphy shot back.

"I say we float him!" Someone yelled from within the crowd of kids which caused a chorus of "yeses" to fill the camp.

"That's not what I'm saying." Clarke argued, her face falling slightly when her plan didn't go the way she wanted it to. I'm not sure what punishment she had designed for Murphy, but clearly it wasn't death.

"Why not? He deserves to float, it's justice." Connor exclaimed, seemingly seeking revenge for what Murphy had done to him earlier that day.

Clarke wore a look of distressed as she shook her head. "Revenge isn't justice!"

"It's justice!" he shot back, as he began chanting "*Float him, float him*!" Soon after, the rest of the camp began to join.

"Maybe we should just think about this before we do something out of line." I yelled over the chants, causing everyone to pause for a moment and think before they started again.

Everyone had been through so much the past few days, I knew none of us were thinking straight. We were running low on food, water, *and* sleep, creating an inevitable recipe for disaster. You put one hundred teenagers together on their own and that's bad enough, take away the basic necessities we need to survive and all that does it creating a melting pot of chaos.

Murphy sensed that this was not about to go well for him, so without saying another word, he began to run, trying to get out of the crowd. Before he could take more than two steps, his legs were kicked out from under him, sending him to the ground with a *thud*.

I felt something jolt in me as the group took his fallen state to begin beating him, sending kicks and punches his way as Murphy huddled into a ball, doing anything he could to protect himself from the assault.

"Stop it!" I screamed, trying to push through the ground to help Murphy. As much as he got on my nerves I didn't want to see him being beaten.

As I shoved my way through an elbow flew up and hit me in the face, causing me to stumble backwards, an arm grabbing onto mine, "Come on." Bellamy said, pulling Octavia and I away from the crowd.

I shrugged out of Bellamy's grasp, my cheek throbbing in pain as I followed after the crowd who had dragged Murphy toward a small decline in camp. Connor grabbed him by his neck, wordlessly shoving a rag into his mouth before he and another boy shoved Murphy down the small hill.

I felt my heart in my throat as I tried to shove kids away, trying everything to get to Murphy. "Let him go!" I yelled, my voice barely making a dent in the chaos. "We're not doing this!"

I thought that once we got down to the ground we would be better than the people on the Ark, but in reality we were worse.

A feeling of horror gripped onto me as they tied a rope around a branch, the other end being fastened around Murphy's neck. He flailed around, trying to free himself as the yelling from the crowd continued.

Slowly, they began hoisting Murphy off the ground, his feet hovering as his eyes widened, quiet whimpers escaping through the rag in his mouth.

I felt like I was going to be sick as I pushed forward once again, only to shoved back by Connor, "Get back!" he yelled, harshly pushing me into Bellamy who stood behind me.

I turned to him, shaking my head as I looked up at him, pleading.

"Bellamy, you can stop this! They'll listen to you!"

He looked down at me, something in his face twitching. He wanted to say something to me, wanted to do something, but he didn't get the chance.

"Bellamy, you should do it!" Connor said, a tone of almost excitement in his voice.

This sent the group into loud chants of Bellamy's name as Murphy pleaded for help, tears streaking down his dirt-covered face.

"Bellamy please don't!" I cried, grabbing onto his arm, trying to prevent him from moving forward. My pleas fell on deaf ears as he shrugged away from my grasp, marching up to where Murphy was hanging, the only thing keeping him alive was the box that his feet were resting on.

"Don't!" I screamed, giving one last plea, hoping Bellamy would listen to me. "Don't do this! Don't become this person, Bellamy."

He didn't owe me anything, he didn't have to listen to me...and so, he didn't.

Murphy shook his head fiercely as Bellamy walked towards him, darkness clouded in his eyes. He didn't even take a pause before kicking the box out from under the hanging boy...didn't even hestitate.

A scream of horror left my lips as Murphy dropped, his body shaking as the air slowly left him. Again, I tried to get to him, tried to help him, but the crowd cut me off.

"We can't do this!" I screamed, my voice becoming hoarse, my throat raw. "He's one of us!"

As much as I hated to admit it, Murphy was one of us. He deserved punishment for what he had done...but it didn't have to be this.

Murphy flailed around desperately, his eyes pleading for help. He looked for anyone in the crowd who could help him. When his eyes met mine, I could feel the tears trickling down my cheeks. He was

dying right in front of me and there was nothing I could do.

He was John Murphy, world renowned douchebag...but he was also a person, a *kid*.

Bellamy walked backed towards Clarke and me, his eyes dark. Clarke was screaming at him with tears covering her face as well.

"This is on you! You should have kept your mouth shut!" He screamed, pushing her away from Murphy.

When his eyes moved over to me, they seemed to soften slightly once noting the expression on my face, the tears in my eyes. "Avery __"

"Don't!" I screamed, backing away from him.

A new voice cut through the crowd from behind, causing a few people to take pause. "What the hell are you doing!?"

I would have recognized that voice anywhere.

My brother came barrelling through the crowd, pushing kids aside left and right, "Cut him down!" he yelled, pointing to Murphy and then turning to Charlotte, "Charlotte, get out of here now!"

I hadn't noticed that she was here...she shouldn't be witnessing this.

Octavia wrapped her arms around Charlotte, trying to pull her away from the scene as Finn rushed towards Murphy who was still jerking around, the life drained from his eyes even more so than before.

"Get back!" Connor ordered, pulling a knife on Finn to prevent him from moving any closer.

If I was angry before, I was *livid* now. "What the hell is wrong with you!?" I spat, shoving Connor away from my brother.

"You too, stay back" Connor snapped, giving me a hard shove backward for the second time today.

"Don't touch her!" Finn growled, lunging towards Connor. Bellamy stepped forward as well, his dark eyes narrowed in on Connor.

"Stop! Everybody stop!" Charlotte's quiet voice met my ears. It was barely audible above the rest of the noise, but it was there.

I had just turned to look at her struggling in Octavia's arms when she spoke again, "Murphy didn't kill Wells!"

First the shoving stopped, then the yelling, and then we all fell still, confusion sweeping across all of us.

My voice wavered as I spoke, "What are you talking about?"

Charlotte met my eyes for a moment before she looked down, shame covering her expression. "I did." she admitted.

Panic jolted through me. It was bad enough killing Murphy for a crime he did committ, but doing this over something he didn't even do? This was bad.

A gasp flew from my lips as I reached forward, yanking the hatchet from Bellamy's belt before rushing toward Murphy. With one hard whack, the rope gave out, sending Murphy to the ground where Finn and Clarke were there to catch him.

Finn loosened the rope around Murphy's neck as I dropped down on the forest floor next to them. Murphy took large gulps of air, his neck already red and bruising.

From somewhere behind us, Bellamy had already whisked Charlotte away to one of the tents, Clarke quickly following after them.

"You're okay," I mumbled looking down at Murphy, "Just breathe."

I nervously paced around the tent as Murphy's demands for Bellamy to bring Charlotte out rang from outside.

Obviously he was feeling better.

"Why, Charlotte?" Bellamy demanded, trying to figure out what the hell had just happened.

"I was just trying to slay my demons, like you told me!" Charlotte exclaimed, causing my heart to drop.

"Oh no." I mumbled, bringing my hand to my forehead in disbelief. That certainly was *not* what Bellamy meant.

"What the hell is she taking about?" Clarke asked, eyes darting between Bellamy and me.

"She misunderstood me," Bellamy argued before turning back to Charlotte, "That's not what I meant."

"*Bring the girl out now*!" Murphy's voice was full of hate and venom as he taunted us from outside the tent. Truthfully, I was surprised he hadn't marched in here yet. A large part of me figured he was still afraid of Bellamy.

"Please don't let them hurt me." Charlotte cried, grabbing onto my hand as she moved behind me, essentially trying to use me as protection.

I glanced down at her, a mixture of conflicting emotions assaulting me as I looked over to Bellamy. "We need to do something." I urged.

We couldn't leave Charlotte in this camp, Murphy was sure to kill her, or kill someone else. But we couldn't just send her on her merry away either.

He met my eye for a moment, a look of distress on his face. "If any of you have any bright ideas speak up!"

Clarke, Finn and I looked at each other in panic, none of us knew what to do. Charlotte whimpered from behind me.

"Now you stay quiet!" Bellamy snapped at Clarke, exasperation dripping from his tone.

Finn stepped in between the two of them. "Those are you boys out

there!"

"This is not my fault!" Bellamy argued, eyes moving to Clarke, " If she had listened to me those idiots would still be building the wall!"

My anger from before bubbled through. "You could have stopped all that!" I pointed my finger at him harshly.

"Oh? How did you want me to do that?" Bellamy snapped back with a raised voice.

I scowled at him, giving him a mock look of thought for a moment. "I don't know? Maybe by *not* kicking the box out from under him, telling them to stop...would you like me to continue?"

He glared at me as Murphy spoke again from outside,"You want to build a society Princess? Then let's build a society, bring her out!"

All of us shared a look as Finn lifted the tent slightly to reveal Murphy and at least a group of twenty behind him.

"No! Please!" Charlotte pleaded, tears in her eyes.

Bellamy seemed to have figured out some sort of plan as he knelt down in front of Charlotte/ "It's going to be okay, just stay with them, okay?" He said softly, nodding toward the rest of us. "I'll handle Murphy."

I met his eye, my nerves evident on my face, "He's pissed, Bellamy. And he has at least twenty people with him...I don't think he's willing to talk to you."

His Adam's Apple bobbed as he gave me a reassuring look. "I'll be okay."

With that, he exited the tent, leaving the remaining four of us silent for a moment, as if we were waiting to hear the downfall from outside.

"Come on," Finn said, pushing Charlotte towards the other side of the tent, "We gotta go."

Charlotte nodded as she looked back at me, "Come on Avery." she urged, noting the fact that I hadn't moved.

"I think it's better if I stay here." I admitted, turning to them with a worried expression.

"What? Why?" Finn asked in shock.

I glanced back toward the exit Bellamy had left from."Bellamy will need help controlling the camp, I don't know if you missed the fiasco we just had but they can get pretty riled up."

Finn didn't look entirely convinced, but nonetheless, he gave me a small nod before pulling me into a hug. "Be safe."

"You too." I mumbled, giving him an uneasy smile.

Not long after the three of them had left, and after a lot of yelling from Murphy outside, the tent flap flew open to reveal Murphy, a determined look on his face.

"Where is she?" He demanded, marching towards me.

"I don't know." I lied, slowly stepping away from him, I'd be lying if I said he wasn't scaring me

"Don't lie to me." he spat, grabbing a hold of my arms.

"I said I don't know!" I repeated, ripping my arms from his grasp.

"Bitch!" he screamed, stopping out of the tent and back into the centre of camp ,"CHARLOTTE! CHARLOTTE I KNOW YOU CAN HEAR ME AND WHEN I FIND YOU, YOU ARE GOING TO PAY!"

A shiver ran through my body as I watched the anger emitting from Murphy. Judging by the bloody nose Jasper was sporting and the fact that Bellamy was sitting on the ground rubbing his head, I could tell Murphy had gone on a rampage. I was afraid of what he would do if he ever found Charlotte, I could tell it would not be good.

12. time limit

[image]

https://youtu.be/rGlEZpOVjGo

"Hurry." Bellamy prodded, as the two of us ran through the forest in search of finding Clarke, Charlotte and my brother. My initial plan had been to stay back at camp and ensure Murphy didn't go too haywire, but after he took off with a small group of people, I knew we needed to follow after them.

It was now dark and Bellamy and I had not come across any sign of Charlotte, nor Murphy's group.

Bellamy, for the most part, had been silent, aside from the odd order for me to follow him or 'hurry up.' I could tell he was beating himself up over the whole situation.

Stepping over a fallen tree, I spoke. "It's not your fault." I pointed out, causing him to turn his head to look at me.

He sighed before shaking his head, "I'm the one who told her to slay her demons."

I paused, reaching out to grab his arm to stop him. "Bellamy, you didn't tell her to go and kill Wells. This is on her, not you."

Never in my wildest dreams did I think that what Bellamy said to Charlotte would have prompted her to murder someone. Most people wouldn't have thought that...but apparently she had a twisted mind of her own.

"She's just a kid." he rebutted, still attempting to put the blame on

himself. If there was one thing I had learned about Bellamy in the short time that I had known him, it was that he was *extremely* hard on himself, despite how cocky he may have appeared.

"She's a murderer, there's no way around it. She ended an innocent persons life, she did that on her own, that's not on you."

Bellamy stared at me for a moment, remaining quiet as he seemed to think about my words. It looked like he wanted to speak, like he wanted to argue with what I had said, but before he had the chance, the found of footsteps sounded off somewhere near us in the dark forest.

I turned, my skin prickling with nerves. Subconsciously, I took a step closer to Bellamy, his proximity causing me to feel safer.

"Over there." Bellamy whispered, pointing in the direction of the noise. My eyes follow his finger, landing on a lone figure running through the woods.

I glanced over his shoulder, watching as the figure hurried on. "Can you tell who it is?"

He nodded slightly, "I think it's her, I think it's Charlotte."

"Why is she alone?" I questioned, worry setting in as I saw no sign of Clarke or Finn.

Bellamy kept his eyes locked on the moving figure while shaking his head, "I don't know." After a brief pause he spoke again, "Stay here." he instructed as he moved towards another large tree.

The figure, it was now clear that it was Charlotte, slowed to a stop, looking around before letting out a defeated sigh. I remained still as Bellamy moved from his spot, running out and wrapping his arms around Charlotte, pulling her behind the tree where I stood.

At the impact of another body against hers, Charlotte let out a deafening scream, which caused Bellamy to throw his hand over her mouth in a panic, "Sh! Charlotte, it's me." he announced, trying to calm her down.

She looked between Bellamy and I with wide eyes before shoving Bellamy's hand away, "What are you doing out here?" she demanded harshly.

"Oh, we're just out for a little nighttime stroll." I muttered, I still wasn't impressed with the little murderer.

Bellamy shot me a look as he grabbed ahold of Charlotte's arm, pulling her deeper into the forest and out of view.

"Let me go!" Charlotte shrieked, trying to pull away from Bellamy.

Bellamy tried to keep his grasp on her. "Hey! We're trying to help you."

"I'm not your sister! Just stop helping me!" Charlotte snapped, and with that she took off back into the forest, "I'm over here!" she yelled, meaning that for some reason, she wanted Murphy to find her.

"Be quiet!" I snapped, as I grabbed ahold of the girl and pulled her towards me, "You're going to get us all killed! Do you want that to happen?"

She looked up at me with teary eyes, yanking her arm from my grasp. "Just go, okay? I'm the one they want." she cried.

"Okay, Charlotte," Bellamy said, grabbing a hold of her jacket, bending down so he was at her height. "I won't leave you, neither will Avery." he promised, sending a quick glance in my direction.

I rose my brows, not entirely pleased with the fact that he making decisions for me, but nonetheless I remained silent.

"Please, Bellamy." she pleaded, trying to pull away from him once again. "You have to go. Both of you."

Panic flooded my body once again as torches illuminated the forest not far from where we were. Murphy and his gang were here. "Bellamy, we have to go *now!"* I announced, voice wavering.

Glancing toward where the light was coming from, Bellamy gave

me a small nod before effortlessly hoisting Charlotte up and over his shoulder. She resisted, but Bellamy ignored her efforts to escape as he began running, leaving me to follow after the two of them.

Charlotte continued to scream the entire time, altering Murphy to our whereabouts.

As we continued to run the two of us made brief eye contact, "Please be quiet." I begged, hoping she was going to listen. But she didn't, her screams ripped through the night sky, alerting anyone within a 2 mile radius of our location. It was no longer just Murphy I was worried about, but the Grounders as well.

Rain began to trickle down as the three of us ran through the forest, Murphy and his goonies too close for comfort.

I had been so focused on how closer our pursuers were that I didn't notice Bellamy had stopped and set Charlotte down until it was too late. I ran into the back of him with force, almost causing me to fall backwards.

He caught my elbow, giving me an exasperated look. I returned his expression, shaking my head. "What's wrong? Why did we stop?"

Letting go of me, Bellamy motioned forward, drawing my eyes toward the edge of a large cliff that we were currently standing on. "That's why."

"They're right behind us." I breathed out, defeat overcoming my expression. Seconds after the words had left my mouth , their torches illuminated the dark around us.

"Bellamy!" Murphy snapped as he marched toward the three of us, "You two can't fight all of us, give her up."

Bellamy took a step forward so he was in front of Charlotte and me. "Maybe not, but we can take a few of you with us."

Before Murphy answer, another voice cut through the air, "Bellamy, STOP!"

It was Clarke, Finn following behind her. I let out a small sigh of

relief knowing my brother was okay.

They stopped in front of us, both of them looking rather distressed. "This has gone too far. Just let her go. We can work this out." Clarke tried to negotiate.

Stepping out around Bellamy, I have a small nod. "Clarke's right" I agreed, "She's just a kid, Murphy. You can't be that horrible of a person that you'd kill a little girl. Please just—" Before I could finish Murphy grabbed a hold of me, wrapping his arm tightly around me, pressing the cool metal of his knife to my throat.

I lost my breath for a moment as I tried to struggle against him as he spoke again, "I'm tired of hearing your voice *freak!* None of this is up to you!"

My brother stepped forward, his eyes dark. "Let her go!" He demanded. "Now, Murphy."

Murphy tightened his grasp on me, holding me tightly against his body. "Don't! Don't come any closer or I'll slit her throat, I swear to God."

I held onto his arm that was fastened around my neck, trying to relieve the pressure he was applying. "Come on, Murphy." I pleaded quietly, "Don't be stupid."

"Murphy, let her go." Bellamy ordered, his dark eyes locked on Murphy as he inched forward ever so slightly.

"I told you, don't move! Come any closer and little sunshine here is dead!" Murphy snarled.

"No please!" Charlotte cried from behind Bellamy, "Please don't hurt her."

"Don't hurt her?" Murphy repeated, "Tell you what, I'll make you a deal. You come with me right now and I won't hurt her."

"Charlotte don't!" I ordered, wincing as Murphy dug the knife into my skin, "Stay where you are." Murphy wasn't actually going to kill me... at least I didn't *think* he was going to.

As I had learned over the course of the past few days, Charlotte was a lousy listener, and tonight proved no different. She ignored my orders, already trying to move toward Murphy and I.

The only thing stopping her was Bellamy. He caught her before she could take more than two steps, holding her back.

"No!" she screamed as she fought against him, "Let me go! I have to."

"Charlotte, stay where you are." I ordered, trying to pry myself free from Murphy.

"Murphy, this is not happening." Bellamy announced once he had Charlotte at bay for the time being.

Murphy held onto me even tighter. "What are you going to do, Bellamy?"

"I can't let any of you get hurt anymore, not because of me. Not after what I did." Charlotte announced, her voice shaking as she spoke.

None of us had even begun to react by the time she had turned, taken a few steps, and thrown herself off of the cliff.

My heart lurched in my chest as shock rippled amongst the whole group. Murphy instantly released his grip on me, allowing me to lunged forward and toward the cliff. Bellamy was right by my side, the two of us staring down into the dark abyss where Charlotte had disappeared.

Tears of shock stung at my eyes as I turned to look at Murphy, starting toward him with intensity, "You son of a —"

"Avery, no." Finn interjected, coming between the two of us to stop me from giving Murphy a piece of my mind like I had planned. My brother wrapped his arms around me, pulling me away.

While preoccupied with me, Finn didn't have time to stop Bellamy who went flying towards Murphy.

"Bellamy." Murphy pleaded, but his pleas fell on deaf ears as Bellamy went hurdling into him, taking him to the ground.

The first punch Murphy received was well deserved, every one after that was less warranted. When Bellamy showed no sign of stopping, I pushed away from Finn. "Bellamy, enough." I ordered, hoping he would listen to me. "You're going to kill him."

I was all for Murphy getting what he deserved, but no one deserved to die, not down here.

Finn followed my lead, grabbing a hold of Bellamy and yanking him off of the bloody boy.

"Get off me!" Bellamy screamed in anger, "He deserves to die!!"

"No! We don't get to decide who lives and who dies!" Clarke argued, tears falling down her cheeks.

Bellamy spun toward her, "So help me God, If you say the *people* have a right to decide."

"No!" Clarke fired back. "I was wrong before, okay? You were right. Sometimes it's dangerous to tell people the truth. But if we're going to survive down her, we can't just live by 'whatever the hell we want'. We need rules."

Bellamy threw his hands up in exasperation, "And who makes these rules huh? You?"

Clarke shook her head. "For now we make the rules."

"So what, we just take him back and pretend like it never happened?" Bellamy snapped.

"No!" Clarke cried, "We-" she cut herself off.

I looked down at Murphy and he met my gaze. I clenched my fist at my side as I spoke "We can banish him."

Everyone looked towards me in surprise. Bellamy stared at me for a moment before bending down and grabbing a hold of Murphy's

jacket, "Get up!" he yelled, pulling Murphy towards the cliff.

"Bellamy, come on!" I pleaded, starting towards him. Before I could get close enough, Finn grabbed my arm and pulled me back. "Aves, don't go near him, not right now."

"If I ever catch you near camp, we'll be back here. Do you understand me?" Bellamy growled, his face inches from Murphy's.

When Murphy gave the smallest of nods, Bellamy turned and pushed him to the ground before turning to Murphy's entourage that had followed him out here. "As for the four of you, you can come back and follow me, or you can stay with him out here to die, your choice."

With that, Bellamy turned and left, the four of Murphy's sidekicks instantly following after him. Clarke gave Murphy one last glance before following after the group. Finn remained frozen, his eyes locked on Murphy.

"Finn." I urged, "Come on."

He ignored me, taking a step toward the bloodied boy. Carefully, my brother knelt down beside Murphy, "If you ever come near my sister again, I'll kill you." he whispered. He then stood and tossed Murphy's knife on the ground.

"Come on, let's go." he ordered, grabbing my arm and pulling me with him back into the forest. As we left I gave Murphy one last glance, and I wasn't sure but to me it almost looked like he was *smiling*.

13. healing

[image]

The sound of our feet crunching against the damp earth was the only thing that could be heard as the group of us made the walk back to camp. No one had dared said a word since we had left the cliff, the cliff that Charlotte had jumped from.

I lingered near the back, a million thoughts racing through my head. *What if I had been able to get out of Murphy's grasp? Would Charlotte still be alive? If I had gone with Clarke and Finn in the first place would Charlotte never had run from them? What if-*

"Stop." It was Bellamy's voice that caused my train of thought to cease. He had been at the front when we had initially left but had somehow ended up at the back.

"What?" I asked in confusion, my eyes looking up to meet his.

He glanced at me for a moment before adverting his eyes back to the forest, "Stop blaming yourself."

"I'm not." I lied, kicking at a twig near my feet.

"You've had the same pained look on your face for the last 20 minutes." he argued, looking back down at me.

"You've been watching me for 20 minutes?" I teased, trying to take the attention off of myself.

Bellamy ignored my previous comment as he spoke again, "Remember what you told me earlier tonight? That this wasn't on me? Well the same goes for you. Charlotte made that choice to jump, and Murphy pushed her to make that choice, no one else. This is on him."

I sighed as I shook my head, "I just wish-"

"No Avery. There was nothing any of us could have done okay? You did everything you could have."

I looked down at my feet before nodding, "Okay."

He watched me for a moment, eyes straying toward my neck. "Are you okay?"

Reaching up, I felt a line of dried blood from where Murphy had dug the knife into my skin. "Yeah." I nodded, bringing my hand down. "I'm fine."

Bellamy kept his eyes on me, carefully studying my movements as we forged on. The only thing that caused him to stop was Clarke yelling his name from up front. We had reached camp, meaning it was time to explain to everyone what had happened.

"Go." I prodded, nodding up ahead. "Clarke needs you."

He didn't say anything to me, just took off toward the front of the group where Clarke was. I didn't follow, but instead hung back as the group of us entered camp, Bellamy and Clarke already calling for everyone to gather.

A lump had formed in my throat as they explained to everyone what had happened. The image of Charlotte throwing herself to her own death played over and over again in my mind.

No one argued with the news of Murphy's banishment, most people probably thought it was for the best. Only hours earlier, the majority of them had tried to kill him.

Slowly, the crowd in the middle of camp dispersed, everyone moving toward their tents for another night of restless sleep. It was impossible to sleep out here, the ever-constant threat of Grounders looming overhead.

My friends and brother had disappeared at some point, but for once I didn't follow. Instead, I followed after Bellamy who had made his way toward the outskirts of camp.

He was leaned up against a tree by the time I reached him, his head in his hands. I remained silent as I approached, my only tell being the twig that snapped under my feet.

Bellamy's head shot up, his hand instantly reaching for his gun that no longer held any bullets. Despite me knowing that the magazine was empty, I could help but feel my heart skip a beat as I stared down the barrel of the weapon.

When he realized that it was only me, and not a Grounder—or Murphy— he lowered his gun. "Jesus, Sunshine." He breathed, slipping the weapon back into his waistband, "What are you doing out here?"

I shifted my weight between either foot as I spoke, "I wanted to ask you a favour." I mumbled, afraid of his response.

I was surprised when he leaned back against the tree with a sigh, "What?"

"I want you to teach me how to defend myself...shoot a gun, *actually* use a knife, fight someone off, I don't know, whatever. " I announced, feeling more confident with my request.

Bellamy studied me for a moment, he seemed to do that a lot. "You planning on fighting the Grounders on your own or something?"

I shot him a look as I shook my head. "No. But I'm tired of being some freak who hid in a cupboard for most of her life. I'm tired of being viewed as some naive little girl who doesn't know anything. I want to be able to defend myself and I want Finn to be able to live his life without worrying about me."

I took a breath, feeling a weight lifted off of my shoulders as I released the worries that had been plaguing me since we got down here. Everything that happened tonight only made it worse.

Never did I expect that the person I spilled all of these feeling to would be Bellamy, but here we were.

Bellamy was silent for a moment, thinking over what I said. "Okay." He finally answered, giving a small nod which elicited a grin

breaking across my face.

"Thank you." I breathed, grateful he hadn't shot me down like I had expected him to.

"But just so you know," He began, pushing himself up off the tree so he was standing up straight, "You're not a freak...and your brother will never stop worrying about you."

I let out a small laugh, "I can live with that...as long as I can—"

My words fell silent in my throat as a sudden burning sensation assaulted my wrist. I flinched, watching as my wristband all but launched itself from my wrist and onto the forest floor.

Bellamy and I shared confused expressions, while he remained, I took off toward the Dropship in search of answers.

"What happened?" I panted, as I entered the ship where only Octavia, Monty and Jasper now stood.

Monty shook his head as he turned to look at me, "The bracelets are fried."

"What does that mean?" I asked, not too sure on the whole technology thing.

"It means we're stranded down here, with no way to reach the Ark." Jasper piped in from the other side of the room where he sat slumped up against the wall, Octavia beside him.

"So what are we supposed to do now?" I asked, a bubble of panic forming inside of me.

"We wait...and hope for the best." Monty replied.

My breathing became increasing laboured as the panic began to take over. I knew I was seconds from a full blown meltdown.

"Come on Avse, how about we get some sleep?" Octavia suggested, sensing my panicked state. I allowed her to take my arm and guide me towards the tent that the two of us shared.

Once inside, I sat down on the pile of blankets that I had set up as my bed, "What are we going to do, Tavia?" I asked as I slipped off my boots.

She gave me a sad smile as she prepared her bed for the night. "Like Monty said, all we can do is hope for the best."

It must have been almost dawn by the time a commotion outside caused me to open my eyes. Octavia, who was already up, tossed me my boots, "Come on!" she urged as she exited the tent.

I rushed to follow after her, still in the process of waking up. My brain was barely working as I stumbled into the cool air of predawn.

"Look!" A boy said from next to me, drawing my attention to the sky above us. I looked up, squinting at what appeared to be a shooting star.

As it barrelled toward Earth, I realized it wasn't that, but rather some sort of pod being sent down from the Ark. Hope replaced the panic I had once felt. Maybe they were sending help.

"Bellamy, get out here!" Octavia called in urgency, which resulted in her shirtless brother exiting his tent. Two girls who, if I were to hazard a guess, were naked underneath the blankets they head, followed behind him. I stared at the three of them in disdain, my cheeks burning when Bellamy's eyes met mine.

I adverted them back to the sky, trying to pretend that I could care less about what the hell he did. Actually, I wasn't pretending, I didn't care...not at all.

A larger group had gathered outside at the commotion. "They're coming to help us!" Someone exclaimed, "Now we can kick some Grounder ass!"

"Please tell me the brought some shampoo." One of Bellamy's bed partners mumbled.

I rolled my eyes, causing Octavia to snicker as the two of us watched on. Movement had started around the camp, everyone beginning to prepare to figure out what was in the pod.

"Come on, get your jacket." Octavia instructed as she pulled me back towards our tent. I followed after her, my mind running over all the possibilites as I pulled on my jacket before hurrying back toward one of the other tents where Bellamy—now fully clothed—and a few other boys stood.

"If it cleared the ridge, it's probably near the lake." One of the other boys, Archer was his name, announced.

"We should get moving, everyone's ready." Octavia advised, basically bouncing on her feet in anticipation

"No one's going anywhere. Not while it's dark, it isn't safe. We'll head out at first light, pass the word/" Bellamy instructed. Despite their confusion, the boys did as he said, moving out to spread the word around.

"Everyone for a hundred miles saw this thing come down. What if the Grounders get to it first? Bell, we should go *now."* Octavia pressured, causing her brother to shake his head.

"Since when did we have a problem with being out at night?" I backed up Octavia's point. "It's almost dawn, if we leave now we have less than a few hours of dark. We can get to this thing before anyone else does."

Bellamy fixed me with a less than pleased expression. "I said we wait until sunrise."

He stormed out of the tent, leaving Octavia and me standing in confusion. "What's up his ass?" I muttered, glaring at the place he had just been.

Octavia snorted as she shook her head. "Your guess is as good as mine."

14. raven

[image]

Not long after Bellamy had stormed off, Octavia had left without really saying much. I assumed she was going after her brother, but I wasn't entirely sure. I, on the other hand, was in search of my own brother. I hadn't seen him since the night before after we returned to camp and my worry was rising.

I let out a sigh as I looked around the camp which was buzzing with curiosity and excitement as people prepared for the trek out to the ship that had landed.

"Hey," I said, lighting grabbing a hold of a boys arm, "Have you seen Bellamy or Octavia? Or Finn?"

The boy shook his head, "Last I saw Bellamy was right after the pod came down. Not sure about your brother or Octavia."

I internally groaned, where could they have gone in this short amount of time?

"Avery!" I spun around to see Clarke and Finn marching towards me.

"There you are!" I exclaimed, relieved to see my brother, "You guys saw it right?" I asked as they stopped in front of me.

Both of them nodded, "Yeah" Clarke confirmed before pausing to look around camp, "Why is everyone still here?"

"Bellamy told everyone to wait until sunrise, said it was safer. Stupid idea if you ask me." I explained, rolling my eyes at the mention of Bellamy's plan.

"Where is he anyways?" Clarke asked in curiosity.

I shrugged, "I haven't seen him and Octavia since he told us to

wait."

Clarke brushed past me, making her way into Bellamy's tent. Finn and I shared a look before following after her.

As we entered the tent, one of the girls from early—Zoe— scoffed, "Great now it's a free show." she snapped, rushing to cover up her half naked body.

I watched her through a glare as I glanced around, "Where's Bellamy?"

She returned the less than kind look I was giving her. "Wouldn't you like to know."

I scoffed, "What's that supposed to—"

"Where is he?" Clarke interrupted, not in the mood for our bickering. "This is important."

Zoe bristle, sending me a final look of contempt before answering Clarke. "He took off a while ago." She finally answered, "Didn't say where he was going."

"Gears gone too." Finn pointed out, bringing attention to the fact that Bellamy had taken everything with him.

"He told everyone to stay. Whatever's in that thing he wants it. We've got to get there before he does." Clarke announced, causing me to mentally kick myself. How did I not realize that's what he was up to?

"Uh, you're welcome!" Zoe called after us as we exited the tent.

"This isn't your fault Clarke." Finn promised as the three of us made our way through camp.

"It's my fault." I grumbled, causing Finn to look at me in confusion, "I should have known what he was up to when he told us to wait."

"And I should have known he would go for that radio." Clarke added.

"How could either of you know something like that?" Finn questioned.

"Because he has spent every minute since we got down here trying to make sure no one on the Ark finds out we're alive." She explained as we stopped at the table where all of our weapons were spread out.

"That doesn't mean you can predict what people are going to do." Finn argued.

"That's exactly what I have to do. I messed up, let myself get distracted." She said, mumbling the ending of the sentence.

I furrowed my brows at Finn's reaction. I did not need to know what she was talking about, not if it involved her and my brother.

We had been running through the forest for what felt like hours, but was most likely even less than one.

"Should we split up?" Clarke asked, pausing to take a breath.

Finn nodded, glancing around for a moment. "Yeah, you go that way, Avery and I will go this way. Meet at the bottom."

I followed after my brother as we branched off from Clarke, "What do you think it is?" I asked, causing Finn to look over at me.

"What?"

"In the pod, what do you think they sent down?"

Finn shrugged, "Probably just some more supplies, food and stuff."

I nodded slowly, thinking about the fact that we might actual have a decent meal if they truly sent food down to us. And as much as I hated to admit it, I hoped that Bellamy's little friend Zoe was right and there was shampoo in there too.

When we got to the bottom of the ridge Clarke was already down

there...and so was somebody else.

A gasp tumbled from my lips as I ran into the back of my brother who had frozen in place. My running into the back of him seemed to jolt Finn back to reality, and in a matter of seconds he was taking off down the ridge. "Raven!"

It was my brother's first love. I was only fifteen when I was locked up, but even at that time, Finn and Raven were inseparable.

We had known her our entire lives and she had always been so good to me. She was the one person, aside from Abby Griffin who knew our secret. I trusted Raven with my life, and despite how happy I was to see her, I couldn't believe she was truly here.

At the calling of her name, Raven spun, her eyes widening at the sight of my brother running toward her. "Finn!" she cried in surprise, not wasting any time in throwing her arms around him in a tight embrace.

I watched as they exchanged a few words and then her lips were on his. My eyes shifted to Clarke who's smile faded at the realization of who this was.

"How did you get here?" Finn asked once the two of them pulled apart. His eyes were scanning her, as if he didn't believe she was real.

"You know that big scrap hold? That one on K Deck?" Raven explained with a proud smile. All of our eyes moved to the pod she had come down in.

"You built that from scrap?" Finn questioned in astonishment.

"I kind of rebuilt it." Raven corrected, "Please, like that's hard? Just need a couple parts and some love."

"You're insane." Finn concluded, a proud smile on his face.

"I'd do more for you, and worse. Just like you would for me." Raven declared, causing Clarke's mood to drop even more.

Raven and Finn stared at each other for another few seconds before Raven started to sway uneasily.

"Here, sit down." Finn said, directing her towards a large rock and setting her down. He looked at her head for a moment, "Let me get something for that." He mumbled before turning around and heading towards Clarke.

With Raven finally separated from my brother, I lowered myself down on the rock next to her. "You're quite the space cadet if I do say so myself."

She looked over to me with wide eyes, as if she just realized I was there, she probably did considering her focus had only been on Finn since we had arrived, "Avery, oh my God, look at you!" she squealed, wrapping her arms around me.

I let out a laugh as she embraced me, "I missed you, Raven."

She nodded, pulling back to examine me once again. "I missed you too...like crazy." She admitted, "You look so grown up."

I jokingly rolled my eyes as she stared at me like I was some sort of alien. "Still the same old Avery." I assured, but I knew that wasn't true.

"Here," Finn said, reproaching us with Clarke by his side, "Put pressure on the wound."

"Thanks." Raven whispered, doing as he instructed.

"This is Clarke." Finn announced, "She was on the drop ship too."

"Clarke?" Raven asked in surprise, standing up so she was face to face with the blonde, "This is all because of your mom."

"My mom?" Clarke asked in shock.

"This was all her plan. We were trying to come down here together, we waited—oh my God." Raven gasped as if something had just dawned on her. "We couldn't wait because the council was voting whether or not to kill 300 people to save air."

I felt my heart drop into my stomach as I looked around at the other three teenagers. This wasn't good...our wristbands going offline made it seemed like we were all dead, and if they thought the earth was uninhabitable, then they needed to make room up there.

"When?" Clarke demanded.

"Today." Raven answered, "We have to tell them you're alive!" She yelled, already taking off towards the pod.

The other three of us followed after her, all of us stopping as Raven ducked into the ship, coming out seconds later with a worried look on her face, "The radio's gone. It must have come loose during reentry. I should have strapped it to the A-Strut. Stupid!" she cursed, banging on the pod in anger.

"It wasn't you." I announced, causing Raven to look at me in surprise, "Bellamy got here before us."

"Avery's right." Clarke agreed, a look of distress on her face. "We need to find him...now."

15. the search begins

We had only been walking for about twenty minutes when I spotted the familiar mop of curly brown hair.

I was running before his name had left my mouth, leaving the others to catch up. "Bellamy!" I called, prompting him to turn and look at me.

He grinned, stopping to allow me to catch up. "Hey, Sunshine." He greeted when I finally reached him.

"Where is it?" I demanded, grabbing onto his jacket to prevent him from moving away from me.

The smug grin remained on his face as he looked down at me. "Not sure what you're talking about. I'm just taking a walk in the woods."

"Stop being an ass. They're getting ready to kill three hundred people up there." I snapped back. "To save oxygen since they think we're all dead. And I can guarantee you it won't be council members, it will be working people, our people Bellamy!"

His smirk fell ever so slightly, but enough for me to notice it. Before he had a chance to respond, Finn came barrelling towards us, hitting Bellamy with a hard shove, "Where's the radio Bellamy?"

Bellamy's jacket fell from my grasp as my brother stepped in between us, his expression angry.

"I have no idea what you're talking about." Bellamy shot back, giving Finn a shove in return. I let out a grunt as Finn bumped into me, almost sending me stumbling backward.

"Bellamy Blake?" Raven asked, joining the three of us, Clarke right behind her. "They're looking for you everywhere up there." She

announced.

"Shut up." Bellamy quipped, his face giving way to what seemed to be worry.

"Why are they looking for him?" I questioned, my eyes darting from Bellamy to Raven.

Bellamy gritted his teeth, shaking his head at Raven as if to plead her not to answer my question.

Obviously, she ignored him. "He shot Chancellor Jaha."

Shock covered my face as I looked over at Bellamy who's jaw was tightly locked. He didn't look at me, in fact he avoided making eye contact with any of us.

"That's why you took the wristbands. Needed everyone to think we're dead!" Clarke exclaimed, realization dawning on her.

"And all that 'Whatever the hell we want'? You just care about saving your own skin." Finn accused.

In true Bellamy fashion, he said nothing but gave us one final look of warning before turning and walking away.

"Hey, Shooter!" Raven called, running after him, not ready to give up. "Where's my radio?"

Bellamy glared down at her. "Get out of my way."

Raven didn't move. "Where is it!?"

Fixing her with a look of contempt, Bellamy spoke, "I should have killed you when I had the chance."

"Really?" Raven taunted, "Well I'm right here."

In the blink of an eye Bellamy had Raven up against a tree, his hand around her throat. But Raven wasn't worried, she had her knife out just as quickly.

"Bellamy, stop it." I demanded, pushing him away from Raven. I stood in front of him with both my hands pressed up against his chest to stop him from moving.

"Jaha deserved to die, you all know that." Bellamy announced to the four of us, his eyes then looking down to meet mine. I agreed with him, I really did, but shooting the Chancellor? That's not something I would deem acceptable.

Raven wasn't too phased by their interaction just seconds before. "Yeah, he's not my favourite person either, but he isn't dead."

Bellamy's face paled, "What?"

I lowered my hands as I turned to look at Raven, Bellamy sidestepping around me so he could approach her.

"You're a lousy shot." Raven explained with a small shrug as if it were obvious.

"Bellamy, don't you see what this means." Clarke declared, taking a few steps so she was in front of him. "You're not a murderer. You always did what you had to do to protect your sister, that's who you are. And you can do it again by protecting three hundred of your people. Where's the radio?"

Bellamy stared at Clarke, his face like stone, "It's too late."

"What do you mean it's too late?" I questioned.

He glanced over at me, the tiniest bit of regret showing through his hardened expression. "It's in the river.

The other four of us shared surprised looks, shocked that he had actually told us where it was.

"I'll run back to camp, gather some people to help look, you guys start looking." Clarke announced, we would need all of the help we could get.

She and Finn shared one last look before she started running back towards camp.

"Okay, lead the way Bellamy." I ordered, gesturing for him to take the lead.

He glared at me as he moved to the front. I quickly decided that Finn and Raven needed some time alone to discuss whatever the hell they had missed in the year they'd been apart, so that left me to walk up front with the attempted chancellor murderer.

After several minutes of the two of us walking in silence, Bellamy spoke, "Still think I have a good side?" he asked, referring to the night in the cave with Charlotte when I had realized he wasn't such a bad guy.

I hesitated for a moment before speaking, "Yeah. I do."

He stared back at me, waiting for me to continue with my explanation. Part of me wanted to leave the conversation at that, but nonetheless, I continued. "You did it to protect Octavia. If anything, I admire you for what you did. To be honest, Jaha kind of deserved that."

Bellamy let out a small laugh as he shook his head. "Little Miss Sunshine wants someone dead? Never thought I'd see the day."

"Never said I wanted him dead." I argued.

"Just close to death, then?" Bellamy clarified, sarcasm dripping from his tone.

I nodded, a grin on my face, "Exactly."

He just shook his head, turning away from me to hide the smile that was covering his face. He wasn't very successful, I could still see it.

Once we had reached the river by the pod, Bellamy stopped, pointing toward the water. "It's in there."

"Well," I breathed , tying back my hair, "Let the search begin."

The sun was high in the sky, beating down on us as a group of us

waded through the river, looking for any sign of the radio. Bellamy, who wasn't being any help at all, was sitting on the side of the river bank watching us.

I had now tripped over something three times and fallen into the water and I was not very impressed with this whole situation.

I let out an angry huff as I marched over to Bellamy, almost falling for the fourth time in the process, "Why aren't you helping." I demanded, causing him to look up at me, using his hand to shield his eyes from the sun.

"Why would I?" He asked as if it were obvious.

"Maybe because this is all your fault." I snapped, taking my anger out on him. "You could at least give us a rough estimate of where you threw the damn thing."

He shook his head, still looking up at me through shielded eyes. "Don't know."

I scoffed, kicking a splash of water in his direction. "I take back what I said, you don't have a good side. You're an ass through and through."

Bellamy chuckled, amused with my anger. "Okay, Sunshine."

"Hey!" Jones called from down the river. "I found it!"

I shot Bellamy one last glare before moving through the river back towards the Jones. Bellamy hesitantly stood up and followed after me.

Raven was the first one there and had the radio in her hand before the rest of us even got there. She walked back towards the river bank, eyeing the radio with a look of concentration.

"Can you fix it?" Clarke asked hopefully.

"Maybe." Raven answered, not taking her eyes off of it ,"But it will take half a day at least to dry out the components to see what's broken."

"Like I said," Bellamy cut in, "It's too late."

We all turned to look at him, scowls on all of our faces. Clarke, who was most upset by this marched towards him, "Do you have any idea what you did?" she asked in anger, "Do you even care?"

"You asked me to help. I helped." Bellamy answered, his arms crossed in front of his chest and his face emotionless.

"Three hundred people are going to die today. Because of you!" Clarke was now yelling.

No matter how big of an ass I thought Bellamy was, I truly didn't think he was willing to let three hundred people die without so much as a care. He tried to play coy, but I knew deep down he regretted what he had done.

"Hold up!" Raven interjected, "We don't have to talk to the Ark, we just have to let them know we're down here right?"

"Yeah, but how do we do that with no radio?" Finn challenged her proposition.

Raven had a sneaky grin on her face as she looked around at the group of us and then back to the pod, "Ever heard of flares?"

She was a genius. We could let them know we were alive without having to say a single word. This could work.

I felt a smile spread onto my face as Raven started towards the pod, the rest of us following.

"Okay, we'll need to take this thing apart, make use of everything we can. Finn, get the control panel back to camp." Raven ordered, pointing to the large control panel in the pod. "You," she said, pointing to another one of the boys, "Get the firing wires out, but make sure they're all in one piece or they won't work."

We didn't have any time to waste. Everyone set to work, taking on the task they were assigned by Raven.

"Aves!" Finn called, grabbing my attention, "Give me a hand with

this?"

I nodded as I grabbed the other side of the control panel, almost dropping it when the full weight was in our grasps.

"You good?' Finn asked as we started walking back towards camp.

I nodded, trying to hide the exasperated expression on my face. "I'm fine."

"You don't look fine." Bellamy observed from behind us, carrying a much smaller piece of equipment.

"Shut up, Bellamy." I grumbled as I struggled my way through the forest.

Five mins later, I was ready to admit that I was not indeed fine. The control panel was a lot heavier than I expected, but I was determined to keep going, if even just to spite Bellamy.

He had been following closely behind us the entire time, and finally he spoke. "Here." He mumbled, taking my side of the large object.

"I said I was fine." I huffed, secretly very thankful he had taken the load.

"Whatever you say, Sunshine. Take this." He said, handing me the object he had been carrying earlier.

Finn watched us with curious eyes as the three of us continued on our to camp. Luckily, we arrived moments later, all of us setting down the equipment in the middle of camp, getting it ready for whatever Raven was planning.

As Finn and I made our way back to the pod to gather more supplies he didn't take his eyes off of me.

"Why are you staring at me?" I demanded, catching him off guard.

He just shook his head with a laugh, "We'll talk later."

16. flares

[image] [image]

Hours later, after dozens of trips to and from the pod back to camp, night had fallen and we were finally ready to set off the flares.

I stood beside Bellamy, Clarke on my other side. A shiver ran through me as I wrapped my arms tightened around my body in an effort to shield myself from the cool evening.

I felt Bellamy glance down at me before looking back up to the sky, "You should have worn a jacket." He commented disapprovingly.

"I'm fine." I mumbled, lowering my hands as to not give away the fact that I was cold.

He rose his brows, still looking up at the sky, "You always say that." He remarked.

"It's because it's true." I sniped back, shooting him a glare as I tried to hide the goosebumps covering my arms.

Bellamy cracked an amused smile, giving me a small nod, "Okay, Sunshine."

I rolled my eyes, tearing my attention away from Bellamy and back up to the sky where the flares were being fired. I watched in awe as they lit up the dark night sky. Raven truly was amazing.

"Do you think they'll be able to see them from up there?" Bellamy wondered, watching on with a hardened expression.

"I don't know," Clarke answered truthfully, "I hope so."

She paused for a moment, her eyes locked on the sky before she spoke again, "Can you wish on this kind of shooting star?"

I glanced over at her, Bellamy doing the same. Both of us wore inquisitive expressions prompting Clarke to dismissively shake her

head. "Forget it."

Bellamy looked back up toward the sky, "I wouldn't even know what to wish for. What about you, Sunshine?" he asked, turning to me.

I shrugged, "I'd probably wish that I had been smart enough to wear a jacket." I huffed, finally admitting that I was freezing. I could hear Bellamy let out a laugh as I all but ran back into my tent in search of warmth.

It had to have been the middle of the night when I was awoken by the light of a torch entering my tent. I shot up in a panic, my eyes scanning the tent trying to figure out what was happening.

When they landed on Bellamy, I felt a small jolt of panic, especially when I noted the worried expression on his features. "Bellamy, what's wrong?" I demanded, my voice thick with sleep.

He glanced over at Octavia's empty bed, "When was the last time you saw Octavia?" he questioned, his voice laced with concern.

"Uh, I don't..." I trailed off, realizing that it had been close to a day since I had seen her. With all the excitement surrounding Raven and the flares, I hadn't even noticed her absence...some best friend I am.

"I haven't seen her since the pod came down." I finally answered, knowing Bellamy was not going to be happy with my answer.

The worry on his face deepened as he turned, exiting from my tent without another word.

"Bellamy, wait!" I called, scrambling after him. He paused, turning to face me with an expression that looked a lot like fear.

"I've checked everywhere, Avery. I don't—" He let out a pitiful sigh as he shook his head. "I can't find her."

I nodded, trying to think over the last interaction I had with her,

"Okay." I breathed, doing my best to stay calm when I realized he was incapable of doing so. "The last time I saw her was after you told us to wait until sunrise. She just sorta ran off. I don't know if she came back at all after that."

Guilt dripped from Bellamy's features. "She followed me." He admitted, prompting me to give him a slightly confused look. "When I went after the pod." He elaborated. "She followed me, and we got in an argument. She ran off."

I did everything I could not to let my face give way to the worry that was now completely consuming me...she could be anywhere.

"What's going on?" Clarke asked, our voices having woken her at some point.

Bellamy and I shared an exchange of nervous glances before I turned to Clarke, "We can't find Octavia."

"It's Octavia, she's probably off chasing butterflies." Clarke dismissed our concerns.

I flinched slightly at her easy dismissal. "Octavia wouldn't have missed everything that happened today by her own volition." I argued, knowing I was right. There was no way Octavia would have sat out of the work we did today.

"I've checked the whole camp, Clarke, she's not here." Bellamy added.

Clarke's demeanor instantly changed when she realized we weren't exaggerating our concern. "Okay, I'll help you guys find her." She promised. "Let's check again. You two go to the the drop ship, I'll check the tents again."

"Thank you." Bellamy sighed.

"Don't thank me, I'm not doing this for you, I'm doing it for Octavia." Clarke muttered before breaking apart from us to search the tents.

Bellamy and I stayed mostly silent as we searched the Dropship

until I spoke, "I can't believe I didn't realize she was gone."

Bellamy stopped what he was doing to look me in the eyes, "It's not your fault. You're not in charge of her, I am."

I paused, looking over at him. "Bellamy, I don't think anyone is really in charge of her, I mean— "

"— I made a promise to her when she was born that I would never let anything happen to her. I've already let her down once, I'm not letting it happen again."

I kept my eyes locked with his. He was serious about protecting her, he would do anything for his sister.

"She's not here." Clarke concluded as she entered the drop ship, confirming Bellamy's earlier statement.

"Okay," Bellamy announced, walking towards the exit of the ship, "We need to get everybody up, get a search party started. Avery, gather up the weapons and bring them to the middle of camp, Clarke start getting everyone up."

Clarke and I followed his orders, her moving back towards the camp as I moved towards our "armoury". I gathered as many weapons as I could, bringing them to the centre of camp and dumping them onto the ground.

"Hey everybody! Gather around and grab a weapon" Bellamy instructed to those who were up and ready to go. "My sister has been out there alone for twelve hours. Arm up, we're not coming back without her."

I clutched onto the knife Bellamy had given me on the day we were hunting. I had held onto it ever since and I wasn't planning on giving it up.

"Nice choice." A quite voice said from next to me.

I turned to see Jasper standing beside me, a small smile on his face.

I open my mouth in awe, surprised to see him out here.

"Jasper," Clarke said cutting in, "You don't have to do this, you haven't left camp since we brought you back"

"Clarke," Jasper sighed, his smile fading, "I have to do this."

"We need all of the people we can get." Bellamy confirmed, dismissing Clarke's concerns.

Jasper nodded, his face as pale as a ghost as he walked away. The poor kid was terrified, and rightfully so.

"We'll need a tracker." Bellamy announced, his head turning towards me, "Where's your brother."

I pointed towards his tent where him and Raven were. I was shocked that Finn wasn't already out here, and truthfully, I did not want to know what they were going in there.

"Finn, get out here!" Bellamy yelled.

When Finn didn't come out immediately, Bellamy turned to me. "Can you go get him?"

I scrunched up my face, shaking my head. "Absolutely not."

Bellamy shot me a look before raising his voice once again. "Finn, let's go! We're leaving!"

"I'm coming!" Finn yelled as he exited his tent, jogging towards the group with what appeared to be a brand new haircut. Apparently that's what they had been doing in there...thankfully.

He didn't come up from with the rest of us, but rather stopped near the back to speak with Clarke, most like about the whole girlfriend coming down from space thing.

I milled near the front of the group beside Jasper as we waited for everyone to be ready to go.

"You okay?" I questioned, my eyes trained on his worried face.

"Uh, yeah I'm just—" he stuttered, cutting himself off before he

could finish.

"I get it." I assured with a small smile, "But don't worry Jasper, we'll be fine okay? If not I can protect us." I joked, lifting up my arm to show my muscles, or rather lack there of. This caused a laugh from Jasper's mouth.

Jasper's laughter soon melded with the sound of shocked gasps, everyone in camp looking up to the sky. "Wow, look at that!"

I looked up to see what looked like dozens of falling stars littering the dark night sky.

"They didn't work." Raven announced in defeat, emerging from her tent, "They didn't see the flares!"

"A meteor shower tells you that?" Bellamy asked skeptically.

"That's not a meteor shower. It's a funeral." Clarke corrected coldly. "Hundreds of bodies being returned to the Earth from the Ark. This is what it looks like from the other side. They didn't get out message"

I felt like I was going to throw up as I looked back up into the sky. Those were people. People who had lost their lives so others could live. A shiver ran through my body as quiet murmurs flew through camp.

"This is all because of you!" Raven screamed, stomping towards Bellamy.

Bellamy didn't waver, "I helped you find the radio!" He shot back in what appeared to be anger...but I could tell guilt was hidden within his expression.

"Yeah, after you yanked it from my pod and trashed it!" Raven shot back as Finn and Clarke pulled her away from him.

"Yeah, he knows, and now he has to live with it." Clarke said calmly, in attempts to diffuse the situation.

Bellamy looked back up at the sky before returning his gaze to the

group, "All I know is that my sister is out there and I'm going to find her. You coming or what?"

"Yeah." Finn answered softly.

"Well then what are we waiting for!" Bellamy yelled to the whole group, "Move out!" he called, turning and walking towards the forrest, the bulk of the group following him.

Jasper, Finn, Clarke and I didn't move immediately, our minds still focused on the people from the Ark.

"We have to talk to them." Clarke pointed out, "Three hundred is not enough, the oxygen level will just keep dropping. If we don't tell them that they can survive down here they'll kill more people, they have to."

"Guys," Jasper said sadly, "They're leaving, come on we have to go."

Finn nodded as he turned to Raven, "I've got to do this, and you should stay here and fix the radio."

"Fix it?" Raven asked in shock, "The transmission's smashed, unless there's a parts depot down here that I don't know about, we're not speaking to the Ark."

A look of realization spread onto Clarke's face, "Art supplies store." she said, causing Finn's face to fall slightly. Raven and I watched them in confusion.

"I might know a place where you can get a transmission." she announced, turning to Raven.

"Great," Raven said slowly, "Then it looks like you're coming with me."

"Finn, Avery? I don't want to find her without you guys." Jasper said softly.

"We're coming Jasper." I promised, walking towards him to give his hand a squeeze. Finn looked at Raven and Clarke, "Be careful." he ordered, before turning to walk towards Jasper and I.

"Hey!" Raven called, grabbing him by his sleeve before pulling him towards her with a kiss, "I love you."

I watched Clarke shift uncomfortably as Finn hesitated, "I love you too."

And then he was beside Jasper and I, the three of us rushing to catch up to the rest of the group.

16. the chase

[image]

A shiver ran through my body as we made our way deeper into the forest in search of Octavia. The dense forest was dark and full of noises causing me to glance around nervously with every step I took. I knew there was a chance the Grounders were watching us, or that they had traps set up, traps in which we would accidentally walk into, but we were doing this for Octavia, my best friend. I had to do this.

A sudden cracking of a branch caused me to jump, subconsciously moving closer to my brother. "What was that?" I whispered, my heart threatening to beat out of my chest.

Finn looked over at me with a comforting look, "Probably just an animal." He responded, trying to calm my nerves.

"Hey! Over here." Someone from the front of the group called.

Finn grabbed onto my arm, guiding me forward. "Come on."

We pushed through the branches to find the group stopped in front of a steep incline, their lights illuminating the brush down below.

"What is it?" Bellamy asked the boy who had called us over.

"Down there," he said, shining his light on a piece of fabric that was caught in a tree, "Is that Octavia's?"

I leaned over, trying to see through the darkness whether or not the item belong to my best friend.

"Rope." Bellamy instantly demanded, causing someone to hand him the rope we had brought along with us.

"What are you doing?" Finn asked, making his way over to Bellamy,

I followed suit, not wanting to be anywhere without my brother at this point.

"Need the rope to get back up." Bellamy explained before tossing the rope down the incline. "Flashlight." he ordered, then pocketing the flashlight he was handed.

Before anyone could say anything else Bellamy was making his way down the hill. He stopped at the tree, examining the fabric, "It's her's!" he announced, causing everyone to begin mumbling about how it could have gotten there. "I'm going all the way down." he added.

Everyone looked around at each other, deciding if they wanted to follow Bellamy down there. Surprisingly, Jasper was the first one to grab a hold of the rope.

"Jasper," I said, stepping forward so I was beside him, "You don't have to do this. I mean, you're still healing and—"

"Avery, I'm okay, I promise." Jasper said, giving me a sincere look.

I let out a sigh as I stepped back, allowing Jasper to make his way down the hill and much to my awe he did it with quite ease.

Finn then grabbed the rope, "I'm gonna go down and then you'll follow okay?" he instructed, the rope in one hand, a torch in the other.

I nodded, watching as he made it down easily. Once he had made it down to the bottom, he turned to look up at me. "Come on!"

I grabbed the rope and let out a sigh. It couldn't be that hard getting down there, I mean Finn did it with one hand.

I started my decent to the bottom of the hill, I was almost there when my foot caught on a rock causing me to basically roll down the rest of the hill.

"Avery!" Finn called, rushing to help me up.

"I'm okay!" I yelled, quickly pushing myself up from the ground.

Finn let out a small snort as I brushed the dirt off of my body, "Watch out for rocks!" I called to the group above who had for sure just seen me fall.

"Come look at this!" Bellamy called to the two of us, causing us to forget about my fall and make our way over to where Jasper and Bellamy were crouched down.

Bellamy had his light shone on the ground, revealing a rock with blood on it and large footsteps in the dirt, far too large to be Octavia's.

I felt my heart sink as Bellamy spoke, "Someone else was here."

"Prints are deeper going that way," Finn pointed out, "He was carrying her."

I watched Bellamy's face contort in a mix of anger and fear, the Grounders took his sister.

"If they took her then she's alive." Jasper said optimistically before dropping his voice slightly, "Like when they took me."

That's all it took for Bellamy to be up and on his feet again, the rest of us following behind him. He didn't need to say anything. We were going after her, wherever she was.

We hadn't made it very far by the time we stopped again, but this time it was for a different reason. There, in front of us, were dozen of bodies hanging from trees, mostly decomposed by this point.

I felt my stomach lurch as I looked at our surroundings, the worry in my chest growing, seeming to grip onto me.

"I don't speak Grounder, but I'm pretty sure this means keep out." I could hear the terror in my brother's voice, something I didn't hear a lot.

Mumbles about leaving started to surge through the group, "I'm outta here." one boy that was behind us announced, causing many to follow suit, shrinking the group down to about half a dozen.

"Go back if you want!" Bellamy called, "My sister, my responsibility." he added under his breath.

"Aves," Finn whispered, turning to look me in the eyes, "I don't think you should stay out here with us."

I turned to look at him, my face a mixture of fear and determination. I was scared as hell, but I wasn't abandoning Octavia. "Finn she's my best friend!"

Finn didn't waver. "Yeah, and I'm your brother and I don't want something happening to you."

I opened my mouth to argue but another voice cut in, "Your brother's right. It's not safe out here." Bellamy warned.

Letting out a deep breath, I shook my head. "It's not safe anywhere." I argued. "I'm coming with you and that's the end of it."

The two boys shared a look with each other before both looked at me, neither wanting to accept my decision.

"Let's go, we don't have all night." I grumbled, grabbing the torch from my brother and walking ahead of the group. I was silently praying that they would follow and Bellamy would take the lead again, there was no way I was going to be the first one to walk into this death forest. Luckily, the group started walking along with me, Bellamy, Finn and Jasper arriving at my side.

"Sunshine is kind of a badass." Bellamy mumbled, leaning over towards me so only I could hear.

I cracked a small smile, "Yeah, you just figured that out?"

By the time morning rolled around we still had not found Octavia. We were all exhausted but had no intentions of giving up anytime soon.

"I got nothing." Finn announced, throwing his hands up in defeat, "We've lost the trail."

"Keep looking." Bellamy ordered.

Finn looked around, shaking his head, "Wandering around aimlessly isn't the way to find your sister, we should back track alright-"

"I'm not going back!" Bellamy argued. "If this was your sister you'd be doing the same thing."

Finn glanced over at me, knowing he couldn't argue with what Bellamy was saying.

"Hey," Roma, one of the girls who had stayed with us called, "Where's John?"

We all paused, looking around for our missing group member. "He was just here." I declared, knowing that he had been right behind me only moments earlier.

"Spread out, he couldn't have gotten that far." Bellamy instructed.

We did as he instructed, each one us moving in a different direction. All that we could see for miles was dense forest, no sign of John.

I kept a firm grasp on my weapon, walking with a certain edge.

As I went to take another step, I was abruptly cut off as something fell from the trees above, landing at my feet with a thud.

I stumbled back, my breath catching in my throat as I looked down at what the fallen object was...it was John, his throat slit.

A gasp fell from my lips as Finn grabbed me and pulled me away from the body. He held me close to him as he looked up, "They use the trees." He announced, the realization dawning on him.

My heart was in my throat as we all shared exchanges of panicked looks. There was no where to hide.

"We shouldn't have crossed the boundary" Diggs snapped, voice wavering slightly.

"Now can we go back?" Roma asked, impatient fear in her tone.

"There." Jasper's voice came out in almost a whisper. I allowed my eyes to follow whatever he was pointing at, when I saw what had him so shaken up I almost threw up. There was a Grounder about a hundred yards away from us, just standing there watching us.

"Another one!" Diggs exclaimed, his eyes fixed on another Grounder on the other side of us.

I spun around in a slow circle. They were everywhere.

"We should run." Finn whispered, and that was all it took for us to take off running.

I ran faster than I ever had in my entire life, each step I took I reminded myself that if I didn't keep going I would die. Finn was beside me, glancing over at me ever so often to make sure I was okay.

I turned my head to see Grounders on either side, they were following us. I sped up my pace, my lungs and legs burning, but I couldn't stop.

"What are we going to do? They keep cutting us off!" Diggs yelled.

"Just keep running!" Finn instructed.

"I can't run much longer!" Jasper admitted. I slowed my pace and grabbed a hold of his arm, pulling him along with me.

"I'm not stopping for him!" Diggs snapped.

Scoffing, I held on tighter to Jasper, "No one is asking you to!"

Suddenly, Bellamy stopped running, eyes scanning our surroundings. "I'm sick of running anyways."

The rest of the group stopped, with the exception of Diggs who kept going . I had my arm wrapped around Jasper, who was exhausted, pulling him up to where the rest of the group had stopped.

"What are you doing?" Finn asked in shock.

"They know where she is!" Bellamy announced, his eyes darting between the Grounders that surrounded us, they were still running towards us.

Roma obviously didn't like the idea of stopping, so she continued running. "Diggs, where are you!?" she called, chasing after him.

He could be heard from somewhere up ahead, yelling out for her.

Through laboured breath, I shook my head. "Bellamy, we can't stop. They'll kill us all and then we're really no good to Octavia."

He looked over at me, his chest rising and falling rapidly with each breath he took. Finally, he gave a small nod, agreeing to keep going.

I kept my grasp on Jasper as the remaining four of us took off again, following in the direction we had seen Diggs and Roma take off in.

We had nearly caught up to Roma, I could see her weaving through the trees, when a scream ripped from her lips, causing all of us to flinch. We picked up our pace, nearing her in a matter of seconds. When we did, we could see what had her so upset.

In front of us was Diggs, his body now impaled on a sharp spear that appeared to have swung from up above. Another trap.

Roma didn't wait for us, she was already running by the time we fully reached her.

"Wait Roma, there could be more!" Finn yelled, none of us rushing to chase after her just yet. This whole forest was likely trapped.

We were all breathing heavily as we looked around. John and Diggs were dead, and now the rest of us were being chased. What did they want from us?

"They're leading us here." Jasper observed, struggling to catch his breath, "It's the only direction we could run in."

I let out a shaky breath as I looked around, expecting to see Grounders moving in on us and decreasing the space between us and them, but instead all I saw was forest, "Where did they go?" I asked through shaky breaths.

Everyone mimicked my earlier actions, looking around the forest. Bellamy gave me a wide-eyed look, "After Roma."

17. best friend

[image]

https://youtu.be/-lshmwmeU7c

Our feet crunched against the forest floor as we ran in pursuit of Roma. We resisted the urge to call out for her, knowing that if we did it would only lead the Grounders right to us. I had wrapped my arm around Jasper once again, helping him keep up with the rest of the group.

It had only been a few minutes when we slowed down, Monroe pointing to a tree ahead of us, "There she is." she acknowledged, drawing my eyes to where Roma was standing, slightly hidden behind a tree so all we could see was one of her arms.

"Roma!" Monroe whispered, letting her know that it was us. When Roma didn't move we all shared a look of confusion. Bellamy took the lead, the rest of us hesitantly following behind him to see what was going on.

As we approached, it soon became obvious why she hadn't responded to us. The large spear sticking out of her chest had rendered her unable to do so.

I felt my heart drop as I turned my head, not wanting to look any longer. Monroe let out a small gasp as her eyes fell to the ground.

"They're playing with us." Finn announced, looking around the forest, Jasper doing the same thing, his eyes looked as wide as saucers.

I looked up just in time to see Bellamy closing Roma's eyes, a guilty look on his face, "She only came because of me." he whispered.

"They can kill us anytime they want." Finn said, trying to figure out what game the Grounders were playing here.

"Then they should GET IT OVER WITH!" Jasper began screaming, "COME ON!"

"Jasper!" I snapped as Finn and I rushed over to try and make him stop, "Jasper, stop it!" I pleaded.

"Someone shut him up!" Bellamy ordered.

But no matter what Finn or I said, Jasper's screaming had already done its damage. Within seconds, it became apparent that the Grounders had heard him.

"They're coming!" Monroe yelled in horror.

I turned away from Jasper to see Grounders running at us from all sides.

A small gasp fell from my lips. This was it, we were all done for now. There was no way we could make it out of here alive.

Knowing it was our only hope of lasting as long as we could, we all moved closer to each other, backs to one another as we held on tightly to our weapons, ready to fight for as long as we could. I stayed close to my brother, my back pressed up against the back of Bellamy who was standing firm, holding his ground.

But before they could reach us, a sudden noise filled the forest...it was some sort of horn.

At the sound of the horn the Grounders took off running in the other direction, causing all of us to let out a small sigh of relief, "They're leaving." Bellamy observed.

"That horn," Jasper started, "What does it mean?"

"Acid fog." Finn whispered, causing my heart to drop. It was acid fog that had ambushed us that day we were hunting, the day Atom died. Bellamy and I shared a nervous look, we knew what this fog was capable of.

"We have to run." Monroe concluded, looking over at Finn who was pulling a tent from his pack.

"There's no time." he announced, fanning out the tent in front of the group of us, "Get under." he ordered, pointing to the fabric.

All of us looked at each other, unsure if a tent could protect us from the fog, "Come on, it's our only hope right now!" Finn said, sensing the hesitation among us. We did as he said, agreeing that this was our only chance at survival.

As we ducked under the fabric I immediately became claustrophobic. I was wedged in between Finn and Bellamy, Jasper and Monroe on the other sides of them. All you could hear was our deep breathing as we waited and prayed that the tent would keep us safe.

Ten minutes had past, and nothing had happened. Jasper was the first to address the waiting. "How long are we supposed to wait?"

"Will this even work?" Monroe added.

Finn looked down the line at them, "I guess we'll find out."

"No, we won't" Bellamy grumbled, swiftly lifting the tent off of himself. I felt fear rush my body, terrified that the fog was about to engulf him, but it didn't.

"There's no fog." he announced, which resulted in the rest of us pushing the tent from off of ourselves.

"Maybe it was a false alarm." Finn suggested, his eyes darting around.

I let out a sigh, "So you're telling me I just had to spend ten minutes crammed in between you and Bellamy for no reason?" I mumbled, causing Finn to jokingly roll his eyes at me.

"Look," Bellamy said, ignoring my complaints, "They're coming back." he pointed to a Grounder who was running for the forest. I looked around, expecting to see more of them, but I could only see the one.

"It's just him." I observed, causing everyone to look over at me, "I think he's alone."

"Now can we run?" Monroe asked.

Bellamy ignored her demand, "He doesn't see us, I'm going after him."

"And what? Finn questioned, "Kill him?"

"No," Bellamy said, his eyes still fixed on the lone Grounder, "Catch him, make him tell me where Octavia is, then kill him." he explained, pushing himself off the ground, in pursuit of the Grounder.

"How do we know he's not leading us into another trap?" Jasper asked, voicing the same thing most of us were thinking.

"We don't." Finn answered.

"We can't let him go alone." I said, my eyes locked on Bellamy who was making him way through the forest, getting further and further away from us.

"I know," Finn said, standing up and beginning to gather up the tent, "That's why we're going with him."

Once we had caught up with Bellamy, we had spent close to twenty minutes following the Grounder through the forest. He was still oblivious to the fact that he was being followed.

"Hold up." Bellamy whispered, putting up his hand to let us know to stop walking, "He's going into that cave."

"Should we go in?" Monroe asked quietly.

"Octavia could be in there." I pointed out. I knew it was risky to go in, but if there was a chance that my best friend was in there then I was willing to do it.

"Yeah, and so could a bunch of Grounders." Finn counter argued, pointing out the obvious threat.

Bellamy was staring at the opening of the cave, juggling the options, but it was obvious what one he would pick. "I'm going in, follow if you want." he said, beginning to walk towards the entrance.

"Bellamy, just wait." I said, grabbing a hold of his arm, "You're not going in alone okay? I'll come."

"Me too." Japser added.

"Same here." Monroe chipped in.

"Well then let's go." Finn said, motioning to the entrance.

I took a deep breath as Bellamy opened the hatch that led into the cave. I stood behind him, Finn directly behind me.

"We stay together okay? If anything happens run." Bellamy ordered, turning back to look at the remaining four of us. His eyes briefly met mine and I gave him a nod.

The door squeaked as it opened, causing me to cringe, if someone was down there they would probably hear us coming.

We stayed close together as we entered the dark cave. As we took a few steps in the sound of chains could be heard.

Bellamy must have heard them too as he turned to look back at me, "It could be her." I whispered, causing him to nod his head.

He let out a deep breath as we slowly rounded the corner, the whole cave soon coming into view. I let out a sigh of relief that I felt like I had been holding since Octavia went missing. There she was, chained to the wall, a Grounder lay beside her unconscious.

"Bellamy?" she breathed the minute her eyes landed on her brother.

"Octavia!" Bellamy exclaimed, rushing to her side.

"Get the key." she instructed as Bellamy knelt beside her. He worked quickly to free her from the chains.

"Monroe?" Bellamy called, still working to liberate Octavia, "Watch the entrance!"

As Monroe moved back towards the entrance, the rest of us walked further into the cave, Finn moving towards the Grounder, but as he got too close I grabbed his arm, "Don't go too close." I pleaded. Finn nodded as he took a step back, both of us watching as Bellamy freed Octavia, the two siblings instantly wrapping their arms around each other.

The minute they pulled apart Octavia was rushing towards me, instantly throwing her arms around me.

"Are you okay?" I whispered, sadness rushing through my body as I glanced at her face, bloody and covered in dirt.

"Yeah," she promised, lightly touching her hand to her head, "I just fell."

"How did you find me?" she asked, hugging Jasper next.

Jasper had a huge smile on his face as he happily accepted her embrace, "Followed him." he explained, pointing down to the Grounder.

"We should go," Octavia announced, "*Now,* before he wakes up."

"He's not gonna wake up." Bellamy shot back as he picked up a spear that was resting against the cave wall.

"Bellamy no! He didn't hurt me can we just please go?" Octavia pleaded, trying to stop her brother.

I felt an uneasy feeling wash over me, we weren't killers, we didn't need to do this. "Octavia's right Bellamy, let's just get out of here before he wakes up. No one needs to get hurt." I sided with Octavia, stepping in front of Bellamy to try and prevent him from moving any closer to the Grounder.

"They started this." Bellamy argued, lightly pushing me out of the way, only stopping when he saw Finn knelt beside the Grounder, "Finn. Move" Bellamy said sternly.

"Finn," I almost gasped, surprised he was that close to the Grounder even though I had told him minutes ago to stay away. "What are you doing? Get up."

Finn ignored me, like usual, analyzing something in his hands, "Fog horn." he said quietly.

I was about to ask him what in the world he was talking about, but I never had the chance. Before anyone even had a chance to react, the Grounder was up off the floor, driving a knife into Finn's torso, then quickly spinning around to take Bellamy off his feet.

It felt like a hand had gripped onto my throat as the breath flew from my lungs in a heat wrenching sob.

"Finn!" his name came out in a mangled cry as I rushed to his side, Octavia following after me. "Oh my God" I whispered, moving so I was cradling his head in my lap. He let out a sputtered breath as he looked up at me. "Hold on, Finn." I demanded, my body shaking with fear as I held onto my brother.

As Finn withered in pain, the Grounder and Bellamy were still engaged in a battle. But much to my dismay, the Grounder soon had Bellamy on the ground, spear to his throat."Stop!" Octavia cried, "That's my brother!"

The Grounder ignored her, pushing the spear closer and closer to Bellamy's throat as Bellamy used all his force to push the sharp metal away from him. Tears were rolling down my cheeks as I looked from Finn to Bellamy. We couldn't lose both of them, I wouldn't stand for that.

With one swift move, Jasper came to the rescue, forcefully swinging a stick across the back of the Grounder's head, rendering him unconscious once again.

Bellamy was wide eyed as he let out quick breaths, his eyes darting over to where the rest of us sat, surrounding Finn.

"Get him up!" Bellamy sprang into action, pushing himself up off the floor, "We have to get him to Clarke right away."

Octavia and Jasper pulled Finn to his feet, causing him to let out a groan. His legs were weak and he could barely hold himself up. The two of them were on either side of him, leaving me essentially useless. I let out a sob as I pushed myself off of the ground, beginning to follow them outside.

Bellamy who was still inside the cave gave my arm a squeeze, "It'll be okay." he promised.

"Please don't let him die Bellamy, I can't lose him."

pretty long chapter but i felt like I couldn't stop! poor avs, her brother has just been stabbed and she doesn't know what to do with herself :((

let me know what you guys thought of this chapter! please leave me a comment, I love getting them!

18. hold on

Hot tears blurred my vision as we neared camp, all of us letting out a small sigh of relief as the manmade walls came into view. Finn, who had been too weak to walk was now being carried by Bellamy and had gone unconscious about halfway from camp.

As we reached the gates, Jasper and Octavia went ahead, Jasper calling for help, "Clarke! Someone get Clarke right now!"

Clarke came running towards us, "What's wrong?" she asked, her eyes landing on me, her face falling when she saw my expression. I slowly turned my head, moving her gaze from me towards the gates where Bellamy had just walked through, Finn limp in his arms.

"Finn!" Clarke gasped, "Finn, oh my God." she cried, as the whole camp began milling around us, everyone letting out shocked gasps.

A few other boys rushed to help Bellamy as Clarke reached a shaky hand forward, feeling for Finn's pulse, "He's still alive."

Raven, who had just arrived at the scene, grabbed onto my arm, letting out a small cry, "Oh my God."

The minute I looked over at her, the tears stared again. I tried to speak, but no words came out as Raven pulled me into a tight hug.

"Bellamy wouldn't let me take the knife out." Jasper explained from behind us.

"That was a good call." Clarke backed up Bellamy. She was flustered as she looked at Finn, trying to figure out what to do. "Get him into the Dropship. Now! Go!" she instructed, letting out a few quick breaths. She was panicking, which wasn't making me feel good about her being able to save my brother.

"Clarke!" Raven called, lightly moving past me to approach the blonde girl, "Can you do it? Can you save him."

Clarke shook her head, fighting for words, "Not me. I need my mother."

My heart dropped, Clarke's mother was still up on the Ark, and as far as I knew, we still had not made contact with them.

Raven confirmed my assumption, "There's still no radio." she announced, throwing her hands up to her head in frustration.

"Raven! Fix it, go!" Clarke instructed, her words prompting Raven to hurry back toward the Dropship.

I watched as Raven ran past me, but I couldn't move. I knew if I went in that Dropship I would see my brother laying there, almost lifeless and I wasn't sure I could handle that. I felt my breathing speed up as everyone around me began moving. I felt like I was going to throw up, or collapse, or—

"Avery." Bellamy was in front of me, his dark eyes scanning my face. "Avery, take a deep breath."

My eyes flickered up toward him, as if I had just been pulled from a different world. Hesitantly, I took a deep breath, trying to force my breathing back into a routine.

Bellamy gave a small nod, still watching me with intensity. "Good." He praised, taking a deep breath himself as if to show me what to do. "Again."

I did as he said, taking a few more deep breaths, the air filling my lungs, my heart rate slowly slightly.

Glancing over his shoulder, Bellamy nodded toward the Dropship. "Get inside." He instructed, "Your brother will need you."

I looked at him through red-rimmed eyes. "I don't know if I can." I admitted, not being able to picture seeing my brother that close to death. I didn't care how weak that made me sound when it was the truth.

"You can." He promised. "He needs you. Go."

Reluctantly, I took a step away from him, making my way back toward the ship where my brother had been taken. A million thoughts rushed through my head, the most prominent being the fact that Finn could already be dead by the time I reached him.

The moment I entered the ship, I was might with a sight I was dreading, but not the worst case scenario.

Finn was laid on one of the tables. He was pale, torso bloodied...but he was still breathing.

I stopped at the entrance, giving myself a moment to catch my breath.

"It's okay." Clarke said softly, arriving next to me. "You can go sit with him."

I glanced over at her, pushing down the tears as I nodded. Finn needed me right now, and I needed to be there for him, just like Bellamy said.

I moved towards him, letting out a shaky breath as I grabbed a stool, sitting down beside him.

His limp hand was cold in my own, causing a chill to run through my body. I gave it a small squeeze, letting him know I was there, even though it was likely he had no idea.

A few minutes after I had sat down most of the camp came rushing into the drop ship, crowding up the limited space we had.

"What's going on?" I asked, standing up from my spot beside Finn.

"Huge storm's coming." A boy answered, pointing outside where the trees were violently beginning to sway, the sky already shades darker than it had been when we'd arrived back at camp.

I looked over to Raven and Clarke in worry. If a storm was coming that meant getting through to the Ark would be that much more difficult.

Raven returned the worried look, quickly brushing it off and

turning back to the radio, working to get it up and running.

Octavia soon came rushing into the drop ship as well, her eyes instantly landing on me. She pushed through the crowd, arriving beside me.

"Hey, Aves." She whispered, crouching down beside me, taking one of my hands in her own.

"Hey." I returned, my voice barely audible.

"How are you doing?" She asked, her face full of sympathy.

I shrugged, not really too sure as to how to answer her, "I can't lose him Tavia. He's the only family I have left."

Octavia nodded as she pulled me into a hug, "Clarke will save him." She assured. "But you'll always have me. You know that, right."

The tears escaped now as I weakly wrapped my arms back around her, watching as the storm outside intensified. "I know."

The sound of Raven trying to get through to the Ark and the loud wind outside filled my ears as I pulled away from Octavia, giving her a forced smile to let her know I was going to be okay.

Clarke approached the two of us, giving me a small smile as she took the cloth that was wrapped around Finn's injury away, revealing a bloody mess. I felt a pang in my stomach as she continued working, replacing the bloody cloth with a new one.

Raven continued on in the background. She was having no luck, only static coming through.

Until—

"*This is a restricted channel, who is this? Please identify yourself.*" A voice came through the radio causing me to spring up from my seat and move towards where Raven was. For the first time since Finn had been stabbed I had some hope.

Raven's face lit up in what appeared to be hopefulness. "This is

Raven Reyes. I'm from Meca Station. I-I'm transmitting from the ground. The One Hundred are alive. Please, you need to get Dr. Abby Griffin." Raven announced into the speaker.

A few moments passed and we heard nothing from the Ark. Panic flooded my body, worried that we had lost the signal.

Luckily, another voice finally came through, "Raven? Raven are you there? It's Abby."

At the sound of Abby's voice I let out a sigh of relief. I rushed back towards Finn's bedside, sitting down beside him as Clarke took the radio to speak to her mother.

"It's going to be okay Finn. Clarke has her mother on the radio, she can save you. You're going to be okay." I mumbled, pushing a piece of hair from his face.

Clarke soon joined me by Finn's bedside, her mother still speaking to us from the radio. The storm outside shook the Dropship with every gust of wind causing everyone to let out panic screams.

"*I'm going to talk you through it step by step*." Abby called. As she went to say something else, the radio began to cut out.

Clarke scrunched up her face in frustration. "What!?" she yelled, walking back towards Raven.

"Raven what's going on?" she demanded.

"It's not the radio, it's the storm." Raven explained, trying to fix the problem in any way she could.

Clarke raised her hands to her head in panic as she paced back and forth, "Okay we're just going to have to work with what we have." she announced, rejoining me beside Finn.

She began gathering supplies as Octavia walked in with two thermoses of something to sanitize our hands with.

As she handed them to Clarke, the blonde girl opened them and sniffed, "Monty's moonshine?" she almost gagged.

"Pretty sure no germ can survive it." Octavia confirmed.

Another loud bang shook the ship, "The storm's getting worse." Clarke observed as she poured the moonshine into a bowl, "Monroe, close the doors."

"We still have people out there." Monroe argued.

"Monty and Jasper still aren't back yet," Octavia pointed out, "Neither is Bellamy."

"It's alright, they'll find a place to ride it out." Clarke ensured.

"Where did they go?" I asked, standing up from my seat to join the other girls.

Octavia shrugged, "I have no idea, Bell said he had something to deal with."

"One suture needle." Raven announced, holding out her hand to give Clarke the needle that she had been assigned to gather.

"We still need something to close the wound." Clarke said, looking around for something.

"There's some wire on the upper level," I announced, "Octavia and I used it for the tents."

Clarke nodded, "Let's see it."

"I'll go get it." Octavia offered, moving towards the ladder.

Raven turned towards her, "Stay away from the blue wires that run through the ceiling. I rigged it to the solar cells in the roof."

Octavia gave a slight nod, not really acknowledging what Raven said.

"That means they're hot!" Raven called as Octavia mounted the ladder.

"Yeah, yeah I got it." Octavia mumbled.

Once Octavia was out of sight Raven turned to Clarke, "Tell me you can do this."

Clarke looked up from what she was doing to meet eyes with Raven, she was about to speak when someone cut her off, "Hey they're back!" a girl yelled, pulling all of our eyes to the entrance of the ship.

I felt myself let out a sigh of relief I didn't know I had been holding as Bellamy walked inside, drenched from the rain.

"Bellamy!" Octavia called as she climbed down from the ladder, her eyes widening as she looked behind Bellamy. My own relief soon turned to shock as I came to realize why he had left camp in the first place.

Behind him, two boys carried the Grounder who had stabbed Finn, blindfolded and bloody.

I felt my breath catch in my throat in both terror that he was here and shock. Why would Bellamy bring him here?

"What the hell are you doing?" Octavia snapped, jumping down from the ladder to approach her brother. I moved towards them as well, my eyes locked on the Grounder, afraid he was about to spring up and stab someone else.

Bellamy locked eyes with his sister, "It's time to get some answers."

Octavia let out a scoff, "You mean revenge?"

"I mean intel." Bellamy snipped back, turning away from Octavia to nod towards the ladder, "Get him upstairs." he ordered to the boys who had carried the Grounder in.

I pushed my way through the group so I was closer to Bellamy, "Octavia's right Bellamy, you—"

I was cut off by Abby Griffin's voice coming through the radio, "Clarke, honey, we're ready. Can you hear me?" Clarke perked up at her mother's voice, her eyes meeting mine as she turned to tend to Finn.

"This isn't who we are. It's not who you are." I continued, my eyes locked with Bellamy's who stared down at me.

Bellamy shook his head, "It is now. Go take care of your brother. I've got this handled." he muttered before turning and walking away.

i would just like to quickly say that all gifs i post were ones I found online, I did not make them so credit goes to the lovely people that did! :)

19. oh brother

My shaky hands held onto Finn's as Clarke paced back and forth, explaining my brother's condition to her mother. "The blade is positioned at a sharp upward angle between the sixth and seventh rib."

"Okay," Abby's voice came through the staticky radio, "How deep?"

Clarke stopped pacing and came to Finn's bedside, "Well, I can't tell how deep it goes."

"That's alright," Abby promised, "Just don't remove the knife yet."

Clarke let out a shaky breath as she poured more moonshine onto her hands, "Here," she said once she was done, "Sterilize your hands" she instructed to Raven who was nervously pacing back and forth.

Once Raven had done so, Clarke handed the container to me, "You too, Avery."

I poured the liquid onto my hands, rubbing them together in order for the moonshine to sterilize all parts of my hands. I did not want to be the reason that Finn got an infection. As soon as I placed the moonshine back on the table, Raven grabbed it, quickly taking a sip before wincing.

I watched her, resisting asking for her to hand it to me so I could take a swig.

"Clarke, do you see any fluid?" Abby asked.

Clarke got closer to the wound, trying to get a look, however a scuffle behind us distracted her. Two boys were bickering, one shoving the other in anger, "Damnit!" Clarke huffed, "Clear the room." she ordered to Raven.

"Everyone, upstairs, now!" Raven barked, clapping her hands to get

everyone's attention.

Clarke placed her hand on Finn's forehead, letting out a small sigh, "He feels a little warm."

"That's alright, fever sometimes accompanies the trauma." Abby assured.

Raven rejoined us, everyone now cleared from the room as Abby continued, "Clarke, I need you to tell me if there is any fluid leaking from the wound."

Clarke bent down to get a closer look at Finn's wound, "Uh, no." she answered.

"That's good." Abby confirmed, "Pleural membrane's intact. That's good...that's actually really good. He got lucky."

I felt myself let out a sigh of relief as I glanced down at my brother, he might actually be able to pull through this.

"Hear that?" Raven said, coming to stand at Finn's head, "You got lucky."

Another clap of thunder boomed from outside, shaking the Dropship in its wake.

"Okay, Clarke," Abby's voice came through once again, "Firm grip on the knife. You're going to need to angel it upwards and to the left, very slightly to the left as it exits the ribcage."

Clarke stood with her hands in front of her as not to contaminate them, "How very slightly?" she questioned, her voice uneven.

"Three—Clarke—" The radio cut in and out, making it impossible to hear what Abby was saying. My head shot towards the radio in panic, we could not lose connection.

Clarke's nervous eyes met mine, "Wait, what was that? You dropped out."

"Clarke, three millimetres. You got it?" Abby's voice was more clear

this time, enough so that we could actually hear the instructions.

Clarke nodded, "Yeah, I got it." She looked down at Finn before looking up again, "Here it goes."

"Steady hand, Clarke. You've assisted me on trickier procedures than this. Once that knife is out the hard part is over" her mother encouraged through the radio.

I placed my hands on Finn's head and ran my hand through his hair, something our mother always did when we were sick as children.

Clarke inched her hand towards the knife, eventually placing a firm grip on it, "Alright, extracting now."

Not even a second after the words left her mouth another large rumble of thunder sounded, this one even more powerful than the last.

"The storm's getting worse," I pointed out, "We have to hurry."

Clarke nodded, but before she had the chance to pull the knife out, Finn started moving. "He's waking up!" Raven cried.

"Hold him still!" Clarke ordered.

I stood up, placing my hands on his shoulders to hold him down, "Finn, you gotta stay still." I ordered, using all my might to keep him laying down.

"Finn, I'm gonna get this knife out alright?" Clarke explained.

Finn gasped in pain, "Good plan."

"You can't move, you got it?" Clarke asked.

Finn let out a groan that could only be interpreted as a 'yes'. I looked down at my brother, his pained eyes looking up at me.

"Here it goes." Clarke said again, this time, she actually began pulling the knife as Finn continued withering in pain.

I tightened my grip on him, "Finn, you cannot move. Do you hear me?"

"Almost got it!" Clarke announced, "Hold still."

The knife was still halfway in my brother's torso when a large bang rang out through the drop ship as we all went flying to the ground, Finn included.

"Finn!" I cried, rushing towards him. Finn sat up slightly, his eyes meeting mine. I felt myself relax as I leaned up against the table, he was alive.

"Clarke? Clarke, are you there? Can you hear us?" Abby's voice sounded off throughout the drop ship.

Clarke stood wide eyed in front of us, the knife in hand.

"It's out!" Raven exclaimed. "She did it."

After we had gotten Finn back up on the table again, Clarke got to work stitching up his wound. He had passed out about halfway in and I took that as the time to stretch my legs, and go see what Bellamy was doing in the upper level.

I mounted the ladder, using all my force to open the heavy metal hatch that lead to the upstairs. As I pulled myself up into the room, all eyes were on me, one set in particular were not happy to see me.

"What are you doing up here?" Bellamy demanded, walking towards me as to block my view of what was going on behind him, "Shouldn't you be with your brother?"

I moved my body to try and see past him, "He's asleep." I answered shortly, my eyes then landing on the Grounder, tied up and bloody. "Bellamy—"

"We need answers, Avery," he interjected, moving to grab a leather book from one of the other boys, "Look." he said, thrusting the book into my hands.

My eyes flickered over to the Grounder, who shifted in obvious discomfort, "You shouldn't go through people's things." I muttered, trying to hand the book back to Bellamy.

"Avery, look." he said more forcefully, as he flipped open the book to reveal drawing. But they weren't just drawings, they were drawings of Octavia. My mouth fell open in shock.

"Come here." he said, grabbing my arm and pulling me away from the group. "There's more." he muttered, flipping to another page and showing me dozens of tick marks on a page, a few of them were crossed off.

"What is that?" I asked, my eyes moving from the page to meet Bellamy's.

He pointed at the book with intensity. "They've been watching us since we got down here. Each tally is one of us, the ones that are crossed off are the ones we lost."

I let out a shaky breath. I was conflicted. It was obvious that this Grounder could be a threat, but at the same time I didn't want to see someone being tortured.

I shook my head as I walked in a small circle, "We can't do this! We can't be these people, Bellamy." I exclaimed, throwing my arm out, motioning to the tied up Grounder.

Bellamy watched me through dark eyes. "We have to be these people. We won't survive if we don't—"

"Don't what Bellamy?" I demanded, raising my voice slightly, "If we don't torture people?"

"I did this to protect the camp Avery! I did this for Finn, and Octavia. I did this for you!" Bellamy's voice boomed, causing the other boys to look over at us.

"You didn't do this for me, you did this for yourself." I shot back, pointing my finger at his chest.

Bellamy shook his head in disbelief, "He tried to kill your brother,

does that not even bother you!?"

I let out a scoff, as tears of frustration pricked at my eyes "Of course it bothers me, Bellamy. But what would bother me more is to watch you kill someone."

Bellamy's face softened slightly as he moved closer to me. He dropped his voice, nodding toward the hatch. "Just go be with your brother alright? I can handle this."

I let out a defeated sigh as I clenched my jaw. There was no point in me staying up here, I could argue with Bellamy all day about this and he wouldn't give in.

As I moved towards the ladder, a blonde head poked into the room, her eyes searching for Bellamy and she pulled herself up.

"Good luck." I muttered, knowing she had come up here to speak to Bellamy just as I had. Clarke gave me a confused look as I began down the ladder.

"How is he?" I asked Raven, jumping down from the final few prongs of the ladder, making my way over to where she sat with Finn.

She shook her head, "He's really warm."

I placed my hand on Finn's forehead, almost wincing at how hot he felt, that couldn't be a good sign, "What does Abby think?" I asked, looking across the table at Raven.

"She said a fever is normal, but this—this is more than a fever. And now, the radio's dead." She answered, her worried eyes flickering over to the radio.

I looked down at my brother, it was almost as if I could feel his pain, "Maybe Abby's right, maybe it's just his body working to heal itself." I suggested optimistically.

My optimism soon faded when my brother began to violently convulse, his body shaking as white foam began to flood from his mouth.

My body tensed with fear as everything seemed to go numb. I stared down at him, not knowing what I could do to help him.

"Clarke!" Raven screamed, "He's seizing!"

20. antidotes

Panic tore through my body as I took a step back from Finn, my eyes wide in shock as he continued convulsing.

Another loud clap of thunder sounded off as Clarke came flying down the ladder, instantly rushing to Finn.

Tears were streaking down Raven's face as she spoke, "He was fine and then—"

Clarke moved her gaze away from Finn to look at Raven, "Get my mother on the radio!" she ordered. Raven stayed frozen in place, her hands were shaking as more and more tears fell.

"Raven, now!" Clarke yelled as she held Finn in place.

Raven snapped out of her trance, moving to the other side of Finn, "It's dead! Interference from the storm." she answered, which caused my heart to plummet.

I moved so I was beside Clarke, my eyes locked on Finn who was still seizing, "What are we going to do?" I asked in a panic.

Clarke's worried eyes looked up to meet mine, signalling she didn't know how to fix this. I let out a shaky breath as large tears rolled down my cheeks.

"Please don't let him die." Raven cried.

Clarke shook her head, a terrified look covered her face, "We just have to wait it out."

I turned away from the table, running a hand through my hair as I walked to the other side of the drop ship trying to empty my head of all the dark thoughts that were running through it.

Clarke's voice caused me to spin around, quickly making my way back to the table, "It's stopping she announced." referring to the

convulsions.

Finn's body had stopped jerking around, white foam still seeped from his lips and his eyes remained closed, a sheer layer of sweat covered his entire body.

"Help me turn him on his side." Clarke instructed, grabbing a hold of my brother's arms, ready to pull him towards her. Once again, Raven remained still, her breathing heavy as she stared down at Finn.

Clarke let out a sigh of impatience,"Raven, there's fluid in his lungs he could choke, help me flip him!"

I moved to where Raven was standing, lightly pushing her aside, "I got him."

Clarke and I flipped Finn onto his side as Raven continued to stay frozen in place, her large, teary eyes locked on my brother.

Clarke reached out, touching Finn's forehead, "God, he's burning up." she announced with a shake of her head.

Raven finally spoke, "Fluid in his lungs, does that mean the knife hit something?"

Clarke's answer came out rushed, "No, this isn't blood it's something else." she paused, wiping away the fluid that fell from Finn's mouth, "I did everything she told me—" she paused once again, a look of realization covering her face, "Wait, I've seen this before. Shortness of breath, fever, seizing...it's poison."

My head shot up when the words left her mouth. How could it be poison? We had sterilized everything and he didn't eat anything the whole time we were looking for Octavia.

Raven mirrored my confusion, "Clarke, you sterilized everything. We watched you do it!"

"And we didn't touch anything unfamiliar while we were out looking for Octavia." I argued. "The minute Finn got stabbed we came right back here. There's nothing we could have been

contaminated with!"

Clarke didn't answer, but instead moved towards the table where the instruments we had used to extract the knife were sitting. She looked down at the bloodied knife that had been pulled from my brother's torso. "We didn't sterilize everything." she announced, picking up the knife and moving towards the ladder.

I shared a look with Raven before I rushed after Clarke. If this Grounder knew what was going on with Finn I needed to know.

As Clarke and I approached the ladder, Octavia ran towards us, "They locked the hatch." she announced, causing me to let out an annoyed sigh. I shared a look with the two girls before climbing up the ladder and banging my fists against the metal hatch, "Bellamy, open the door!" I ordered, sending my fists into the hatch once again.

A few moments passed before the hatch slowly opened. I wasted no time in climbing to the top of the ladder, only to be stopped by Nathan Miller.

"Get out of my way Miller." I seethed, all the anger I had been holding in finally reaching the boiling point.

Miller gave me a shocked look before removing his arm, allowing me to enter the room. I pulled myself up, allowing Clarke and Octavia to do the same.

The minute Clarke's feet were on the ground she was marching towards the Grounder, holding the knife up in front of him, "What's on this?" she demanded.

Bellamy looked at Clarke and then over to me, "What are you talking about?"

I kept my eyes locked on the Grounder, my arms crossed firmly over my chest, "He poisoned the blade." I explained.

Clarke was basically shaking with anger, "All this time he knew Finn was gonna die no matter what we did. What is it!?" she snapped, thrusting the blade closer to his face, "Is there an

antidote?"

Octavia piped up from the back of the room, "Clarke, he doesn't understand you."

Bellamy's eyes lit up, "Vials." he said, moving towards a small tin that was sitting with the rest of the Grounders things, "It's gotta be here."

Clarke and I moved towards Bellamy, Clarke discarding the knife as she took the dozens of vials out of Bellamy's hands, quickly examining them. "You'd have to be stupid to have a poison around for this long without an antidote."

"Which one is it?" I asked, looking at the Grounder and then pointing to the vials. The Grounder just stared at me, showing no sign that he was going to tell me.

"Answer the question!" Bellamy's voice boomed from behind me.

Octavia spoke up, her voice pleading, "Show us, please."

"Which one!" Clarke cried, "Our friend is dying down there and you can stop that!"

The Grounder didn't budge, his dull eyes moving down the line of us, showing no emotion at all. Bellamy shook his head as he stepped forward, "I'll get him to talk." he announced, raising his fist.

Octavia rushed towards her brother, grabbing a hold of his arm, "Bellamy, no!"

The older Blake sibling spun around, "He wants Finn to die, why can't you see that! Do you really want your best friend to lose her brother?" he questioned, his eyes moving past Octavia to look at me.

I felt tears prick my eyes as Octavia turned to look at me, her eyes full of pain.

Bellamy shook his head, turning to Clarke, "Do you want him to live or not?"

"Clarke, you even said it yourself, this is not who we are! He was protecting me, he saved my life!" Octavia tried to plea with Clarke.

"We're talking about Finn's life!" Bellamy yelled at his sister, causing her to let out an agitated sigh. I watched the two of them, my heart being pulled in a million directions.

Clarke's jaw was locked, her face full of anger as she looked form the Grounder back to Bellamy, "Do it."

Octavia let out a small cry in protest as Bellamy moved towards once of the seats, pulling out his knife and cutting free one of the seat belts. Octavia lunged forward, before being pulled back by some of the other boys.

I felt sick to my stomach as Bellamy stood in front of the Grounder, cutting away his shirt, "You're going to show us the antidote or you're going to wish you had."

I looked back at my best friend who had tears in her eyes as she watched her brother wrap the seat belt around his hand, the dull metal of the buckle dangled from the end, readying to be lashed across the bare chest of the Grounder. I felt like I had to chose between my brother and my best friend.

In a last ditch effort to save everyone the trauma that this beating was about to cause, I pleaded with the Grounder once more. "Please!" I choked, grabbing the antidotes once again and approaching the Grounder, "Please show us. It's my brother, please!" I cried, pushing past a startled Bellamy who had just been ready to deliver his first hit.

The Grounder stared down at me for a moment before looking back up, clearly refusing to show me which one it was.

"Hey." Bellamy said softly as he placed his hands on either side of my shoulders, "You should go, you don't have to watch this."

I shook my head, as I wiped the tears from my cheeks, "No." I answered firmly, I needed to be up here for not only Finn but Octavia as well. I knew watching this was not going to be easy on

her.

Bellamy let out a small sigh as I turned and walked back towards Octavia. He looked over at Clarke who gave him a nod, signalling him to begin his beating.

Octavia cried out from beside me, "Bellamy, please!"

Bellamy ignored his little sister as he pulled his arm back, quickly sending it forward again which resulted in the seat belt whipping harshly against the Grounder's tattooed chest. The Grounder winced, as did most of us in the room. Bellamy struck again and I adverted my eyes to the ground, not wanting to watch any further.

"Please!" Clarke breathed, once again laying the antidotes out in front of him, "Which one?"

"Just tell them!" Octavia pleaded, not wanting to witness the man who had saved her experience any more pain.

The Grounder once again refused to answer, causing me to shake my head in disbelief. I didn't know what else we could do to get him to tell us.

A defeated Clarke stood up and moved out the way, allowing Bellamy to resume once again. The sound of the seat belt meeting skin filled the room along with the muffled groans of pain that the Grounder was attempting to hold in.

With each hit the feeling in the pit of my stomach grew larger and larger, soon enough the feeling of guilt overwhelmed me causing me to yell out to Bellamy, "Stop!"

Bellamy instantly paused, turning to look at me with a mix of worry and confusion on his face, "What's wrong?"

I let out a shaky breath, "I don't— I-—We—" I stumbled over my words, not really sure what I was trying to say.

Bellamy noticed my anxious state and unwrapped the belt from his hand, moving towards me and lightly pulling me with him to the other side of the room where no one could hear us. "What's going

on?" he asked, his hand still holding onto my forearm.

I kept my eyes locked on Clarke who was once again trying to get the Grounder to tell her which vial contained the antidote. "I can't let you keep doing that." I answered, finally moving my eyes to look up at Bellamy.

A look of confusion covered his face, "Avery, if he won't tell us which one it is, Finn will die."

A tear rolled down my cheek as I nodded, "I know but beating him senseless doesn't seem to be working. There—" I took a pause, allowing myself to regain my composure, "There has to be another way."

Bellamy's eyes were full of sadness as he looked down at me, "There is no other way." he explained, "You don't have to be up here" he pointed out once again. He was right, I didn't need to be up here, but I had already seen enough to know what they were doing. There was no way I could go back downstairs and pretend nothing was going on.

"I'm fine." I lied, "I'm fine. Sorry."

Bellamy didn't look entirely convinced at my words. "Avery, you should go downstairs." He repeated.

I shook my head. "No." I argued. "I'm okay. I'll be okay."

But that was far from the truth. I wasn't fine not at all. My brother was dying and the only way we could save him was by beating another man half to death.

21. relief

[image]

I felt my stomach churn with every impact the seat belt made on the Grounders' skin. He winced in pain with each strike but still refused to tell us which one was the antidote. Octavia stood beside me, her head slightly turned downwards towards her shoulder in attempts to shield her vision.

Clarke dropped to her knees in front of our prisoner once again, spilling the contents onto the ground, "Please, just tell me which one is the antidote and they'll stop this!"

The Grounder ignored her, his eyes flickering over to Octavia who had now looked up, her eyes full of tears.

I flinched as Bellamy whipped the seat belt off of his hand and across the drop ship, shaking his head in frustration. "If that won't work, maybe this will." he said, holding up a metal spike. My eyes grew wide as he turned to look back at us, "Girls, you don't have to be here."

Clarke shook her head, "I'm not leaving until I get that antidote."

Bellamy nodded at her before moving his eyes to look at Octavia and I. I locked my eyes with him, not saying anything, but letting him know I wasn't leaving. He let out a deep breath before turning back towards the Grounder, holding the spike firmly in his hand.

I turned around, putting my face into my hands trying to block out what was happening. I heard the sound of the metal spike driving through flesh as the Grounder let out a grunt of pain. I let out a few breaths, trying to remind myself we were doing this so my brother could live.

The room fell into silence, the only sound being the Grounder's uneven breathing as he tried to cope with the pain. I turned around, my eyes landing on the bloody spike that was protruding through

the Grounder's hand.

"What's taking so long?" Raven's voice called as the sound of her mounting the ladder filled the air. "He stopped breathing." she announced, pulling herself into the room with us.

I rushed towards her, "What?" I demanded.

Raven put her hands on my shoulders to stop me, "He started again, but I'm not sure he will next time."

Bellamy looked up at me from where he had sat down, his eyes full of sympathy. My body felt as if it were buzzing as Clarke responded to Raven's earlier question, "He won't tell us anything."

Raven locked her jaw as she took in the scene around us, her eyes landing on something as she made her way towards the Grounder. "Wanna bet?" she huffed, grabbing a hold of two large wires and pulling them from the wall causing sparks to fly.

Bellamy shot up from his seat, "What are you doing?" he questioned in shock.

Raven ran one wire over the other, causing more sparks to fly as the sound of electricity filled my ears, "Showing him something new."

I felt my stomach drop as the Grounder began letting out grunts of fear, trying to move his body away from Raven.

"Raven—" Before I had a chance to say anything else, she drove the wires into his body, the smell of burnt flesh instantly filling the air.

My hand flew up to my mouth as the lights flickered on and off. All the power that had been running through them was now running into the Grounder's body.

"Which one is it?" Raven screamed, "Come on!" she drove the wires into his body once again, his cries of pain getting louder. "He's all I have!" she screamed, tears rolling down her cheeks.

I stood frozen in place, somehow feeling like I was a horrible sister, a horrible person. Finn was dying, and here I was feeling *sorry* for

the person who had put him in that situation.

"No more!" Octavia yelled, all of our eyes turning to her.

Raven turned to her with an angry look, "He's letting Finn die!"

Octavia didn't say anything in response but instead held up the knife, dragging it across her skin.

"Octavia, no!" Bellamy gasped as blood began dripping from her arm.

"He won't let me die." she explained, her eyes locking on the Grounder's who were now filled not with pain, but sadness.

Bellamy and I rushed to Octavia's side, Bellamy reaching out for his sister, "Octavia what the hell did you do?"

Octavia ignored him, pushing past the two of us to kneel in front of the antidotes. She used the knife to point at each vial, "This one?" she asked.

The Grounder didn't respond and I felt my heart drop, maybe Octavia was wrong about him trying to save her before. I let out a sigh of frustration, "Oh God."I dropped my head into my hands. I was about to lose my brother and my best friend.

"Come on." Octavia pleaded, her hopeful eyes looking up to the Grounder.

I looked up just in time to see the Grounder nod his head towards one of the vials in which Octavia instantly picked up, "This one?" she asked.

In what could only be an act of compassion towards Octavia, the Grounder nodded his head. I let out a large sigh of relief as Octavia thrusted the vial into Clarke's hand. The blonde and Raven instantly rushed down the ladder towards Finn.

"Tavia," I muttered, crouching down beside my best friend, "You didn't have to do that." I acknowledged her act of bravery, knowing that if she didn't get the Grounder to tell her which one it was her

and Finn would both be dead.

Octavia gave me a slight smile as she nodded her head, "Yes I did. Now go be with Finn."

I smiled at her before turning towards the ladder. Before I went down to be with Finn, I looked over to Bellamy, giving him a smile as well, "Thank you" I mouthed. I didn't necessarily agree with everything he did to get the Grounder to talk but I know he was doing it for Finn.

He nodded, acknowledging my thanks. I didn't waste anymore time, I quickly went down the ladder, rushing over to Finn's bedside where Clarke was pouring some of the antidote into his mouth, being sure to leave enough for Octavia.

"How will we know if it worked?" Raven asked, her hand holding onto Finn's.

Clarke put the lid on the vial, looking over to her, "We'll know when he wakes up."

"Any idea when that will be?" I questioned, grabbing a hold of Finn's other hand, giving it a quick squeeze to let him know I was there and that he wasn't alone.

Clarke gave a small shrug, letting out a sigh as she brushed a a piece of stray hair from his face, "Hopefully soon." she paused for a moment, her demeanour slightly changing, "He'll need water when he does, do you mind?" she asked, turning to Raven who nodded, instantly turning and leaving to go get some water.

I noticed the look on Clarke's face and could tell she wanted to be alone with Finn. I lightly let go of my brother's hand, giving Clarke a knowing smile, "I'll be back in a bit."

Clarke looked up at me in surprise, "No, Avery you can—"

I cut her off, "It's okay, I'm gonna go try and get some rest. Will you call me if anything changes?"

Clarke nodded, "Of course."

I gave her another smile before making my way across the drop ship to find a place to sit down and rest. The past days on Earth had been the most taxing experience of my life and I had a feeling it was going to get even crazier.

hey guys, I hoped you enjoyed this chapter! hold onto your seats because this book is about to get even crazier ;)

if you enjoyed please leave a vote and a comment, it lets me know that people are actually reading and liking this story haha

-maddy xo

22. the beyond

My back was pressed against the cool metal wall of the drop ship. My head in my hands as hot tears fell down my cheeks. Finn still hadn't woken up and it was getting to the point where I was worried he wouldn't.

"He'll be okay, Aves." Octavia slid down the wall so she was sitting beside me, placing a gentle hand on my shoulder she gave me a soft smile.

"What if he won't Tavia? I can't lose him."

"I know," she whispered, pulling me into a hug, "But he'll be okay. The Collins are tough remember?"

I let out a small laugh as I wiped away my stray tears before speaking again, deciding to change the topic, "How is he?" I asked, nodding towards the ladder where the grounder was being kept.

Octavia sighed, "He'll be okay." she shrugged, her eyes wandering to the ladder. "I wanted to say thank you for trying to stop Bellamy earlier. I know you must want him dead because of what he did to Finn but—"

I cut her off, shaking my head, "We don't hurt people. That's not who we are and I know Finn wouldn't want that. You're right, he's not my favourite person in the world but he doesn't deserve that."

Octavia cracked a small smile, "You're too pure for this world Avery Collins."

I laughed, "What can I say? I guess being free for the first time in 18 years brings out the good side of people."

Octavia and I broke out into a fit of laughter, like the ones we used to have in our cells late at night as we talked about everything and anything. It was an odd time to be giggling like school girls but at

that moment I felt at peace.

"Avery!" Clarke's yelling caused me to stop abruptly, any happiness that was inside my body instantly drained as I stood up as quickly as I could, rushing over to where Finn was.

"What? What's wrong?" I demanded, almost out of breath due to the panic that was rising in my chest.

"Why so serious?" I looked away from Clarke to see Finn looking up at me with a grin.

"Oh my God" I gasped, instantly bending over to wrap my arms tightly around my brother, "You idiot! Don't you ever scare me like that again." I whispered.

"Sorry Aves. won't let it happen again." he said with a smirk.

"Thank you." I said to Clarke, wrapping my arms around her.

She smiled, returning the embrace. "You're welcome."

"I should wake Raven." she added, looking over to where Raven was sleeping.

I nodded, glancing down at my bloody hands, "Yeah, I think I'm going to get cleaned up." I turned to Finn, "Don't die while I'm gone. I'm serious." I ordered sternly.

"Ay, Ay Captain." Finn mocked, gingerly raising his hand to his forehead to solute.

I rolled my eyes at him before sending a smile to Clarke, "I'll be back in a bit, alright?"

Clarke nodded as she moved back over to Finn's bedside, "Take your time."

I let out a sigh of bliss as I walked out into the fresh daylight air. The storm had passed, leaving the camp torn up, but somehow in a state of serenity at the same time.

I walked through camp, ignoring the looks of sympathy everyone sent me. I was still coated in my brother's body, looking as dishevelled as ever.

By the time I reached the front gates, I was interrupted.

"What do you think you're doing?" A voice called. I glanced up to see one of the kids positioned as guard at the front gate starting at me.

"I just need to go clean up." I explained, lifting up my hands to show the blood that covered them.

"Bellamy said no one can leave camp, not until we figure out what to do about the Grounders." the boy replied.

I rolled my eyes, reaching out to pull at the gates again. "Bellamy is not in charge of me now is he?"

The boy looked taken aback, not expecting me to argue with him. "Bellamy!" he called, summoning Bellamy who was walking through camp.

I let out a groan, "Tattletale."

"Avery," Bellamy greeted me with a nod, "Hows your brother?"

I gave him a tight-lipped smile. "He's fine—good actually. He's awake."

"That's good to hear," he said, shooting me a genuine smile, "Now what's going on?"

"She wants to leave camp." the other boy explained.

Bellamy looked over to me with a confused look, "Why in the hell would you want to leave camp after what happened to your brother?"

"Bellamy, I just want to get out of camp for a bit, and get cleaned up. I'll be like two minutes away from camp, if anything happens I'll yell. I promise."

Bellamy crossed his arms against his chest as he thought about it, "You can go, but I'm coming with you."

I let out a laugh, "I'm not letting you come and watch me get cleaned up. I don't need a babysitter, Bellamy."

"Avery—"

"Bellamy, I'll be fine I promise. I just need a few minutes alone. Please." I begged, looking up at him with pleading eyes.

Bellamy stared at me for a moment before finally nodding, "Fine. But I'm heading out with Clarke to gather some more supplies, which means you two," he said, turning to point at the two boys in guard, "are responsible for making she she comes back, got it?"

The two boys nodded and I let out a sigh of relief, "Thank you." I breathed, giving him a smile of gratitude.

I turned back towards the gate which was still closed. The boy was looking down at me in disbelief.

"Okay tattletale," I called, breaking the boy from his trance, "You can open the gate now."

A smile spread across my face as I walked the small distance to the creek that ran by our camp. I knew I should feel scared about walking outside of the safety of our walls but for once I felt safe. The Grounders had never come close to our camp before which made me feel secure about being alone in the forest which was still full of trees dripping raindrops from the storm.

After about ten minutes of walking I heard the running of the water. I had decided to go further than what I had told Bellamy, I needed to get further away from camp, let myself breath for a few minutes.

I let out a sigh of relief as I knelt beside the creek, dipping my hands into the cold water. I rubbed my hands together, trying to clean off my brother's blood. As the blood washed away, it felt like I was erasing the past fews hours of chaos. So much had gone on, I needed to start fresh.

The sudden snapping of a twig somewhere in the trees behind me caused me to pause, my heart jumping slightly. I spun around, heart beat speeding up, "Bellamy?" I asked, looking around hoping to see the older boy, about to chastise me for straying too far from camp.

No response came, and there was no sign of anyone in my near vicinity. Hesitantly, I dismissed it as nothing more than an animal, turning back to the creek.

I had finally gotten all the blood and dirt from my hands when I heard the noise once again. I sat up straighter, turning around again. "Who's there?" I asked, standing up and looking around, prepared to make the rush back to camp.

Unfortunately, I didn't have a chance. It turns out I was wrong about a lot of things. I was especially wrong about leaving camp alone.

Something hard came in contact with the back of my skull, seconds later everything went black.

uh oh this isnt good

23. captive

My eyes sprung open as my body made contact with the hard ground. I looked around with wide eyes, trying to register where I was. Panic settled through my body as two large hands roughly grabbed my arms, instantly locking a chain around them.

I tried to find my breath as I looked up at the person who had brought me here. My heart dropped when I laid eyes on the large man dressed in furs, his face covered in dark paint. He looked similar to the man who had taken Octavia.

Hot tears filled my eyes as realization dawned on me. I had been captured by the Grounders. It felt like a nightmare, like someone was playing a joke on me. Bellamy had told me it wasn't safe out here but I kept pushing, just like I always did. It was my own fault I was here, If I had just listened—

The thoughts running through my head were cut short when the Grounder grabbed a hold of my arm, pulling me from the ground and to my feet. I tried to resist his efforts to pull me further down the hall we were in but to no avail.

He dragged me down the dim hallway, his grip tightening on my arm with every attempt I made to free myself.

"Please," I cried, trying to dig my heals into the ground to make it hard for him to force me into one of the cells, "Please don't!"

He ignored me as we began walking towards the far wall. As we passed one of the rooms which was blocked off by a metal barred door, a voice spoke, "Avery?"

I whipped my head around to see Murphy, his face pushed up against one of the cell doors. He was so badly beaten I barely recognized him at first."Oh my God." I whispered, trying to pull free from the Grounder once again, "Murphy!" I yelled, letting out a grunt of pain as the Grounder violently pulled me away from

Murphy's cell.

It was common knowledge that Murphy and I did not get along, but he was still one of us and knowing I wasn't alone here made me feel the slightest bit better.

"They're gonna get you to try and talk!" Murphy yelled as I was pulled further and further away from him, "Just be strong!"

That was the last thing I heard from him before I was thrust into a separate cell, my knees and hands screaming in pain as they landed on the cool, damp stone that made up the small space. "Please." I begged once again, looking up at the man who just stared down at me blankly, "Please don't do this to me."

I held in a mangled cry as a Grounder's fist made contact with my face once again, his hand now covered in a mixture of my blood and his own. Not long after they had locked me up in the cell they had dragged me into a room that I could only describe as a torture room, several instruments meant to inflict pain were laid out on a table in front of us. I was tied to a column, my wrists bound above my head.

"Tell us," a female Grounder demanded, standing in front of me, her voice filled with venom, "Tell us about your people."

I shook my head as tears streamed down my cheeks. I refused to say a word. I knew that if I did it was putting everyone back at camp in danger. Finn, Octavia, Raven...Bellamy, everyone I cared about could die if I said anything.

She tilted her head in frustration ,"We already know you are sky people," she began, standing up and moving to the other side of the room, picking up a piece of metal and examining it, "In fact, we know a lot about you."

I froze, my breathing ragged as I pulled my teary eyes up to look at her.

I soon began to realize what she meant. Murphy had told them

everything. I wasn't surprised, he had no loyalty to us and who knew how long he had been here. A person can only handle so much pain before they begin to talk, and when you have no one to protect it makes it that much easier.

I shook my head slightly, revealing to her that I wasn't going to say anything. I wouldn't have been surprised if they just decided to kill me, with Murphy here they didn't need me, especially if I wasn't going to talk.

The woman nodded, giving a slight smile of pity as she took the metal rod and plunged it into the flame. She turned to the other man in the room, saying something in a language that I couldn't understand.

The man nodded as he approached me, tearing open the bottom of my shirt to reveal my bare stomach.

I looked up with wide eyes as I shook my head, realizing what they were about to do, "No!" I screamed, trying to free my hands to no avail, "No!" I repeated, my cries echoing off the walls.

The woman walked closer to me, so close I could feel the heat from the rod, "You don't want to speak? You get punished." she announced, the words barely leaving her mouth by the time she pressed the scolding metal into my stomach.

I let out a scream of pain as the hot metal burned my bare skin. I could smell my flesh burning, similar to what I smelt when Raven had electrocuted the Grounder who stabbed Finn. Tears streamed down my cheeks as I bit down harshly on my lip to avoid crying out again.

As they continued to inflict any and all kinds of pain on me, all I could think about was the fact that I had let this happened to another human being.

Maybe this was what you called karma.

im so sad for poor avs :(any wow john murphy welcome back buddy! do you think avery will speak to the grounders, or do

you think she will be able to keep it all in to protect her friends?

comment and let me know what you thought! :)

-maddy xo

24. the lucky one

[image]

I wasn't sure how long I had been here, a day, maybe two. I leaned against the cool wall of my cell as I surveyed my injuries. My leg throbbed in pain due to the large gashes that were present on my upper thigh from sharp blades. My stomach still felt like it was burning from the hot metal that was dug into it, My ribs were bruised and my face, my face was covered in bruises and blood, not near as bad as Murphy's, but bad.

I let out a shaky sigh at the thought of Murphy. I had only been here for a couple of days at max and was already in this much pain, I couldn't even begin to imagine what he had been through.

The hinges on the metal door of my cell squealed as it opened, causing me to lift my head and look at the person entering. Every time that door had opened for the past two days I had begged, cried, screamed, done everything I could think of to try and convince them not to take me back to that room, the room where I knew I would face unimaginable pain. But today, today was different, I had no fight left.

"I'm not going to tell you anything." My voice came out rough, barely there from all the screaming and crying I had done, "Do whatever you want."

The man ignored me, like usual, grabbed my arm and pulled me harshly from my cell, like usual, however he pulled me towards the opposite end of the hall, not like usual.

"Where are you taking me?" I demanded, panic beginning to seep into my blood, "What's happening?"

The man continued to drag me down the hallway, grumbling under his breath. I couldn't understand what he was saying until he turned his head slightly to look at me, "You should be thankful for Lincoln," he spat as we stopped and he secured shakes around my

already raw wrists, "He's the only reason you're making it out of here alive."

I was shocked as we continued walking. Who was Lincoln? Was he their leader? Was he the one who called all the shots? Was he—

My thoughts were cut off when a struggle down the hall grabbed my attention. I turned my head to see Murphy attempting to break free from the Grounders that were holding him, "Avery!" he screamed, his voice raw.

"Murphy!" I yelled while trying to stop the Grounder from pulling me any further, "What's going on!?"

Murphy gave up fighting as he let the Grounders begin to pull him away from me, "They're letting you go! I heard them talking and—" He cut himself off as he was pulled towards another corridor, "Just come back for me Avery, promise you'll come back!" he pleaded.

I was stunned at the news he had just delivered but nonetheless I gave him a slight nod of my head, "I promise!"

I was then pulled towards a ladder and forced up it, each step I took caused my leg to scream in pain. As I reached the top, the sunlight hit my eyes and I squinted against its bright light.

The Grounder pushed me through the forest towards a large animal that I soon recognized as a horse. I had never seen one in person before and seeing the animal brought me a sense of peace.

"Let's go." The Grounder ordered, motioning for me to get on the horse, "Anya will be here soon."

My limp body bounced around painfully with every step the horse took. Not long after I was forced up onto the back of one of the horses, another horse joined us with a woman on the back who I assumed was Anya. We had been riding through the forest now for whatever like forever as all my injuries burned in pain. I struggled to keep my eyes open, in order to see where they were taking me, Murphy said they were letting me go but that didn't mean they

were letting me go back to camp. One of my eyes was almost swollen shut and the other was too tired to want to stay alert.

Finally, the horses stopped moving and I forced myself to open my eyes. When I did I was met with the sight of a large bridge, it was covered in moss and overgrown trees, the dense forest surrounding it. But the sight of the bridge wasn't what shocked me. What had me almost crying out in surprise was the sight of Clarke, Octavia and my brother on the other side, joined by the Grounder that had taken Octavia.

"Get her off." The woman ordered which caused the Grounder who I had been on the horse with to jump off and pull me harshly from the back of the animal.

I felt myself wince as he dragged me along behind him, walking me in the direction the bridge...toward my brother. The minute saw me, he started toward me in a hurry, only to be stopped by Grounder we had captured, who I now assumed was Lincoln. Lincoln said something to hum before nodding to Clarke.

My brother and Clarke shared a look before the blonde girl began making her way down the bridge towards us. T

he woman now grabbed my arm, yanking me from the man as she continued walking with me. In what felt like eternity, we were finally in the middle of the bridge, the woman forcefully shoving me towards Clarke.

Clarke caught my weak body in her arms, enveloping me in a hug before turning to lightly push me in the direction of Finn, "It's okay," she promised, "Go to your brother."

I didn't need to argue with her on that one. I went as fast as my body would let me, ignoring all my injuries begging me to stop. When I was far enough away from Clarke and Anya, Finn rushed towards me.

I let out a sob as my twin brother pulled me into his arms, squeezing me so tightly I felt like I couldn't breath. "It's okay Aves. You're gonna be okay."

I didn't let go of him as he all but carried me back to where Octavia and Lincoln we standing. My arms were tightly wrapped around the back of his neck, my face pressed into his shoulder. The minute we reached them, Octavia was pulling me from Finn's grasp, tears filling her eyes as she hugged me. "I'm so glad you're okay." she whispered.

I forced a smile at her once she released me. Finn instinctively pulled me back towards him, wrapping his arm around my waist, allowing me to use him for support. "How did you—"

He cut me off, knowing what I was about to ask, "It's a long story," he explained, "But you're here now and that's all that matters."

I nodded as we all fell into silence, all of us watching the exchange between Clarke and Anya. Everything seemed to be going as well as it could considering it seemed that the two of our groups at been at an undeclared war since we arrived.

It wasn't until a scream from the tree line that everything descended into chaos. "Clarke, get down!"

I recognized the voice as Jasper's, and not even seconds after his warning, shots began ringing off around us along with a downpour of arrow fire. My heart lurched in my chest as Finn threw mine and his body onto the ground.

His breathing was heavy as he used his body to shield mine, suddenly he began to yell, "Clarke, get down!"

I felt his body shift overtop of mine as he sat up. I felt another pair of arms grab me and pull me up off the ground. I looked up with wide eyes to see Lincoln step in front of Octavia and I.

Terror consumed me as Finn began running down the bridge towards Clarke.

I started forward, only being stopped by Lincoln who reached out to pull me back behind him.

"Finn!" I screamed, my voice barely strong enough. He ignored me as he kept on towards the blonde, once he reached her he threw his

body in front of her similar to how he had with me.

I could barely breathe as I watched the two of them run back towards us, dodging arrows as they did so. I was too busy watching the two of them to notice an arrow coming in our direction, I didn't see it until it was impaled in Lincoln's chest.

Octavia let out a gasp as she moved out from behind him, "Oh my God Lincoln, you've been hit."

Lincoln let out a grunt in pain, "It's just a scratch." he brushed it off, quickly breaking the end of the arrow off.

Once Clarke and Finn had reached us Lincoln pushed Octavia away from him, "Okay, run. Don't stop until you get behind your walls. Go, take her!" he ordered, pushing Octavia into Clarke who grabbed her and began running.

"Lincoln, no!" Octavia's scream was full of emotion as she was pulled away from him.

"Come on Aves." Finn muttered, pulling me into his arms and up off the ground. I finally let the exhaustion that had been plaguing me for days consume me, resting my head on his chest. I listened to his breathing as we ran.

It appeared that our conflict with the Grounders was far from over.

hey guys! so I know avery wasn't gone for very long but I just felt like the story line fit better if she was reunited with the gang in this scene!

let me know what you thought of this chapter :)

-maddy xo

25. faulty

[image]

We hadn't made it too far through the forest when Finn began to slow down, his breathing sharp and laboured.

"What's wrong?" Clarke asked as her and the rest of the group stopped running to see why he had stopped.

Finn readjusted me in his arms, causing me to open my eyes that I had had closed for the last five minutes or so. "I just need a minute." he grunted, I could tell he was lying.

"Finn," Clarke gasped, taking a few steps towards us, "You're bleeding."

Finn instantly brushed her off, "I'm fine."

Clarke shook her head, "No Finn, you're not fine. You're still healing and—"

It was then that I remember that Finn was still healing from a stab wound. I had been so caught up in everything else I hadn't even clued in that him carrying me through the dense forest full of obstacles must have been more than painful. "Put me down." I ordered, trying to push myself free from Finn's grasp, "I can walk." I tried to sound forceful, but my voice came out as barely a whisper.

"No," Finn argued, tightening his hold on me. "You can't walk Avery, you can barely keep your eyes open let alone run anywhere."

"Finn," Clarke said softly, "You can't carry her anymore, you're going to tear your stitches out."

Finn was getting frustrated and I could tell, "I don't care about that! She can't walk Clarke, so I—"

"Here," Bellamy's voice cut into the conversation as he stepped towards us from the front of the group, "I can take her" he

announced, putting the strap of his gun over his shoulder before swinging the weapon to the back of him.

Finn looked down at me before looking up at Clarke and then Bellamy. "Come on Finn, just let me take her okay?" Bellamy said quietly as he held his arms out in front of him.

Finn let out a sigh before lightly placing me in Bellamy's arms which instantly tightened around my body, pulling me close to his chest.

I felt my eyes droop as the warmth of his body met my own. He shifted slightly before turning to the rest of the group.

"Okay," Raven breathed, "If that's all sorted out, let's keeping going before we all end up dead."

When my eyes finally opened again I wasn't in Bellamy's arms but back in a tent at camp. Bandages covered my wounds and the intense pain I had been feeling early was starting to subside.

As I regained my vision once sleep totally left me, I looked around the tent, my eyes instantly landing on a figure sitting beside my bed, their eyes closed.

"Bellamy?" I tried to say his name but my voice failed. I cleared my throat, trying again, "Bellamy?"

His eyes shot open as he sat up straighter, "You're awake." he observed, his hand flying up to awkwardly scratch his neck.

I cracked a small smile, "Looks like it."

He nodded, a small smile of his own spreading onto his face, "I'll go get your brother." he said, leaving the tent before I had a chance to say anything else.

I felt my shoulders slump slightly, I'd never seen someone so eager to get away from me before. Bellamy was acting weird, weirder than usual and I decided to make it my mission to find out why.

Finn soon came flying into the tent, a huge smile on his face as he wrapped his arms around me, taking the seat Bellamy had been in. "I'm so happy to see that smile" he laughed as he shook his head in awe, "Rough few days for the Collins hey?"

I laughed as I shook my head, he was right, the two of us had had a hell of a go. My laughing came to a halt as I winced, pain shooting through ribs.

Finn tensed up, "Are you okay?" he quickly asked.

I nodded, shifting around in the bed to make myself more comfortable, "Yeah, I'm okay."

Finn's mood instantly changed as his jaw hardened, his eyes scanning my injuries, "God Aves, what did they do to you?"

I shrugged, not really wanting to relive the past few days I changed the subject, "So, what did I miss around here?"

Finn spent the next ten minutes or so filling me in. From Bellamy and Clarke finding guns, to Octavia and Lincoln sneaking off together and Finn making a deal with Lincoln to set up that meeting and get me back, and not to mention the fact that a drop ship had come from space, crashing into the ground and probably killing everyone within. Finn then explained that a group of them were going to check out the scene and proceeded to tell me that no, I could not come.

"Can I at least get out of this bed?" I questioned, throwing my arms up in frustration.

Finn grinned as he nodded, "I'm sure that's fine."

A smile spread onto my face as I threw off the covers, Finn coming to my aid in getting out the bed. I was still sore, but I could walk almost normally so that was a good thing. As I stepped out of the tent, using Finn as a crutch, I let the warm sun soak into my skin as I listened to the bustling around camp. It had only been a few days but I missed that sound more than I could explain.

"You're up!" Clarke's voice sounded shocked as she approached my

brother and I, a smile on her face.

Finn gave her a guilty look, "I told her she could get up and move around, is that okay?"

Clarke nodded at him, "Yeah, it's good that you get up and around, but take it easy okay?" she said, turning to look at me.

"Whatever you say, Doc."

Clarke playfully rolled her eyes as she looked back at Finn, "We're gonna get going." she announced, nodding her head towards a group waiting by the front gates. Among that group was Bellamy who's eyes were locked on me, as I met his gaze he quickly adverted his line of vision to the ground.

Finn shifted, "I don't know—"

I cut my brother off, taking my arm off of him so I was standing on my own, "Go Finn, I'm fine."

Another arm snaked around my waist, "Yeah, go Finn, I've got her." I turned to see a smiling Octavia.

Finn stared at the two of us before nodding, "Fine, I won't be too long. Octavia, please just watch her and don't let her do anything stupid."

I rolled my eyes as Octavia nodded, "Got it."

As Finn and Clarke walked off I turned to Octavia with a grin, "Doesn't he know all stupid things I do are with you?"

Octavia laughed, "Brothers can be so naive sometimes."

Her comment caused me to straighten up slightly as I looked over to the group who were gearing up to leave, locking my eyes on Bellamy, "Speaking of brothers, what's up with yours?"

Octavia tilted her head in confusion as the two of us walked towards the camp fire in the middle of camp, "What do you mean?"

I sat down on one of the logs, stretching my legs out in front of me, "He was in my tent when I woke up, and the minute I opened my eyes he was basically running away. He'll barely even look at me now."

Octavia looked conflicted as she took a seat beside me.

"Just tell me, please, Tavia." I begged, wanting to know what had the older boy acting so strange.

My best friend let out a sigh as she looked over to where her brother was leaving and then back to me, "He thinks it's his fault."

I furrowed my brow in confusion, "What's his fault?"

Octavia shook her head, "He blames himself for you getting taken. He hasn't left your side since we got you back to camp and he's been beating himself up."

I felt my heart drop at this confession. This was in no way Bellamy's fault and I felt sick knowing he thought it was. "Oh my God. Please tell me someone told him it's not his fault." I groaned which caused Octavia to give me a guilty look.

"Octavia." I warned.

"Well we were all kind of upset with him when we found out he let you out of camp!" she defended.

I threw my head back in frustration, "Octavia, I'm the one who wanted to leave, I'm the one who went to far from camp! If you're going to blame anyone, blame me!"

"Well you better tell him that."

okay how adorable is it that bellamy stayed with avery!! I have a feeling bell cares for avery more than he wants to let on ;)

comment and let me know what you thought!

-maddy xo

26. the return

Octavia and I had spent most of the day talking- something we haven't done since we got down here. We had both been so preoccupied with, well with everything, that it was nice to spend some time together. We had sat by the camp fire and talked well into the afternoon and evening and soon enough it was beginning to get dark. I decided to excuse myself and go lay down, I was exhausted still.

I wasn't in bed for long when some kind of commotion caused me to sit up. Octavia went rushing by my tent and I called out her name which caused her to turn around and poke her head in my tent.

"What's going on? Is everything okay?" I asked, beginning to pull the covers off of myself.

Octavia put out her hand to motion me to stop, "Yeah, I'm just checking on something. I'll come get you if anything is wrong okay?"

I locked eyes with her before nodding and leaning back in bed, "Okay, fine." Usually I would be up and out of the tent by now but at this point I decided I could sit this one out.

Although I had made the conscious decision to stay in bed, my mind wouldn't stop racing as I wondered what could be going on outside. Octavia hadn't come and gotten me which must of meant nothing was really wrong, but nonetheless my mind wouldn't stop. It was when Bellamy and the others who had been out of camp all day went flying by my tent that I finally got up.

"Bellamy!" I called rushing out of my tent to follow after him.

Bellamy slowed his pace but he didn't turn to look at me "Avery, go back to your tent." he ordered.

I ignored him, joining him, Clarke and Finn as they made their way

towards the drop ship, "What's going on?" I demanded, hoping someone would tell me.

Finn lightly grabbed my arm, causing the two of us to stop and fall behind the rest of the group, "Avs, Bellamy is right, just go back to your tent and let us handle this one okay? You need to rest."

"I'm fine Finn." I argued, pulling my arm from his grasp and following the others into the drop ship where they had disappeared into just moments ago. I could hear Bellamy's loud voice as I entered, but I couldn't see what had him so upset until I made my way further into the ship.

As I made my way through the small group that had gathered, my eyes landed on a figure curled up against the far wall. Their face was covered in blood and dirt, as was the rest of their body. It took me a minute, but soon enough a strangled gasp left my lips.

I felt like I was going to throw up as his eyes looked up to meet mine amid the rest of the group. It was Murphy. The same boy who I promised I would come back for, the same boy who had slipped my mind since I got back to camp.

Bellamy stood beside me, his angry eyes trained on Murphy, "Everyone but Connor and Derek out, now!" At his demand everyone began filing out of the drop ship, leaving the two boys along with Clarke, Finn, Bellamy and I.

"He claims he was with the Grounders." Derek explained.

"We caught him trying to sneak back into camp." Connor added, answering the question of what Octavia had to deal with earlier. I wondered why she didn't come get me, but quickly brushed it off, that was not the main concern right now.

Murphy was shaking as he spoke, "I wasn't sneaking...I was running from the Grounders".

Bellamy didn't seem convinced, "Anyone see Grounders?"

I tried to speak but I felt like I couldn't form words as Connor shook his head, answering Bellamy's question.

"Well in that case," Bellamy grumbled, raising his gun and pointing it at Murphy's head.

Finn swatted the barrel of the gun down, "What the hell's wrong with you?" he demanded, stepping in front of Murphy.

"We were clear what would happen if he came back." Bellamy argued, raising his gun once again.

"No!" Finn shot back, "If he was with the Grounders then he knows things that can help us."

"Avery was with the Grounders," Bellamy said nodding to me. I was still frozen in place, my eyes wide and my mouth hanging open, "She can help us...besides, we hanged him, we banished him and now we're gonna kill him. Get the hell out of my way."

It was at this moment that all my senses finally flooded back, "No." I said sternly, joining my brother in front of Bellamy, "Murphy's not lying-" I cut myself off, letting out a quick breath, "I saw him, wherever the Grounders had me, he was there."

Bellamy's face fell, as did my brother's as he turned to me in shock. "You didn't care to mention this?" Bellamy asked, his eyes darting from Murphy and then to me.

"I've been a bit preoccupied." I argued which resulted in Bellamy shaking his head in disbelief.

"Finn and Avery are right." Clarke finally stepped in, making her way towards Murphy.

"Like hell they are!" Bellamy argued, "Clarke, think about Charlotte!"

Clarke, who was crouched in front of Murphy turned her head to look back at Bellamy, "I am thinking about Charlotte! What happened to her was as much our fault as it was his."

The blonde girl then began examining Murphy's hands, "His fingernails are ripped off. They tortured him, the same thing they did to Avery."

I felt myself wince slightly at the mention of what the Grounders did to Murphy, and to myself, I was trying desperately to forget.

"You and the Grounders should compare notes." Finn mumbled to Bellamy.

Bellamy let out a scoff, "The Grounders know we're at war. What did you tell them about us?" his voice boomed at Murphy.

The bloodied boy looked up at Bellamy, "Everything."

Clarke reproached Bellamy, "Once he's better we find out what he knows. Then he's out of here, okay?"

Bellamy clenched his jaw, nodding his head towards me, "We have Avery, why do we need him?"

I felt slightly offended that Bellamy wanted nothing more than to use me as an information depot on the Grounders, but I still shook my head, "I don't know anything. Murphy was there longer than me, he knows more."

"What if he refuses to leave? What do we do with him then?" Bellamy brought up his next concern.

Clarke, who had been making her way out of the drop ship, turned around, "Then we kill him."

Once she left, Bellamy, Finn and I all stood just staring at Murphy until I spoke up, "Bellamy, I need to talk to you."

Bellamy didn't take his eyes off Murphy as he spoke, "I'm kinda busy right now Avery, can it wait?"

I shook my head, "No, I need to speak with you right now."

Bellamy let out a sigh as he nodded at Connor and Derek, "Watch him, don't let him out of your sight." he ordered, pointing to Murphy.

Once he had that all sorted out, he followed me outside of the drop ship. I led the two of us away from the commotion of camp and

crossed my arms over my chest as Bellamy stared at me, waiting for me to speak.

"It's not your fault." I finally said, which made his face cloud over in confusion.

"What are you taking about?" He seemed unimpressed with me.

I took a small step closer to him, "Octavia told me that you blame yourself for what happened to me but-"

Bellamy let out a small curse, "When is anything Octavia says true?"

Usually a comment like that would have anger washing over me, but in this case, I could tell it was a defense mechanism. "It's not your fault Bellamy, okay? I all but forced you to let me go out there. I was the irresponsible one who made stupid choices, not you. So I don't want you blaming yourself, it's not helping anyone."

The look of anger on Bellamy's face faded as he looked down at the ground, refusing to look me in the eyes, "I shouldn't have let you go out there, if I had have just-"

"If you hadn't have let me go I would have snuck out, Bellamy!" I cut him off, refusing to let him keep blaming himself. "I'm okay. I'm alive. So you don't have to keep treating me like anything is different. I'm still the same Avery who pisses you off all the time."

Bellamy finally looked up as the smallest trace of a smile spread across his face, "You don't piss me off, you never could."

okay wow so a lot happened in this chapter! murphy is back in camp and avery realizes she forgot to tell the others about him...yikes! and I think im sensing something between avs and bellamy ;)

any who, I hope you guys have been enjoying these updates, I've done like one each day for the past three days! It's probably a bad idea considering im in the middle of exams but who cares

also, first episode of season 5 came out today and I haven't

seen it yet but I am pumped!

comment and let me know what you guys thought of this chapter

-maddy xo

27. disease

Sunlight leaked into my tent as I let out a groan. After I had spoken to Bellamy I had been exiled back to my tent and told to rest. I didn't disagree with them that I needed to sleep but I would much rather be contributing to our efforts to defend against the impending Grounder war.

I played with the ends of my hair, unable to sleep. I had fallen asleep for a few hours but now I was wide awake. A few minutes after I had woken up in the first place I had tried to leave my tent but my brother was there waiting to make sure that didn't happen.

"Can I please come out?" I called, sitting up and craning my neck to look for my brother who was supposed to be stationed outside my tent.

When I received no answer I assumed that Finn had left his post, so I took that as an opportunity to leave the confinement of the tent. As I walked out into the daylight, I took a moment to allow my eyes to adjust. Once they adjusted I was met with the scene of dozens of kids double over in pain as they broke out into fits of coughing. Each one had blood oozing from their nose, eyes, ears and mouths.

I stumbled back in surprise as I looked around. I had been awake for hours and was given no indication that any of this was going on meaning whatever happened, happened quickly.

"Avery, come on." Bellamy said, coming from within camp to grab my arm and pull me along with him towards the drop ship.

"What's going on, what's wrong with everyone?" I asked in shock, my eyes still locked on the ill.

"I don't know, but we're going to find out."

As we entered the drop ship my eyes landed on Clarke who was crouched in front of Murphy. Her face was stained with faint blood.

Murphy looked worse than when I had last seen him, blood dripped from his mouth as he struggled for air.

"Bellamy, Avery, stay back." Clarke warned, lifting her hand to tell us to not come any closer.

"Did he do something to you?" Bellamy questioned.

Clarke shook her head weakly, "No."

Bellamy took a step forward, his eyes locked on Clarke, "What the hell is this?"

Clarke looked at Murphy who was still doubled over in pain, "Biological warfare."

she answered, "You were waiting for the Grounders to retaliate for the bridge...Murphy is their weapon."

I took a step backwards as did Bellamy, the two of us obviously afraid of getting whatever disease it was that was ripping through camp. We had no idea what it did or how it spread but so as far as I could tell it hadn't taken any lives...yet.

"Is this your revenge? Helping the Grounders kill us?" Bellamy asked Murphy while pacing back and forth across the drop ship. I sat perched on the ladder, watching as Clarke cleaned Murphy's wounds.

Murphy shook his head, "I didn't know about this, I swear." his voice sounded so weak it sent a tinge of remorse through my body, very well knowing what he had gone through.

"Stop lying!" Bellamy's voice boomed throughout the drop ship, causing me to jump in surprise, "When are they coming?" he pushed.

"Murphy, think. What can you tell us that's useful?" Clarke asked, her tone much softer than Bellamy's. "Did you hear anything?"

Murphy shook his head once again, "They are vicious, cruel-"

"Do you want to see vicious and cruel?" Bellamy threatened, taking a step towards Murphy.

I sprung up from where I was sitting, stepping in front of Bellamy and placing my hand on his chest, "Bellamy, stop." I warned.

Murphy let out a small laugh, "Ask Avery what they did, how horrific they were. She knows what they did to me, they did it to her too. I could hear her screams from my cage, for days I heard her plead for them to stop, she begged them to let her go"

I felt tears well up in my eyes as Murphy spoke, the memories I had tried to block from my mind came flowing back in.

"She heard my screams too as they beat me, cut me, burn me, they did it to you too right Avery? And then you promised you would come back but instead you left me there to die. Remember that Avery? When they were taking you away you-"

Bellamy's jaw was clenched as he cut Murphy off, stepping around me so he was closer to the bloodied boy, "That's enough!" his voice was louder than it had been before, "You don't speak to her, you don't look at her, hell you don't even think about her again, do you hear me? If I catch you anywhere near her, I'll kill you Murphy I swear to-"

I felt myself shrink away from the scene as guilt and pain overwhelmed me. Murphy was right, I had left him there.

"Clarke, Avery!" Finn's voice interrupted the moment as he came rushing into the drop ship.

Clarke's eyes grew wide, "Finn you shouldn't be in here!" she warned, "No one should."

"I heard you were sick." he said to Clarke as he approached me, ensuring I was okay.

"I'm fine." I whispered, which caused him to nod before turning back to Clarke.

He looked around the room at the sick members of our group, "Clarke, what is this?"

Clarke sighed, "I don't know, some kind of hemorrhagic fever. We just need to contain it before-" she was cut off as Derek- one of the boys who had brought Murphy in- began coughing violently, his body convulsing.

My eyes grew wide as I began making my way towards him to help, "No!" Clarke yelled, causing me to freeze, "It spreads through contact, you can't touch him." she explained as she stood, beginning to make her own way towards him.

Finn, who has always been a bad listener, stuck his hand out to steady Clarke who pulled away from him, "Don't touch me, you could get sick" she repeated, "Wash your hands, now!"

Bellamy reached out and lightly grabbed my arm, pulling me away from Derek and Clarke. He pulled me closer to him as we both watched Derek fight to breathe.

"What the hell is happening to him?" Finn asked as he searched for something to wash his hands with.

"I don't know." Clarke answered honestly as blood flooded out of Derek's mouth.

We all watched in horror as Derek stopped moving, the noises he had been making ceased as well.

Clarke looked at us before reaching a shaky hand towards him. She placed her fingers on his neck.

I stood almost behind Bellamy, afraid of what was going to happen next. "Is he-"

"He's dead."

hey guys, I'm back! I finished exams a few weeks ago and have just been getting used to being back home and such! I hope you guys liked this chapter, also let me know how you guys are liking season 5, it sure it crazy

if you liked this please, please, please vote and comment, I really wanna know how you guys are liking this book/what you want to see

love you guys!

-maddy xoxo

28. quarantine

[image]

It had been decided that our best option at containing the virus was to round up everyone that had made contact with Murphy and quarantine them. We all knew that that was only part of the problem as we also had to deal with those that had then come into contact with them, but as Clarke put it, we had to start somewhere.

Finn and I made our way through camp, searching for anyone who had made contact with Murphy. We made sure not to touch anyone and convey a clear message that this virus spread through contact. Within an hour we had most of the camp rounded up into the drop ship. Clarke examined everyone, organizing them to the levels of the ship based on the severity of their symptoms.

As we made our way back to the drop ship with the last group of infected, I paused. Out of the corner of my eye I could see Octavia making her way towards the outer gates. It turned out Octavia had been the first person to touch Murphy, but by the sound of it she wasn't showing any symptoms, but that still did not mean she should be leaving camp.

"I'll catch up with you in a bit." I muttered to Finn who merely nodded in response. I looked around ensuring nobody, especially Bellamy, was watching as I followed after Octavia.

"Octavia!" I whispered, causing the dark haired girl to spin around and look at me in surprise. "What are you doing?" I questioned.

Octavia pursed her lips as she looked around, "Clarke told me to sneak out." she answered, nodding her head towards the drop ship where Clarke was.

I scrunched up my face, "Why would she tell you to do that? You could be infected."

My best friend sighed, "She needs Lincoln's help with trying to cure

this thing, he might know how."

"I'm coming with you then." I announced, taking a step towards her.

Octavia shook her head, "Avery no. You're still weak and besides, I need someone to keep Bellamy distracted while I'm gone."

I scoffed, "What makes you think I can keep him distracted?"

She smirked as she turned to the wall, "Something tells me you can."

I felt my shoulders slump in defeat as I watched her duck out of camp through a secret exit she had found. I was seconds away from following after her when someone called my name.

I spun around to see Bellamy looking at me skeptically, "What are you doing?" he asked as he began walking towards me.

I looked over my shoulder once more to ensure there was no sign that Octavia had left before I made my way to him, meeting him before he could get any closer to the wall. "Just checking to make sure everything is secure." I lied, forcing a tight smile onto my lips.

Bellamy gave me an expectant look, "And?"

I stared at him for a moment, already forgetting what lie I had just told him, "And what?"

Bellamy squinted his eyes slightly, clearly becoming less and less convinced I was telling the truth, "Is everything secure?"

I let out a fake laugh, "Oh yeah, right. Everything is as secure as the Skybox." I immediately cringed at my horrible comparison between our camp and the area most of us had been locked up in on the Ark.

Bellamy gave me a skeptical look before nodding, "Well then, let's go see if there's anything else we can do for Clarke."

I gave him a quick smile as we made our way back into the main part of camp, the entire time I was inwardly cursing my horrible lying skills.

Just as we were nearing the drop ship another body was carried out. I felt my heart drop slightly as I laid eyes on the girl. Everyone else was milling around, starring at the newest victim of the virus.

"Okay," Bellamy called, breaking the silence, "Show's over, get back to your posts!"

The rest of the group listened, everyone instantly making their way to their designated posts. Bellamy made his way over to Clarke and I took this as an opportunity to go see my brother who was among those gathered outside the drop ship.

"Hey Avs." He gave me a small smile as I approached. It was evident that Clarke being sick was taking a toll on him.

"How are you holding up?" I asked, placing my hand on his head to feel for a fever. I was worried that he was going to be among the next who fell ill due to the fact that he made contact with Clarke.

He moved away from my hand, "You shouldn't be touching me. If I'm sick then it means you'll get it too."

I dropped my hand, realizing that he was right. I was worried about him touching Clarke and here I was touching him. I gave him a small smile, "You're not going to get sick. Neither am I, we'll be fine."

He shrugged, "You don't know that."

I let out a sigh, "It's called optimism, Finn."

Before Finn could shoot back some smart remark I ended our conversation as the words of Clarke and Bellamy filled my ears. Clarke had just informed Bellamy that Octavia had went to see Lincoln and he was not happy.

"If anything happens to her, you and me are going to have problems." He warned as he turned away from Clarke, making his way to the gate.

"Bellamy!" Clarke's weak voice called.

"Bellamy." I echoed, jogging over to where he was headed, cutting him off before he got too far.

The older boy glared at me, "You knew too, didn't you?" he accused.

I bit my cheek, "I saw her leaving but-"

"Whatever Avery." Bellamy sighed, pushing past me and approaching the boy at the gate. "Out of my way." he ordered to the boy who had his back to us.

When the boy turned around collective gasps were heard. His eyes were bloodshot, blood dripping from them. He was sick.

One of the boys nearest to him pointed in awe, "Dude, your eyes!"

Another boy raised his gun, "Nobody touch him!"

Bellamy began backing up, his body soon coming into contact with mine. He put his arm out in front of me as he continued to push the two of us further away from the boy. "Get to the drop ship, now!" he yelled at the sick boy.

As the boy began making his way towards the drop ship another scene erupted as a girl collapsed, but not before sending a shower of blood onto another boys face. He began panicking, blindly stumbling through camp.

This sent everyone into chaos. Guns were being pointed at people right, left and centre, not to mention that people were screaming while trying to get away from anyone that might be infected.

Bellamy pulled me along with him as he tired to calm people down. Finn also jumped in to diffuse the situation, yelling at people to lower their guns.

"Hey," I snapped at a girl who had her gun pointed in my direction, "Put the gun down!" Thankfully, she did as I said but there were still dozens of guns being pointed around camp.

"Everybody, guns down-" my weak efforts of yelling were cut off when a number of shots sounded off. I ducked down, covering my

head with my hands, afraid that someone had decided to just start shooting at random.

Luckily, it was Clarke who had shot off the rounds. She was standing at the entrance of the drop ship, a gun pointed to the sky. She took a few steps forward without lowering the gun, "This is exactly what the Grounders want. Don't you see that? They don't have to kill us if we kill each other," Clarke was making her way further and further into the group, her voice becoming weaker with each word she said.

The same kid who had raised his gun initially did so again, this time pointing it at Clarke. "They won't have to kill us if the virus kills us first. Get back!" he screamed.

Bellamy rushed forward, taking a hold of the gun and sending the butt of it into the kid's face. While the kid stumbled back in shock, Bellamy looked to Clarke. "I hate to state the obvious, but your quarantine isn't working."

Clarke didn't say anything, instead she began to sway and before I knew it she was headed to the ground. Before her body made contact with the dirt, Finn rushed towards her.

"Finn, don't!" I yelled, but like usual, he ignored me. He grabbed Clarke's limp body, cradling her in his arms.

Clarke's eyes were barely open as she spoke, "Let me go. I'm okay."

Finn shook his head, "No you're not."

Clarke let out a laboured breath, "Octavia will come back with a cure."

It seemed like the moment was planned because the second the words left Clarke's mouth Octavia was making her way back into camp. "There is no cure."

My heart fell to my stomach as the words left her mouth. If there was no cure then that meant that more people were going to die and one of those people could be my brother.

Octavia continued, "But the Grounders don't use the sickness to kill."

I looked at her and then back to the dead bodies outside the drop ship. Bellamy did the same as he scoffed, "Really? tell that to them."

Octavia shut her eyes for a moment as she sighed. Bellamy took this as a chance to chastise his younger sister, "I warned you about seeing that Grounder again."

My best friend shook her head, "Yeah well, I have a warning for you too," Octavia paused, looking around camp. Her eyes met mine and she gave me a look that I couldn't decipher. "The Grounders are coming and they're attacking at first light!"

Mutters instantly began flowing through camp. I turned wide eyed to look at Bellamy who shook his head in disbelief. Our luck was about to go from bad to worse.

hey guys! hope you enjoyed this chapter :)

like always, if you did like it please leave a vote or a comment, it really makes me happy when you do!

love you all

-maddy xoxo

29. survival of the fittest

[image]

My hands were shaking as I loaded the clip of a gun with some of Raven's freshly made bullets. A group of us were gathered in one of the tents loading as many guns possible before the Grounders attack in the morning.

"There's 5 to a clip. We need to get these onto the wall, let's go." Bellamy hurried us as Harper handed him a loaded gun.

Monty looked up from what he was doing, a puzzled look on his face, "Why only 5?"

Raven looked over at him, "We're running out of gun powder" she informed.

Harper let out a shaky breath, "We're so dead."

Jasper sent her a smirk as he pulled an empty clip from one of the guns, preparing to load it. "Don't worry, I got your back."

I looked up through my lashes to see Monty shake his head with a scoff.

"Got something to say?" Jasper sniped.

I kept working as I looked between the two boys, "Guys, stay focused, we don't have time for this."

Raven nodded, "Avery's right. We need as many rounds as we can get by sunlight."

The tent flap flew open as Finn rushed in, "It won't matter if there's no one left that can shoot."

I sent my brother a dirty look as he joined us at the work table. I was still incredibly upset with his lack of thinking in regards to so willingly making contact with Clarke. "You shouldn't be in here, you

might get us sick." I grumbled, looking back down to the clip I was working on.

Finn looked over at me, surprised with my hostility towards him, "Octavia says I'm probably immune."

I rolled my eyes, "Of course you are."

Finn ignored me as he looked across the table at Raven,"What do we need to build a bomb."

Raven tilted her head to the side slightly, "Depends on what you're trying to blow up."

Finn shifted his weight from one foot to the other, "How about a bridge."

My hands froze as I looked up with wide eyes, cluing into the plan that Finn was trying to carry out.

Bellamy didn't seem to understand what my brother was trying to get at, "What are you talking about?"

"Murphy says he crossed the bridge on the way back from the Grounder camp, and that's the same direction they brought Avery from when we had our meeting." Finn answered, his eyes darting around, looking at all of us.

Bellamy sighed, "Yeah, so what?"

"So the virus is fast. He's already getting better. Blowing the bridge won't stop the attack but the longer we can delay it, the more of us will be able to fight."

Bellamy shook his head, "Even if Murphy's telling the truth-"

"He is." I interjected.

Bellamy shot me a look before continuing, "That bridge has survived a nuclear war and 97 years of weather."

A small grin was spreading across Raven's face, "It won't survive

me."

After a lot of explaining from Raven and technical terms that I didn't even bother trying to understand, a group of us stood in the crater hole from the crashed drop ship that had come down just days earlier.

Finn had made his best argument that I should stay back at camp but with so many of us sick, I was one of the only ones able and willing to tag along. I stood back from the piece of wreckage containing the rocket fuel that Raven would use to make a bomb. One of the guns we had just loaded positioned in my hands.

When Bellamy had handed me the weapon Finn had argued against it, but for once I won the argument. I still wasn't a great shot considering Bellamy had never given me those lessons I had asked for but I was decent enough to hit a target, at least a stationary one.

I squinted my eyes at the sun, my head starting to hurt from being awake for over 24 hours. There was no time to sleep with everything going on.

"Are you going to tell me why you're so pissed at me?" Finn asked, coming to my side.

I turned my head slightly to look at him, shooting him a glare as I did so. "Does it matter what I say? You never listen to me anyways."

Finn scrunched up his face, "What are you talking about?"

I let a sigh as I turned my body to face him, "Every single time I ask you or even tell you not to do something, you do it and end up risking your life. I'm getting really tired of watching you almost die!"

Finn threw his head back and let out a groan, "You know that's funny coming from the person who go herself kidnapped by Grounders." he whispered, trying to avoid the rest of the group listening in.

I bit my lip as I shook my head in disbelief, "Oh ya cause I totally planned that, I planned getting tortured Finn, thought it would liven up my life!"

"Yeah and I planned on getting stabbed right!?" Finn shot back, both of our voices now getting louder.

"You planned risking your life for Clarke! You didn't have to grab her but Prince Charming just had to save the day right?"

Finn looked taken aback at my statement, "I would have done that for you too and you know it."

The rest of the group was now watching us intently, wondering if they should cut in on the family feud currently happening.

I ignored their stares as I continued, "But I'm your sister Finn! Not some girl you barely know." I let out a shaky breath, suddenly finding it harder to breathe. "I have seen you make stupid decision after stupid decision since we got down here. Excuse me for not wanting to watch my brother die."

"God, Avery. Why are you being like this? It's not like you're the poster child for making good decisions either. Should we maybe talk about-"

Finn cut himself off abruptly, his eyes growing wide in shock," Avery, your eyes."

My hand flew up to my face only to come in contact with the warm substance that could only be blood. I felt myself begin to sway as it seemed the world around me was spinning.

The last thing I saw before everything went dark was the worried face of my twin brother rushing towards me.

-an-

so this chapter was kinda random but I wanted to go more in depth of the finn and avery sibling dynamic! it is obvious they both care about each other but have a strange way of showing it!

also side note- i have changed the actress playing avery like 5 times now lol. but i'm going to stick with lily. I had held off casting her because I was going to use her in a diff story but I don't think I will be publishing that one anymore so its okay!

even though I have cast lily collins as my avery, please feel free to envision your avery as anyone you see fit! I know I always have my own visions of character who dont always meet the original casting!

okay enough of my rambling

I hope you enjoyed this chapter! sound off in the comments and let me know what you think :)

-maddy xoxo

30. observer

[image]

I had been in and out of consciousness on our way back to camp. Finn had carried me through the forest of course. He just had to prove a point, or he was just being a good brother but I was going with the proving a point route.

By the time we entered camp I could barely keep my eyes open, my whole body feeling weak. When we entered the drop ship, Octavia rushed towards us.

"She collapsed at the drop ship site, she's been in and out of consciousness." Finn explained as he readjusted his grip on me.

Octavia nodded, "Okay, lay her down here." she said, leading us to a vacant hammock.

Finn leaned down and gently set me down in the makeshift hammock, however before he could leave I grabbed onto his hand. I let out a shaky breath as I focused on trying to get the room to stop spinning, "I'm sorry." I whispered.

My brother's face softened as he squeezed my hand, "It's okay Avs, just get some rest okay?"

I finally let my tired eyes droop as I gave him a weak nod. Before I let my eyes close completely, I watched as Finn made his way over to where Clarke was resting. He took a hold of her hand as he said something to her. I struggled to keep my eyes open in order to watch the exchange between the two, but fatigue soon overtook me.

My eyes flew open when someone lightly nudged my side. I sat up in a panic, momentarily unaware of where I was or what was going on.

"Hey, It's okay." A voice said from beside me. I turned to see Murphy, a small smile on his face as he attempted to hand me a cup of water. "You need to drink something."

I stared at him, confused as to why he would want to help me. I sat up in the hammock, my eyes not leaving his.

Murphy noted my hesitation as sighed as he held the water closer to me, "Avery, it's okay just drink some."

I finally broke my stares at him as I took the cup from his hand, bringing it to my lips and taking a small sip, unable to get more than a little down without feeling like I was going to throw up. "Why are you being nice to me?" I questioned, even before leaving him with the Grounders Murphy had always hated me.

He shrugged as he took back the cup from my outstretched arm, "I don't hate you Avery, I-"

"Hey!" a rough voice yelled from the entrance of the drop ship. Both Murphy and I turned to see Bellamy being helped in by two other boys. His face had dried blood on it and his face was practically white-he was sick. "What did I tell you." He snapped at Murphy, trying to be as forceful as he could manage but he was too weak. "Get away from her."

"Bellamy," I gasped, slowing standing from my hammock, giving myself a moment to stabilize before making my way towards him, "Here," I muttered, taking his arm from one of the boys, "I've got him."

Bellamy leaned into me as I helped him through the drop ship, "Was he-" he cut himself off, closing his eyes and letting out a mangled sigh, "Was he bothering you?" he asked in reference to Murphy.

I shook my head, "No, he was-"

"Bell!" Octavia called, rushing towards the two of us. She took a hold of his other side as she looked for somewhere to put him, "Clear some space!" she ordered. She then turned to me, her eyes wide in shock, "Avery, get back to bed!"

I ignored her command, "He can have my hammock, I'm feeling better." It was a lie but there was no reason for me to be taking up one of the only hammocks.

Bellamy shook his head letting out a retched cough, "No, you take it, go lay down Avery."

I opened my mouth to argue with him but Octavia cut him off, "You're not going to win this one Avs. Go lay down, you still look awful."

I stared at the two siblings, Bellamy's eyes were close meanwhile Octavia was sending me pleading looks. I finally obliged, agreeing to go lay back down very well knowing that Octavia was right- I wasn't going to win this battle.

As I laid myself back down in my hammock my eyes were trained on Bellamy, helplessly watching as he threw up a plethora of blood. Standing up to help Bellamy when he had first come in had made me feel excessively worse. My head was throbbing, my whole body felt weak and the room had begun to spin once again.

"You should have stayed laying down." Octavia pointed out as she placed a cool cloth of my forehead.

My tired eyes flicked up to hers as I gave her a forced smile, "How's Bellamy?"

Octavia gave me a smile that I could not quite understand, "He'll be okay, just like you will be if you get some rest."

I nodded as I shifted in the hammock, "Has Finn left for the bridge yet?"

"Yeah, him and Jasper left a bit ago, they'll be back soon."

I felt a pang of worry flood my body at the mention of my brother being out in the forest, attempting to blow up a centuries old bridge.

Octavia ran a calming hand through my hair, "Don't worry about him, sleep some more and when you wake up you'll feel better."

I nodded, letting my eyes closing for what felt like the dozenth time today.

When I woke up, Bellamy was sitting beside my hammock looking much better than he had been earlier.

I smile at his as his eyes met mine, "Hey."

He grinned, "Hey sleeping beauty."

I rolled my eyes as I sat up, "What are you doing? Shouldn't you be resting?"

"Some of us bounce back quicker than others," he teased, "And besides, someone needed to make sure you were still breathing."

I playfully rolled my eyes at him as I swung my legs out of the hammock so I was facing him, "Is Finn back yet?"

His smile faded as he dropped his head, "Not yet, we're going to start gathering people in here."

I felt my heart drop, "You don't think he'll be able to do it?"

Bellamy shook his head, "It's just a precaution, better to be prepared right?"

Giving him a forced smile I nodded, "Yeah, I guess you're right."

He smiled, standing up, "Well Clarke and I are going to start gathering people up. If you're feeling better feel free to come help."

I smiled as I joined him, "Yeah, getting some fresh air will feel nice."

The two of us walked towards the exit of the drop ship, meeting Clarke just outside as she began herding the group into the ship. We only had a handful of people inside when a loud bang shook the earth beneath us.

We all looked up in awe to see a large cloud of smoke rising from

the forest. A smile spread across my face as I realized what that cloud of smoke was.

Finn and the others did it, they blew up the bridge.

The 100:1, Grounders: 0

-an-

hey guys! I hope you liked this chapter :) we are definitely starting to see Bellamy becoming more protective over Avery and really starting to show that he actually cares about her.

I know this chapter was kind of boring but there always has to be a little bore for stuff to get exciting right?

if you enjoyed please, please, please vote and COMMENT! I love getting comments :)

love you guys

-maddy xoxo

31. target practice

[image]

Not long after we had seen the explosion, Finn and the others had made their way back into camp. Their arrival elicited a fleury of excitement among the members of camp. The small group's arrival didn't bring all good things however, as Finn entered camp with a clearly ill Raven by his side.

Clarke had whisked the two of them off into the drop ship and Fin hadn't emerged since. I was itching to speak with him, mostly apologize for being such a brat earlier, but I knew he would want to be with Raven for the time being.

So, with Finn preoccupied with Raven and Octavia out of camp, presumably visiting Lincoln, I was left alone, well alone up until Bellamy joined me by the fire.

"Hey." I smiled as I looked up at him.

He gave me a small smile as he scratched the back of his neck, something he seemed to do a lot, "Are you busy?"

I let out a small laugh at his question, "No, I'm not much help to anyone right now." I was still too weak to help fortify our walls more for the attack that we were still convinced would come eventually and Clarke had ordered me to stay out of the drop ship and get some fresh air.

Bellamy cracked as grin as he held up the gun he had been holding, "Wanna learn how to shoot?"

The two of us stood outside of camp. Not too far away that it was dangerous but enough so that no one would be put in danger.

Bellamy had set up some cans on a partially rotting log and had

drawn Xs on the tin cans to give me a clear target.

"I'll demonstrate first." He announced, lifting the gun and effortlessly firing one shot that hit the target dead on.

I stared at him as he turned to me with a smug grin, "See? It's easy."

I rolled my eyes as he handed me the gun, "Stop showing off Bellamy, it's only me here."

He let out a laugh as I lifted the gun, resting it against my shoulder as I aimed at one of the tin cans and fired. The loud bang of the gun caused me to jump slightly. I looked to the target I had fired at and winced. I had hit the tin can but missed the X.

I turned to Bellamy as I exhaled, scrunching up my face in disappointment which caused him to chuckle, "Try again." He encouraged.

I lifted the gun once again, aiming and then firing. An exasperated sigh flew from my lips when I missed the target completely this time, "I suck." I groaned, turning to see an amused looking Bellamy.

"Here," he said, moving so he was standing behind me. He placed a hand on my shoulder as he locked the other under my elbow, "Hold it a bit higher." he mumbled, lightly guiding the gun so it sat further up against my shoulder.

My heart was racing at the proximity between the two of us. Usually I would be disgusted at even the thought of Bellamy being this close to me but for some reason I wanted nothing more than for the two of us to stay like that.

"Now spread your feet shoulder length apart" he instructed, causing me to let out a shaky sigh as I moved my feet.

His hand dropped from my arm as he cleared his throat, "Now shoot."

I did as he said, I pulled on the tigger and watched as the bullet drove itself directly into the middle of the target. My mouth fell open slightly as I let out a small squeal, turning around and

wrapping my arms around Bellamy, "Did you see that!"

His strong arms wrapped around me as he let out a laugh, "I saw it, looks like I have some competition."

It was when he spoke that I realized what I was doing...I was hugging Bellamy Blake? I had no idea what drove me to do it, more importantly I had no idea why I wasn't letting go.

"Bellamy, Avery!" At the sound of Octavia's calling, the two of us broke apart so quickly I swear we ended up on opposite sides of the forest.

Octavia made her way through the trees, as she approached us she let out a huff. If she had noted how close Bellamy and I were just moments ago she thankfully chose to ignore it, "I need to talk to you two." she announced, her eyes moving between the two of us.

Bellamy and I shared a look, my face was still burning with embarrassment as Bellamy spoke, "What's going on?"

Octavia turned to look into the forest for a moment, "I went to see Lincoln and he's not happy with our decision to blow up the bridge."

I had finally calmed myself down enough to speak without my voice cracking, "Well obviously he's not happy, he is a Grounder after all."

Bellamy let out a small laugh as Octavia shook her head, "No, he was talking about some Mountain Men, he said they would come for us all."

"Mountain Men?" Bellamy echoed.

Octavia nodded, biting down on her lip, "He said they'll be furious and that we should get out of here."

Bellamy shook his head in disbelief, "Get out of here? Where are we going to go Octavia? He's just saying that to get us out of the safety of our walls, it's a trap."

"No," Octavia argued, "Lincoln wouldn't do that. If he's worried

about these Mountain Men then maybe we should be too."

I let the information Octavia had given us roll over in my mind, I was starting to believe that whoever these other people were, they might actually be a threat to us, "Maybe Octavia's right, Bellamy. We need to be prepared for anything."

Bellamy turned to look at me for a brief moment, seemingly not wanting to meet my eyes for too long, "We already have enough to deal with with the Grounders, there's no need to start worrying over a non-existent threat, end of discussion." he shut mine and Octavia's worries down, not saying another word before turning and stalking off back to camp.

Octavia and I stared at each other once we were alone, neither one of us saying a word until she cracked a small grin, clearly moving past Bellamy's dismissal. "So, do you want to tell me why you were just hugging my brother?"

I felt my face flush as my eyes grew wide, "You saw that?"

Octavia laughed, "Yeah, I saw it Avs. I must admit, I've never seen Bell hug anyone but me and my mom."

My cheeks were burning as I tugged at my fingers, "I was just excited about hitting the target and- I don't know, I wasn't thinking."

Octavia smirked as she wrapped an arm around my shoulder as she steered us back towards camp, "Okay Avs, whatever you say."

-an-

okay this chapter is so cheesy and Im sorry for that but I kinda felt that we needed a cute flirty moment between avery and bellamy

let me know if you liked this chapter! :)

-maddy xoxo

32. burn baby burn

[image]

There was a new sort of calm as I walked through camp two days after the explosion of the bridge. There had been no attack from the Grounder, or any indication that they were coming for us. The Mountain Men that Octavia had warned us about had also not made an appearance, solidifying Bellamy's assumption that maybe Lincoln was lying.

The illness had mostly ran its course and passed through camp. Most of those who had been sick had made a full recovery sans a handful who succumbed to the sickness. The victims of the illness brought our total death count up to fourteen, meaning there were eighty seven of us left.

We all knew that eighty seven wasn't many when taking into consideration how many Grounders were likely to be out there, but we were still positive we could put up a fight.

I had not spoke to Bellamy since our awkward hug a few days earlier. I felt like a little school girl as my eyes were trained on him and Clarke as they walked outside of the gates. Like I said, I had been avoiding Bellamy for over a day but for some reason I could not get him out of my head.

"Penny for your thoughts?" Finn asked, joining me as I gathered wood for the fire in the meat house we had built.

I turned to look at him, my cheeks heating up when I realized I had been caught staring at Bellamy. "Just thinking about the Grounders." I lied, praying he would buy it.

It seems like he did because he gave me a warm smile, "Try not to think about it." he advised, picking up a log that had fell from the pile in my arms, "Now what do you say we go see how Raven's doing?"

I nodded as I readjusted the logs in my arms, "I'm just gonna go take these to Octavia."

"Okay, I'll meet you at the ammo tent then, yeah?"

I gave my brother a nod of confirmation as he departed. I exhaled, blowing my hair out of my eyes as I looked back to where Bellamy was. Clarke was speaking to him but he turned his head slightly, his eyes catching mine. My heart sped up as he sent me a small smile. Instead of returning the gesture, I turned quickly on my heal and made my way over to the smoke house.

The whole way through camp I cursed myself over my teenage antics. Bellamy was Bellamy and I was Avery, Octavia's best friend, nothing more to him, nothing less.

"You can set it down there Avs." Octavia instructed, causing me to snap out of my thoughts. I hadn't realized I was standing at the smoke house until she spoke.

"Here," Murphy said, swooping in a taking the wood from my arms, "I got it."

I sent him a small smile, I still didn't know where the two of us stood and I didn't want to push my luck, "Thanks."

I turned to Octavia, "I'm gonna go check on Raven unless you need some help in here."

She turned from what she was doing and shook her head, "No you go, I'll be okay in here."

I gave her a smile before leaving and making my way to the tent where Raven was working on making us more bullets. As I entered the tent I could feel the awkward tension between Finn and Raven. Something that happened between the two of them after the bridge but neither of them wanted to tell me what it was.

It seems like I had caught them in the middle of a conversation as they both stopped talking and turned to look at me as soon as I entered, "Am I interrupting?" I asked, pausing at the entrance.

Finn let out a sigh as he shook his head, "No, I was just leaving. See you later Raven." he mumbled, brushing past me as he went to leave.

"Wait!" Raven called, standing up to face him, "We're good, we are. I just want you to be happy."

I looked between the two of them, starting to clue into what this was all about. It was becoming clear that they had finally severed any romantic ties that they had left, meaning Finn had chosen Clarke over Raven.

"Yeah," I muttered awkwardly, "I'm just gonna go."

"No, Avery-" Raven was cut off by a loud bang from outside the tent followed by people yelling. The three of us shared worried looks before rushing out to see what was going on.

As we emerged into tent we saw the meat house where I had just been up in flames.

My mind instantly went to my best friend and I immediately broke into a run, "Octavia!" I gasped, rushing towards the scene to ensure that my best friend was okay. Luckily as I neared I saw her sitting beside Bellamy who was checking her over.

"I'm okay." she promised as her eyes met mine. I sat down beside her, making sure that she was actually okay and not just telling me that.

"What happened?" I asked, looking at the fire that was getting increasingly larger by the minute, burning all the food we had left.

"I'll tell you what happened," Murphy spat, standing up and lunging towards another boy who I had seen leaving the smoke house earlier, "This is all your fault, she told you it was too much wood!" he yelled, shoving the boy backwards.

The boy shoved him back and it seemed for a moment a fight was going to break out until Bellamy stepped in, "That's enough!" he ordered, splitting the two boys apart. "Save it for the Grounders." he muttered to Murphy.

"Bell, what are we going to do now?" Octavia questioned, "That was all the food!"

Bellamy pursed his lips as he looked to the fire and then back at the group. By the look on his face I could tell he didn't know what we were going to do, meaning yet another obstacle we had to over come if we wanted any chance at surviving a Grounder attack.

No food meant no energy which meant there was no way we could put up any kind of fight. To put it frankly, we were screwed.

-an-

wow guys we are getting to the end of season 1 how crazy! im excited to begin writing season 2 but also sad because obviously a lot goes down and I also just love season 1 and everyone being together

anyways, if you enjoyed this chapter please vote or comment so I know to keep writing this story, it is sometimes hard to tell if people actually like what I am writing

-maddy xoxo

33. shortage

[image]

I kicked at a piece of burnt debris as I let out a defeated sigh. Our meat house had burned right down to the ground, destroying any food we had left. My eyes were trained on Bellamy and Clarke who stood not too far from where I was. The two were obviously discussing what was to be done about of food shortage.

I tore my gaze from them as I looked to Octavia who was kicking through the pile, holding a slight sense of hope that she could find something salvageable. "How did this happen?" I asked, surveying the damage once again.

Octavia stopped what she was doing and looked towards the other boy that had been in the meat house with her and Murphy, "He wouldn't stop feeding the fire and it got too big, the rest was history."

The kid noticed our stares and sent us a glare. I rolled my eyes as I turned away from him, "Some people really need to learn how to listen."

Octavia let out a small chuckle, "Ignorant teenage boys are going to be the end of us all."

"Each group takes a gun. Remember, they're for shooting Grounders not food! We don't have enough ammo, use the spears for hunting. Get what you can, be back before nightfall. No one stays out after dark." Bellamy's loud voice boomed over those of the others in the drop ship.

A mixture of fear and adreneline was surging through the small space as dozens of us geared up for a much needed hunting trip. There was not enough food to last us and the only way we could get more was through hunting, and so here we were ready to head out

beyond the safety of our walls.

I zipped up my jacket as I began following the other kids out of the drop ship, deciding I would rather join a random group then be stuck with Bellamy the whole time. Unfortunately, I never get my way.

An felt myself internally groan as an hand wrapped around my arm, pulling me back into the drop ship, "You're with me."

I turned to look at Bellamy, giving him a questioning stare, "Oh, I was actually planning on going with Finn, y'know keep an eye on him and stuff."

Bellamy rose an eyebrow, "Finn already left with Clarke."

I cursed my stupid brother for ruining my lie of a story, "I was just going to catch up with him."

Bellamy smirked, "You really want to third-wheel him and Clarke?" Man, he was not making this easy.

I sighed, "Well Myles is with them so it wouldn't really be third, more of a double date." I joked.

Bellamy didn't laugh, instead he handed me a gun, "Are you done with the antics?"

I clenched my jaw as I stared at him, he stared back, each of us waiting for the other to break. "Fine," I breathed, letting him win, "I'll come with you."

Bellamy cracked a smile, "Good, I just need to stop at Raven's tent to get some more ammo."

"Okay," I sighed, throwing the strap of the gun over my shoulder, "I'll meet you at the front gate."

---

5 minutes later and I was still waiting by the gate. It surely didn't take this long to pop into Raven's tent and grab some bullets so

where the hell was Bellamy. I was seconds away from turning and leaving in hopes of catching up with another group when he arrived by my side.

"Sorry," He muttered, pulling the gates open, "I just had to deal with something."

I nodded as I followed him out, "It's fine, but we should get moving if we want to get anything before dark."

For the next few hours or so the two of us walked through the forest in almost complete silence, only speaking when we saw an animal or to commend the other for a kill (it was mostly Bellamy doing the killing because I still did not want to kill a cute little bunny). Our silence was mostly due to the fact that we were on high alert for Grounders and or food but there was also the fact that I was still slightly embarrassed over my much too touchy celebration after hitting the target the other day.

Bellamy could obviously sense the fact that I was uncomfortable because on the way back to camp he spoke up, "Why are you avoiding me?"

My head snapped towards him, shocked that he had even noticed. "I'm not avoiding you". See, the thing with me is that my face instantly turns red the minute I'm lying and in the short amount of time Bellamy has known me he has seemed to pick up on that.

He looked over to me with an unconvinced look, "You haven't spoken to me in over a day and did everything in your power to not have to be out here with me today."

My face was getting redder and redder by the moment as I looked down towards my feet, "I don't know Bellamy, I was just embarrassed."

Bellamy let out a laugh, "Embarrassed? Over what?"

I let out a groan as I looked up at him, "It's stupid honestly, so let's stop talking about it." As I looked away from him I saw the light from the fires in our camp and praised the lord, "Besides, we're back

at camp."

Bellamy thankfully decided to drop the conversation and neither of us said another word as we made our way into camp. As we were returning, so were most of the other groups, being sure to follow the home before dark rule.

I handed Bellamy my gun before dropping the game we had caught onto the table where the others had been put.

A sigh escaped my lips as I looked around camp. It had been a long day, a really long day and all I wanted to do was crawl into bed and sleep, but first I wanted to make sure Finn had made it back.

I surveyed the camp, a slight sense of worry coming over me when I didn't see Finn, Clarke or Myles. I tried to suppress the panic that was bubbling inside my chest, reminding myself that it was barely dark and they would be back soon.

I took a seat on one of the logs by the front gates, not taking my eyes off of them for a minute. I was sure that any second the group of them would walk in and apologize for being late, saying they got lost or something. However deep down I knew that wasn't going to happen. Finn didn't get lost, and Clarke didn't break rules.

After 10 minutes of waiting, I decided enough was enough. I shot up from my seat, marching towards Bellamy's tent. I needed to push aside any foolish feelings I had towards him, I needed his help.

"Bellamy?" I called as I approached his tent, "I need your help. Finn and Clarke-" As I pushed open his tent I froze in shock. There, standing in front of me was Raven Reyes completely naked.

Bellamy spun to me with wide eyes as Raven rushed to grab her clothes and cover herself up. I turned around, closing my eyes as I stumbled over my words, "Oh God, I'm so sorry I didn't know you were-I'm just gonna go." I announced, leaving Bellamy's tent in a rush.

A feeling washed over me that I couldn't quite explain, but it sure felt like jealously. My face was burning as I made my way through

camp towards the drop ship, hoping to find someone else who could help me find my brother and take my mind off of what I just saw.

"Avery, wait!" Bellamy called, rushing after me.

I stopped, giving myself a moment to recompose before turning to face him with an apologetic look, "Bellamy, I'm so sorry I didn't know Raven was in there with you, I should have given you a second before coming in-"

Bellamy shook his head cutting me off, "No, I'm sorry."

I was taken aback at his apology, "Why are you sorry?"

Bellamy sighed as he shook his head once again, "Just because I am. Nothing happened in there, I just want you to know that."

I was still staring at him with confusion as I nodded, "It's okay Bellamy, you can do whatever you want, doesn't affect me." Lie. It does, seeing Bellamy with Raven made my blood boil.

Bellamy gave me a small smile, "Yeah, right. Now, what did you need me for?"

hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! :)

comment your thoughts/critiques/suggestions

-maddy xoxo

34. come home

"Where are you guys? I thought you said you were heading West?" Monty's slightly unnerved voice came through the radio that was clutched in Bellamy's hand.

Bellamy brought the device up to his mouth, his eyes darting around as he spoke quietly, "Just keep the moon on your left and you'll find us."

My hands were shaking as I readjusted my grip on the gun in my hands. After I had informed Bellamy about Finn, Clarke and Myles' failure to return to camp, a group of us including Raven, Octavia, and Monty had set back out in search of the trio. It was more dangerous than before due to the lack of light but we all knew we needed to find them as soon as possible. If the Grounders were willing to torture Murphy and I before we were even at war, there was no telling what they would do to my brother and our friends.

I moved closer to Bellamy as an odd sound began emitting from the radio. "Is anyone else hearing the signal?" Monty asked, clearly on edge.

"Just keep your eyes open" Raven instructed over the walkie her and Octavia had taken with them.

"I think it's the same thing we heard in the blackbox." Monty continued pushing, trying to bring concern upon the rest of us.

Bellamy quickly rose the walkie to his mouth, "Damnit Monty, pay attention."

I looked over at Bellamy, taking a moment to listen to the signal Monty was on about. "Bellamy, Monty's right, there's something off about it."

Bellamy glanced at me, "It's nothing." he dismissed before brining the walkie back to his lips, "Monty, do you see anything? Report."

Bellamy received no answer from Monty, only an increase in volume of the signal came through the small radio.

Raven's voice came through next, low and urgent, "There's someone in the bushes."

I was practically on top of Bellamy as the two of us moved towards the bushes Raven was referring to. The girls and us had not strayed too far from each other meaning we were in close parameters to the bush in question.

"Stay behind me." Bellamy instructed as he raised his gun, slowly inching towards the bush. I did as he said with no arguments. Pure fear surged through my blood as I layed eyes on Raven and Octavia who approached the bush with their guns raised.

As Raven pulled back the greenery she let out a gasp, "Myles?"

Bellamy and I shared a look before rushing forward to see Myles laying on the ground, a arrow sticking from his chest.

I gasped as I fell to my knees beside the boy, instantly tearing a piece from my shirt to wrap around his wound, "Where are they Myles?" I asked as I secured the bandage, "Where's my brother?"

Myles gasped in pain as he looked up with tired eyes. He open his mouth to speak but only ragged breaths came out.

"Myles please." I begged, my hands now shaking and covered in his blood as I raised them to brush a stray piece of hair from my face.

Myles forced out a breath as he closed his eyes, "G-Grounders."

All of my fears were confirmed as the words left his mouth. I fell back from my position on my knees, landing in a sitting position. I dropped my head into my hands as tears filled my eyes.

Octavia knelt down beside Myles and I, looking over to me with a sympathy filled look before diverting her attention back to Myles.

Raven's voice was shaky as she spoke, "We need to make a stretcher" she announced before walking away to find the material

we would need.

I looked up when I felt Bellamy place his jacket over my shoulders, "Avery we need to go, we have to get Myles back to camp."

I wiped the tears from my eyes, pushing myself onto my feet, "I'm staying out here" I told him, pulling my arms through his jacket so it was securely on.

Bellamy shook his head firmly, "No, you're not. We need to get back to camp and reassess, okay? It's not safe out here".

"They'll die if we don't find them!" I argued, "Look at Myles, do you think they're being any easier on Clarke and Finn?"

Bellamy let out a sigh as he raised the radio to his mouth, "Monty, we're heading back to camp."

"Don't ignore me Bellamy," I snapped, taking a step closer to him, "Finn is my brother and I am going to look for him."

Bellamy turned away from me, "Monty, report!" he waited a few moments and after receiving no response he spoke again, "Monty!?"

My anger at Bellamy turned into a new worry over Monty, "Where is he?" I asked.

Bellamy stared back at me, "I don't know, but we have to get back to camp now before we're next. If you don't want to come with us by your own free will, I will carry you back to camp and that's a promise."

I ran a hand over my face as a shaky sigh slipped from my lips, "Okay, I'm coming."

I wanted nothing more than to stay out and look for my brother and Finn but Bellamy was right, the only thing that staying out here right now would do would be the rest of using getting killed.

That night back at camp everyone was on high alert. Raven was

setting up landmines and I was helping her, but I was more distracted with watching the forest line, hoping and praying that Finn and Clarke would walk through it.

"Here," Raven muttered, handing me a piece of wire. I took the wire without saying a word to her, and she read into that, "About the thing earlier, I'm sorry. I didn't know you and Bellamy were-"

I scrunched up my face as I cut her off, "Bellamy and I were what?"

Her face fell, "Well the way he chased after you, I just thought that you two were- y'know."

I exhaled as I shook my head, "Bellamy and I are nothing. Besides, I have more important things to worry about right now. Everything is fine with us, Raven, just like always."

She gave me a small smile as she nodded her head, "And hey, Finn will be okay, he always is"

I didn't answer her because I didn't know if I agreed. That was just something people said to calm the other person down, it wasn't always true.

"Better hope those landmines work," Bellamy commented as he approached the two of us, "With all the gun powder we're wasting we could be making more grenades."

I had my back to him but rolled my eyes. Raven was clearly annoyed by his comments too, "You want to come over here and test one?" she offered.

"Cute." Bellamy muttered, "We need this entire space mined by morning. Then, the south field."

Raven stood up, "I told you we were going after Finn, Monty and Clarke in the morning."

I followed after her, joining her in front of Jasper, "I told you, nobody leaves this camp." Bellamy shot back.

"We can't just leave them out there!" I argued, following after him

as he began to to walk away.

"We don't abandon our people!" Raven added, "You want to lead them? Show them you give a damn"

Bellamy stared between the two of us, only taking his eyes off of us when a shot rang out from the guard post closest to us. We all looked over to see one of the boys, Sterling, being startled awake.

"Hey!" Bellamy shouted as he began marching over to the boy, "What the hell is the matter with you?"

Sterling looked at Bellamy apologetically, "I'm sorry man I fell asleep, I've been on watch all day."

Bellamy took him by the collar, pushing him up against the post, "We've all been on watch all day! That bullet was one less dead Grounder" he yelled.

I made my way towards the two boys, stepping in between them as pushing Bellamy off, "Bellamy, it was a mistake." I whispered, standing in front of Sterling so Bellamy couldn't get back at him.

"You're scaring people." Octavia said quietly so to avoid everyone hearing.

Bellamy turned to look at her, "They should be scared!" he shot back, turning from Sterling and I to look at the rest of the members of camp, "The bomb on the bridge bought us some time but that time is up! The Grounders are out there right now, waiting for us to leave and picking us off one by one when we do! Clarke, Finn and Monty are gone, probably dead. And if you want to be next, I can't stop you. But no guns are leaving this camp! This camp is the only thing keeping us alive." He let out a puff of air, throwing his arm up in frustration, "Get back to work!"

I stared at him, anger boiling inside me at his utter refusal to make any effort to find Clarke, Monty and Finn. He turned to look at me, his face flushed from yelling.

I glared at him, "When Octavia was out there you wanted as many people as you could out there looking for her."

Bellamy clenched his jaw, "It was different then, we weren't at war, same as when you went missing."

"I can't just sit here and pretend that my brother isn't missing." I argued.

"You're not going out there Avery. You go out there and you die and there is no way I am letting that happen." he said firmly.

I shook my head, "You just told everyone that if they wanted to go out there they could!"

He stared at me, "But that didn't apply to you." he didn't let me get another word in before he stalked off somewhere else in camp leaving me standing alone with Sterling who had just watched that whole ordeal.

I turned to Sterling with a forced smile, "Here, I'll take guard, you go get some sleep."

He nodded gratefully as he handed me the gun before rushing off to his tent. I sat down at the post, holding the gun tightly in my hand, preparing myself for a long night. There was no way I was going to get any sleep before so this was a way to keep my mind busy.

As I stared out into the forest all I could think about was Finn, well that and a way that I could sneak out of here come morning.

35. try me

[image]

I stared out into the seemingly peaceful forest as the moon shone down on me. There was a sort of calm that emitted from the forest but I knew that deep within the trees it was anything but calm. I moved my head around, trying to crack my neck that had become stiff from sitting awake on guard for hours.

"You should go get some sleep." I turned my head to see Sterling standing beside me, a small trace of a smile on his face.

I stood up, handing the gun to him with a sigh, "I don't think I'll be sleeping very much.

Sterling gave me a sad smile, "I'm sorry about your brother."

I shrugged, "Don't be sorry until we know what happened to him. If things go the way I want them to he'll be back in camp by tonight."

He nodded, moving to take my place at guard, "Thanks again for taking my post last night Avery. I owe you big time."

I gave a wave of my hand to dismiss him, "Don't worry about it. We help each other out down here it's what we do."

After receiving a grateful smile from Sterling, I began making my way back into camp in order to begin "Operation Rescue My Friends and Brother" (I was still working on the name). I had barely made it 10 feet when a voice interrupted me. "What was the kid saying to you?"

My eyes unconsciously rolled at the sound of Bellamy's voice. I turned on my heel to see him leaning against the wall, his arms cross over his chest.

"His name is Sterling and he was thanking me for taking his post last night." I answered, staring at him for a moment before speaking

again, " Are you stalking me or something?"

Bellamy pushed himself off the wall, "I'm watching you to make sure you don't try and leave camp."

I bit the inside of my cheek, looks like "Operation Rescue My Friends and Brother" was going to be harder than I thought. "You cannot stop me if I decide to leave, Bellamy."

"Really?" he asked, moving closer in attempts to intimidate me.

"What are you gonna do?" I challenged, taking a step closer to him, jutting my chin upwards.

Bellamy smirked, "Avery, I will shoot you in the leg if it means keeping you here."

I clenched my jaw as I took a step away from him. I knew that he would actually shoot me which made this whole situation much harder. "You're evil." I muttered, turning away from him and towards the drop ship.

Bellamy took a step after me, "Where are you going?" he demanded, taking a hold of my wrist.

I pulled free from his gasp, "I'm going to talk to Myles. Don't worry Bellamy, you don't have to shoot me yet."

Bellamy glared at me for a moment before deciding to follow after me. "You're really going to watch me all day?" I asked as I made my way into the drop ship.

He shrugged, "If that's what it takes."

I shook my head, approaching Myles who was groaning in pain. Bellamy position himself at one of the tables, looking over our war plan.

"Hey Myles." I said softly as I took a seat beside him.

He grunted, "H-hey Avery."

I glanced down at his wound where the arrow was still in-lodged, "How are you feeling?"

Myles closed his eyes with a wince, "Bad."

I nodded slightly, not really sure how to proceed with the whole reason I came in here. "Myles, I need you to tell me what you saw when you got taken."

I could hear Jasper enter the drop ship, he and Bellamy getting into a small debate about whether or not we should be going out after Clarke, Finn and Monty. I tuned them out, turning my focus back to Myles.

"I didn't see a thing." he whispered, adding a groan of pain at the end of his sentence.

I bit my lip, already losing my patience with him, "Nothing at all?"

"I got shot and then Grounders came and took your brother and Clarke, that's all I know." he replied.

I continued pushing, "Did you hear anything? Did the Grounders say anything before they took them?"

Myles closed his eyes, shaking his head, "I heard nothing."

I exhaled, slumping back in my seat, defeated that I was no where near close to figuring out where they were.

Myles groaned, "Can I have some water?"

I turned to Bellamy who was now watching us, "Yeah, Bellamy will go get you some." I answered, sending a smirk in the direction of Bellamy who was already rolling his eyes.

"Don't you leave this ship." he ordered, pointing at me before marching off to go get Myles some water.

"Hey Avery?" Myles mumbled, causing me to turn to him in a hurry, hoping he was going to give me some information about Finn. "I'm kinda cold." he whined.

I forced a smile on my face as I stood up, "Okay, I think there's some blankets in the upper level, I'll go grab you one."

A frustrated sigh escaped my lips as I mounted the ladder and made my way upstairs. As I pulled myself into the upper level Jasper looked over at me, instantly noticing the pissed off look on my face.

"Bellamy won't let you leave camp?" he asked as he filled up a container with gun powder.

I began searching for a blanket, "Told me he would shoot me in the leg if I tried, and now I'm stuck playing nurse to Myles and he's cold so I need a blanket. All in all I'm having a great day."

Jasper let out a small laugh as he finished what he was doing, "There's some blankets over there I think." he announced, pointing to the other side of the room.

I turned to where he was pointing to see a pile of blankets under some boxes. "Thanks!" I called as he began climbing down the ladder.

I let out a few mumbled curses as I moved the stuff on top of the blankets to grab one. Once I had one in my hand I turned to the ladder.

"Can you believe Bellamy threatened to shoot me? I mean who does he think he is?" I said to Jasper with a laugh as I began climbing back down to the first level.

"Avery, stop." Jasper's voice was low and panicked.

"Jasper, what's-" I froze as I turned my head to see Jasper standing with his hands up. Standing in front of him was none other than John Murphy holding a gun.

"Get down here and stand beside him, don't say a word!" he snapped at me, moving the gun from Jasper to me. I dropped the blanket, my eyes travelling to Myles who was laying motionless on the bed, his head covered with a plastic bag, Murphy had strangled him.

"Murphy, you don't have to do this." I whispered, my voice shaking as I climbed down from the ladder, slowly making my way towards Jasper with my hands up.

"Yes," Murphy said, lifting the gun higher, "I do."

36. revenge

I tried to calm my breathing as Jasper spoke to Murphy, "Put the gun down." he pleaded, his eyes moving past Murphy to look at Myles' dead body.

Murphy noticed his stares and turned his head to glance at the dead boy, "He tried to kill me!" he argued.

Jasper nodded, "It's okay, just put the gun down and-"

Murphy shook his head, "No, it's not! You know what will happen if you tell Bellamy".

I cast a look towards Jasper and then to Murphy. "Then we won't tell Bellamy" I reasoned, hoping to convince Murphy to let us go.

An unexpected voice chimed in, "Tell Bellamy what?"

My eyes darted down to Jasper's pocket where Bellamy's voice had come through the walkie. Jasper closed his eyes in defeat, realizing he had been caught.

Murphy pointed the gun at him, "Give me the radio, Jasper."

Jasper let out a breath as he slowly began pulling the radio from his pocket. My eyes darted from Murphy to Jasper, praying Murphy wouldn't pull the trigger. Jasper's right had was held out in front of him as a sign to tell Murphy to calm down. With his left hand he pulled the radio from his pocket but before giving it to Murphy he raised it to his mouth and pressed the button, "Murphy has a gun he killed Myles-"

Jasper was cut off when Murphy sent the butt of the gun into his face, knocking him to the ground with a thud.

I let out a choked gasp as Murphy swung the gun towards me, "Don't move!" he snapped before rushing towards the door, instantly pushing the button that closed and secured the thick steel door.

Bellamy's voice came through again, "Murphy, what the hell are you doing?"

I took this time that Murphy was preoccupied with closing the door to kneel down beside Jasper. "Are you okay?" I whispered, glancing back at Murphy to ensure he was still distracted.

Jasper groaned as he brought his hand up to his head, "Yeah, I'm okay."

"Murphy, open the damn door!" Bellamy ordered from outside, his voice full of rage.

Murphy turned to look at Jasper and I before flicking his gaze back to the door, "You try to be a hero, Jasper and your little sunshine die!"

I let out a muffled cry as Murphy secured a gag around my mouth before tightly tying my hands behind my back. Jasper was seated beside me, already gagged and tied.

Murphy stood up once he was sure I couldn't escape and began pacing around the drop ship. It was obvious that he had no idea what he was going to do. He either had to kill us or let us go, there was really no middle ground here.

He flinched slightly when a loud voice came from outside, "Murphy! Murphy I swear to God if you touch either of them I will kill you!" Octavia screamed, I had never heard her so angry.

Murphy shook his head with a laugh as he moved over to where Myles was, pulling a blanket over his pale body.

"Murphy, I know you can hear me." Bellamy's voice came through the radio, "All our ammo and food is in the middle level, you know that! You're leaving us vulnerable to an attack and I can't let that happen."

Murphy scooped up the radio, quickly bringing it to his lips, "Yeah, well in case you haven't noticed, you're not exactly in control right

now."

Bellamy didn't miss a beat, "Come on Murphy. You don't want to hurt them, you want to hurt me."

Murphy turned to look at the two of us. Jasper had tears in his eyes, terrified of what was going to happen to us.

Bellamy continued, "So, what do you say, how about you trade them for me?"

My heart dropped at Bellamy's proposition and I instantly began trying to oppose against the gag. If Bellamy was in our place Murphy would kill him for sure.

"Look, all you have to do is let them go and I'll take their place."

Murphy looked over to us once again, a small smirk on his face, "How?" he asked.

There was a few moments of silence before Bellamy spoke again, "Simple. You open the door, I walk in, they walk out."

Murphy tapped his fingers against the radio, trying to decide whether to take Bellamy up on his offer. With a few more seconds of thought he made his way towards the door, pulling the lever to open it. Jasper looked over at me in awe, tears still fresh in his eyes.

Murphy walked back over to us, grabbing Jasper and pulling him up, "Let's go." he ordered, pulling him to the door. I waited for him to come and get me. but he didn't. Panic rose inside me as Jasper looked back at me with wide eyes, both of us realizing what Murphy was trying to pull. He wasn't going to let me go.

As the door opened fully, only being blocked by sheets of fabric, Murphy spoke. "Just you Bellamy, unarmed. 10 seconds or I put one in Jasper's leg."

And then he began counting, "One!"

He was going to kill Bellamy and I.

"Two!"

There was no way we were getting out of this alive.

"Three!"

Who knew my life would end at the hands of John Murphy.

"Four!"

"I'm here." Bellamy's voice was stern and calm. Moments later I heard the sounds of his feet hitting the metal as he walked up the ramp. I could see his shadow through the fabric, soon enough he came into full view.

Murphy gave Jasper a strong push, sending him out of the drop ship.

Bellamy's eyes met my teary ones and he turned to Murphy with a look of rage, "I told you both of them for me!" he boomed.

Murphy shrugged, "No, your sunshine stays with me."

37. pleading

[image]

Bellamy's face was full of rage as he began marching towards Murphy, "You said you would let them go, both of them!"

Murphy pointed the gun a Bellamy, "Ah, ah, ah, stop right there." He warned, stopping Bellamy before he could get too close.

Bellamy's eyes flickered over to me as he tried to calm his breathing, "Avery, it's going to be okay. I won't let him hurt you."

Murphy let out a laugh that made my skin crawl, "Don't make promises you can't keep, Bellamy".

Warm, fat tears were streaming from my eyes as I tried desperately to free myself of the gag that was still in my mouth. Bellamy noticed, and with shaky hands he motioned towards her, "At least take the gag out of her mouth" he pleaded Murphy.

Surprisingly Murphy smiled, "Good idea, that way I can hear her beg for her life."

Bellamy clenched his jaw as Murphy moved towards me, harshly pulling the cloth out of my mouth.

"Murphy, please don't do this." I begged, my voice thick from crying.

He ignored me as he turned back to Bellamy, throwing a pile of seatbelts that had been cut free towards him, "Start tying these together."

Bellamy stood his ground, "Not until you let Avery go."

I flinched as a bullet made contact with the metal floor, sending a loud echo through the ship, "Start tying or the next one goes in her head." Murphy ordered.

Octavia's worried voice came through the radio, "Bellamy? Avery? Are you guys okay."

Murphy kept the gun pointed at Bellamy, "You want her to know you're okay? Do what I said."

Bellamy reluctantly dropped to his knees and began tying the belts together. I sat in the chair, still bounded and unable to do anything to stop this.

Murphy held the radio out in front of Bellamy, allowing him to reply to Octavia, "We're fine, it was a miss fire. Now stop worrying and get back to work-all of you," Bellamy paused, his eyes moving up to Murphy, "And tell Raven to hurry the hell up."

I didn't know what Raven was doing, but if I knew her as well as I thought I did, I was hoping she was currently working on a way to get us out of here.

Murphy retracted the radio, "That's long enough. Tie those two ends together." He ordered, shoving the radio back into his pocket.

I began trying to pull against the ropes that held my hands together. If we had any hope of getting out of here alive, I had to do something. "Murphy, " I tried to pull his attention towards me, "Please, you don't have to-"

"Stop-" Murphy said, swinging the gun towards me, "Stop saying that. You two made me do this, this is on you, not me!" he yelled, causing me to shrink back.

When he saw I wasn't going to make anymore of a fuss he turned back to Bellamy, "Now tie the two ends together".

Bellamy's eyes were on me as he did what Murphy said, tightly tying the ends of the belts together so they were forming a loop.

"Now get up and toss it over" Murphy ordered, motioning to a large beam that ran the distance of the ship.

It was then that I realized what Murphy was doing, he was having Bellamy tie is own noose.

I shook my head rapidly as Bellamy stood and threw the belts over the beam. "No." I begged, "Murphy, no!"

For what felt like the hundredth time today, Murphy pointed the gun at me, "Stop talking before I put a bullet in your head" he snapped, fury in his eyes.

Bellamy stood up, "What do you want me to say?" he asked, drawing Murphy's attention away from me, "Do you want me to apologize? I'm-"

Murphy cut him off, thrusting the gun closer to Bellamy's face, his eyes wild, showing no sign that he was going to surrender anytime soon.

Bellamy sighed, "I'm sorry."

Murphy smirked, "You've got it all wrong, Bellamy" he paused as Bellamy stared back at him in confusion, "I don't want you to say anything. I want you to feel the way I felt. And then," he added, "I want you to die."

Bellamy's face paled at Murphy's words. My heart dropped simultaneously.

Murphy then swung back around to me, moving towards me and grabbing me by the arm, "And I'm going to have your little girlfriend here watch the whole thing. She's going to watch the life drain from your eyes," he gave me a bone chilling smile as he pulled me towards Bellamy, "Won't that be fun Avery? And after you're dead, she's next."

I felt like I was going to throw up as my wide teary eyes looked to Bellamy who was seething with a mixture of fear and anger. "Leave Avery out of this. She didn't do anything to you Murphy, she begged me to save your life, I didn't listen to her. None of what happened to you is her fault." Bellamy explained, throwing himself under the bus to make me look better.

Murphy shook his head as he pushed me to my knees, the barrel of his gun pressed against the back of my head, "She left me with the

Grounders. She made me a promise and she didn't keep it. She's a lying, manipulative, little bitch!" he snapped, pushing the gun further into my head, causing me to wince in pain.

"Now get up there." he demanded, motioning with his eyes to the noose that was looming overhead.

Bellamy hesitated, "Let Avery go and I'll do whatever you want."

Murphy let out a sigh of frustration, "Get up there or I'll kill her right now, I swear to God."

I shook my head at Bellamy, "Don't." I pleaded.

Murphy groaned, "You're both dying either way. I really don't care who goes first."

Bellamy locked eyes with me as he pulled a stool towards him, using it to stand up on. I felt my heart drop to my stomach as he eyed the noose. "Bellamy, get down right now." I ordered, tears beginning to blur my vision.

"Put it over your head." Murphy ordered.

Bellamy kept his eyes on me for a moment before looking back at our tormentor. "This is insane. The Grounders-"

Murphy cut him off by sending a bullet wizzing past my head towards the far wall. The air was knocked from my lungs as the bullet merely missed my head. My ears were ringing from the noise as I looked back up at Bellamy, who's face was covered in defeat.

"Put it over your head." Murphy repeated, grabbing the other end of the rope and wrapping it around his hand a few times.

Bellamy did as he said, pulling the noose over his head so it was resting around his neck. I felt like the world was crashing down around me as he looked to Murphy, "Happy now?"

Murphy pulled on the belts so noose tightened around Bellamy's neck, "You're so brave aren't you? I mean you came in here thinking you could turn this whole thing around, that you were stronger

than me and your friends would come and help you. Well, what are you thinking now Bellamy?"

My face was soaked in tears as I turned my head slightly to look at Murphy who had backed off with the gun, "Just kill me!" I cried out, my words causing everyone in the room to freeze. I pivoted on my knees so I was facing Murphy, "Just kill me instead okay? I left you with the Grounders, you're right. I made you a promise and I didn't keep it. Bellamy, he was just trying to protect the group, like he always does. This camp needs Bellamy to survive, they don't need me." I paused, letting out a shaky breath, "You don't want to hurt everyone in this camp, if you kill Bellamy that's what will happen. So, just kill me Murphy, let Bellamy walk out of here and let me take his place" I looked up at Bellamy who was already beginning to interject, I cut him off, not being able to handle his arguments, "And if Bellamy cares about me the way you are so convinced he does, then he will hurt enough, okay?"

Murphy wore an amused smile, "I appreciate your bravery Avery, but you can't save him. Nothing can save either of you. You're both going to die."

-an-

ah so here we are, murphy has finally lost his mind. as much as this whole situation sucks, it is definitely starting to reveal how much bellamy and avery care for each other...i mean both of them have offered up their lives for the other

sooo let me know what you guys thought of this chapter! let me know if you enjoyed :))

-maddy xoxo

37. revelations

[image]

[image]

I had felt this pain twice before in my life. Once when my parents died, the other being when Finn was stabbed. This was the third time this horrific pain and helplessness ripped through my veins. I felt like my lungs had stopped working. I couldn't breathe, I couldn't cry. I was stuck. Murphy was going to kill Bellamy right in front of me and there was nothing I could do.

"You know I've gotta hand it to you Bellamy," Murphy started as he paced around the two of us, "You've really got the people fooled, they actually look up to you...almost as much as they look up to Clarke. Yeah, but we know the truth, you're a coward. " Murphy taunted as Bellamy still struggled for air. " I learned that the day you kicked out the crate beneath me. You were just giving the people what they wanted, isn't that what you said."

Bellamy's knuckles were turning white from the tight grip he had on the belt around his neck, "I should have stopped them."

Murphy's eyes were glassed over as he spoke, "Yeah, it's a little late for that now."

"What are you planning on doing after this, Murphy?" Bellamy asked, "You think they're just gonna let you walk out of here?"

Murphy reached up to scratch his head, letting out a chuckle, "Well, I think the Princess is dead, and I know the King's about to die so who's really going to lead these people huh? Her?" he asked, jabbing the gun into my back, "She's dying too remember? Besides, she couldn't lead a puppy if she tried, bad interpersonal skills. I guess that's what happens when you are locked up your entire life."

My breathing was heavy as I tried to focus on something other than Murphy's voice, but that proved to be impossible. Bellamy's face

was rigid, his eyes locking on mine for a moment.

"So, that leaves me. And yeah, maybe I have to kill your Grounder pounding sister first-" Murphy was cut off when Bellamy swung his leg out at him which only resulted in Bellamy losing his balance, almost falling from the stool.

Murphy, now even more pissed off, rush towards the end of the rope, taking it on his hands and pulling so the noose tightened on Bellamy's neck. My breath caught in my throat as I tried desperately to free myself from my restraints.

All three of us froze when a scream came from below. Raven.

Murphy smirked as he lifted his gun, "That must be her now," he said, firing three rounds at the floor. He went to fire again, only being stopped when he realized he was out of bullets. The look on Murphy's face said it all, he was caught off guard.

"Avery, go!" Bellamy yelled, causing me to jump into gear. Bellamy was pulling at the noose, trying to free himself when Murphy noticed. The dark haired, pale skinned boy rushed towards Bellamy, kicking the stool out from under him.

"No!" I choked out, tears streaming from my eyes and I used all my strength and coordination to swing my legs in the direction of Murphy. Luckily, my legs weren't bound and I was able to kick his own legs out from beneath him, sending him to the ground.

"Hold on Bellamy!" I yelled as I attempted to bring myself up to my feet.

Murphy was also getting back to his feet, seething with anger, "Bitch." he hissed, ramming the gun into my head.

The impact was hard enough to slow me down for a moment but not enough to knock me out. Blood was pouring from my forehead as I watched as Bellamy managed to hit Murphy.

Murphy went at Bellamy, hitting him repeatedly in the stomach with his gun, further knocking the air form Bellamy's lungs.

"Stop!" I shouted, pushing myself on my back, then using my all my might to send my foot into Murphy's back. He fell forwards, quickly turning to me with a vicious look. I was afraid he was about to beat me to death right then and there, but in stroke of luck, the sounds of the large drop ship door opening filled my ears.

Murphy's face fell as he jumped to his feet, grabbing a hold of me and yanking me up, "Let's go!" he screamed before all but dragging me up the ladder behind him.

My eyes were locked on Bellamy who had stopped moving, "Hurry!" I screamed to my friends who were already beginning to make their way into the ship as Murphy pulled me into the upper level.

The minute we were both up he slammed the door, throwing me to the ground as he slipped a piece of pipe between the hatch handle so it couldn't be opened. I could hear Octavia yelling for Bellamy to hold on.

"Murphy, it's over." I breathed, hoping he would just let me go.

He was looking through all the supplies frantically, "No it's not!" he snapped, his hands falling still as he landed on what he was looking for. He slowly held up a bullet as he examined it, smirking before shoving it into the gun.

Suddenly, a voice I had never been so happy to hear ripped through the ship, "Murphy!" Bellamy was raging as he began pounding on the hatch door. "Murphy let her go now! It's over!"

Murphy positioned himself by the hatch, his gun pointed towards it, "I will shoot her" he warned.

I knew that what I said next would either get me killed or prove that Murphy was bluffing, "Bellamy, he's not going to shoot me, he only has one bullet."

If Murphy actually wanted to shoot me he would have done so long before now. My suspicions were proved correct when Murphy shot me a glare, proving that he wasn't actually going to shoot me.

Bellamy's voice came again, "Murphy, there's only one way out for

you. Let Avery go and come down here."

Murphy was starting to get panicked as he looked around the level. His eyes landed on something and he grinned, before whispering two words that only he and I could hear, two words I wished I hadn't of heard "Wanna bet?"

-an-

and here we are again with bellamy and avery being protective over one another...goals

38. ka-boom

[image]

My eyes were wide as I watch Murphy move the direction of the gun so it was facing towards the large can of gun power, the tin that was labeled "This stuff will blow your head off", yeah that one.

"What are you doing?" I asked, my voice shaking.

Murphy turned his head slightly to look at me with a grin, "Getting the hell out of here." And then he fired. I buried my head in my shoulder, still unable to use my bounded hands. The explosion shook the entire drop ship and sent debris flying everywhere. The room was filled with smoke and I could barely breath let alone see anything.

The hatch door suddenly flew open and Bellamy flung himself in, "Avery!" he yelled, searching for me amidst the smoke and rubble.

"I'm here!" I screamed, a cough ripping from my lungs from the ash that was floating in the air.

His eyes fell on me and he rushed towards me, instantly untying my hands. The minute I was free I had my arms around him. Bellamy held me close as he pulled me up from the ground, "Are you okay?" he asked softly, lightly using his thumb to graze over the wound on my forehead.

I nodded, my eyes travelling to his neck which was bruised from the noose, "Are you?"

He nodded, "I'm okay."

His eyes then moved to the large hole where Murphy had escaped. He pulled away from me as he examined the damage.

"He blew up the gun powder" I explained, following behind Bellamy who had begun to make his way over to the gap.

Jasper, who had just joined us, let out a little laugh, "Guy sure knows how to make an exit." he joked, as all three of us watched Murphy's figure run off towards the forest. "Should we go after him?" he asked, turning to Bellamy.

Bellamy gave his head a small shake, "Grounders will take care of Murphy. We're going after Clarke, Finn and Monty." He said, turning to face Jasper and I. "You guys were right, we don't abandon our people."

He gave me a small smile we he noticed the grateful smile that had engulfed my face. He then flicked his eyes over to Jasper, "Two guns, you and me that's it."

My smile faded, "What about me?"

Bellamy shook his head, "You and Raven stay here."

"Bellamy-"

Bellamy cut me off, "Avery, I know you want to be there for your brother, but I'm not risking it. It's not safe and I don't want you out there. I almost lost you inside our own damn walls there's no way I'm putting you in danger again."

I was stunned speechless at his confession of why he didn't want me out there. Jasper had the same shocked expression on his face.

I nodded, "Okay" I said is succession, "I'll stay here."

Bellamy gave a curt nod, "Good, now go find Octavia she wants to see you."

I gave Jasper a small smile before making my way down the ladder and out of the drop ship in search of my best friend. What felt like seconds after I had stepped into camp a body came flying towards my own.

I let out a grunt as Octavia's arms wrapped around my body, hugging me so tight I could barely breath, "I thought you died." she breathed, hugging me even tighter.

"I'm okay" I promised, pausing for a moment before speaking again, "I'd be even better if you stopped suffocating me.

Octavia immediately released me, giving me a grin, "Stop scaring me like that. If I have to think you died one more time I'm gonna lose it".

"Sorry," I laughed, "I'll try not to-"

I was cut off by a commotion by the gates of camp, "Movement outside the walls!" someone yelled as several people ran towards the gates, guns raised.

Bellamy and Jasper came flying out of the drop ship, joining Octavia and I as we inched towards the gates in order to see what was going on.

"Wait!" Nathan Miller yelled, holding up his hands signalling for everyone stand down, "Hold your fire, open the gates!"

A couple people rushed to open the gates, and when they pulled them open I almost collapsed with happiness. Directly outside the walls were Clarke and Finn.

The two of them came running into camp, not even pausing before inquiring about the explosion, "We heard an explosion, what happened?"

I took this time that Clarke was talking to Bellamy to rush towards my brother, I threw my body into his, almost knocking him off of his feet. "I've never been so happy to see someone in my entire life." I mumbled, burying my face in his chest.

He pulled me away from himself slightly, examining the wound on my forehead, "What happened to you?"

"Murphy happened" Bellamy explained, answering both Clarke and Finn's questions.

Jasper rushed toward Clarke, enveloping her in a hug, "Thank God," he breathed, "Where have you been? Where's Monty?"

Clarke looked shocked, "Monty's gone?"

Finn pulled me to the side of him as he stepped forward, an anxious expression covering his face, "Clarke, we need to go. We all need to go, now! There's an army of Grounders, unlike anything we've ever seen coming for us right now. We need to pack what we can and run".

The urgency in Finn's voice made my stomach drop. We were no match for what was no come and there was no way we could stay here if what Finn said was true.

"Like hell we do, we knew this was coming" Bellamy argued.

"Bell, we're not prepared" Octavia countered.

Bellamy was getting fired up, like usual, "And they're not here yet. We still have time to get ready. Besides, where will we go? Where will we be safer than behind these walls?"

Finn jumped in, "There's an ocean to the east. People there will help us."

"You saw Lincoln?" Octavia assumed.

Finn nodded in confirmation, "Yeah."

Bellamy let out a scoff in disbelief, "You expect us to trust a Grounder?"

"Bellamy he's helped us before" I pointed out, thinking of the several times Lincoln had saved our lives.

Bellamy ignored me, turning to the rest of the group, "This is our home now! We built this with our bare hands, our dead are buried behind that wall, in this ground, our ground! The Grounders think that they can take that away? That because we came from the sky we don't belong here? But they're yet to realize one very important fact, we are on the ground now, and that means, we are grounders!"

"Grounders with guns!" Someone piped in from the back as a chorus of yells of agreement sounded off, further fuelling Bellamy's fire.

"I say let them come!"

In a turn of events, Clarke stepped forward, "Bellamy's right. If we leave we might never find a place as safe as this. And God knows, in this world we could be faced with something even worse tomorrow. But that doesn't change the simple fact that if we stay here, we will die tonight. So, pack your things, just take what you can carry. Now." There was the Clarke we all knew.

Everyone dispersed, rushing to pack their bags. Octavia stood before Finn and I, a look of pain on her face, "Where is he?" she asked, referring to Lincoln.

Finn let out a sad sigh as he held up a weapon, one of Lincoln's. Octavia stared at it for a moment before taking it from my brother's hands. I sent her a sympathetic look.

"Help me!" a weak voice called from near the drop ship. We all turned to see Raven limping towards us, in obvious pain.

"Raven!" I gasped as a group of us rushed to help her. I reached her first, instantly wrapping my arm around her waist and allowing her to rest her weight on me.

"Murphy shot her." Jasper explained as Clarke began examining her wound.

"Bastard." I muttered under my breath as Raven groaned in pain. Finn rushed in, taking Raven from my grasp and pulling her into his arms.

"Get her into the drop ship!" Clarke ordered. Finn and I abided, the two of us running towards the ship with an injured Raven in hand.

Murphy might have failed in killing Bellamy and myself, but he injured Raven, someone who didn't deserve any of this. And the hate I felt for Murphy at that moment, only made me more amped up and ready for war, a war that was about to come at any moment.

39. our home

[image]

Raven's screams ripped through the air as Clarke held a scolding hot blade to her wound. Her hand was gripped tightly around my brother's as she withered in pain.

"I don't understand," Finn spoke once Raven had stopped screaming, "How did Murphy get a gun?"

Bellamy and I shared a brief look before he spoke, "It's a long story."

Finn still didn't know what truly went down with us and Murphy and at this point, it was probably better to keep it that way.

Raven let out a grunt, "We got lucky, if he had of hit the fuel tank instead of me we all would have been dead".

A look of shock clouded over Clarke's face, "Wait, there's rocket fuel down there? Enough to build a bomb?"

Raven was pale and covered in sweat, her breathing still ragged, "Enough to build a hundred bombs, if we had enough gun powder".

Bellamy switched topics, moving onto our next order of business. "Let's get back to the Reapers, maybe they'll help us. The enemy of my enemy is my friend right?" He was referring to another group that Clarke and Finn had encountered with Lincoln. In his hand was one of Lincoln's sketch books which contained dozens of pictures of terrifying looking men- even more terrifying than the Grounders.

Clarke and Finn both had scared looks on their faces, "Not this enemy. We saw them, trust me it't not an option".

"There's no time for this." Finn announced, turning to Clarke and dropping his voice, "Can she walk or not?"

Clarke's eyes flickered over to Raven, with a shake of her head she sighed, "No, we'll have to carry her".

Raven instantly rebutted, "Like hell you will" she grunted as she attempted to push herself up off the table.

Clarke held her down, "Listen to me. That bullet is still inside you. If my some miracle there's no internal bleeding it might hold until we get somewhere safe but you are not walking anywhere is that clear?"

I knew Raven as well as I knew myself and I knew for a fact that admitting weakness was not something she did easily, but today she succeeded to Clarke, giving her a small nod.

Finn took this as a sign to get going, "I'll go get the stretcher" he announced, turning towards the exit of the ship.

"Can't run away fast enough huh? Real brave" Bellamy piped in from beside me. I sent him a disapproving look as Finn spun back around.

"Dying in a fight you can't win isn't brave Bellamy, it's stupid" Finn shot back.

Bellamy took a step towards him, "Spoken like every coward who's ever run from a fight."

I let out a puff of air, stepping in between the two boys, "Cut it out" I ordered, my eyes locking on Bellamy who was the instigator of this little disagreement, "We don't have time for this, we need to get going".

Bellamy shook his head, "If they follow, it's a hundred and twenty mile trek to the ocean".

Finn jumped in, "Look, we're wasting time. If he wants to stay, he can stay" he gave me one final look before storming from the ship.

I instantly turned to Bellamy, "You're not staying".

Bellamy's jaw was locked as he looked down at me, "What do you want me to say, Avery?"

I let out an exhausted sigh, "I want you to say that you'll come with

us. We-I can't do this without you. Please Bellamy."

"They listen to you" Clarke piped in from behind me, "Those kids, they look up to you".

Bellamy looked over my head to meet eyes with Clarke, "They're lined up out there, they listen to you more."

Clarke shook her head, "I gave them an easy way out. Five minutes ago they were willing to fight and die for you. You inspire them, and I'm afraid we're going to need that again before this day is through" She left it at that, letting those be her final words before following after Finn.

Once she was gone I spoke again, "Please Bellamy". At the sound of my voice he looked back down at me, "I need you" I whispered.

Conflict covered his face as let out a breath, "Avery, I don't-"

I cut him off, "If you're staying then so am I".

Bellamy was taken aback by my statement, "No, you aren't. You really think your brother would let you stay?"

I threw my arms up, "I don't care what Finn says. You have been protecting me and everyone else in this camp since day one, whether you realized it or not. So, it's my turn to protect you. I'm staying by your side Bellamy, no matter what you choose."

I watched as everyone began filing out of the front gates. We had packed everything we deemed necessary as quickly as we could, knowing we didn't have much time. The minute everything was packed kids were moving through the gate, Octavia in the lead.

Bellamy stood beside me, watching as everyone left. It was obvious he wasn't pleased with his decision to join us, but nonetheless he agreed to make the trek to the ocean.

"You did good here Bellamy" I said softly.

He looked over at me, letting out a sigh, a look of regret covering his face, "18 dead, Avery"

I gave him an encouraging smile, "82 alive"

He didn't say a word, but instead turned and gave one last look around camp before turning and throwing water over the fire that was left burning in the pit. In a way, the fire resembled our time in this camp, it burned strong for as long as it could but sometimes it needs to be put out for the safety of everyone, burning fires lead to destruction and that was something we were all trying to avoid.

"You know what I'm gonna do once we get to the ocean?" Nathan Miller ask from the front of the group.

Bellamy and I were in the middle of the group, near Finn who was carrying Raven along with another boy. Bellamy held his gun, ready to fire as did several others in the group.

"What?" Drew asked from beside from beside Miller.

Nathan threw his arms out, "Imma go surfing".

Drew nodded in agreement, "No more trees just pale blue water." His description of what was to come made me smile slightly, it would be nice.

Jasper turned to them with a glare, "Quiet, keep your eyes open."

Suddenly, Octavia stopped moving causing the rest of us to come to a halt. She held her hand out, telling us all to be quiet for a moment.

I tried to see why she had stopped, but could see nothing but forest for miles ahead, "What's going on?" I asked quietly.

Bellamy shook his head, beginning to push through the group to get up to the front, "I don't-"

He was cut off as a blade came whipping through the forest, lodging

itself directly in Drew's head. He fell to the ground as everyone around him jumped back in terror. A gasp caught in my throat as I stared with wide eyes at Drew's body . He was the first victim to fall in this war, and he was sure not to be the last.

"GROUNDERS!" Jasper screamed as pandemonium set in.

Bellamy spun around, running back towards where I was, grabbing my arm as everyone began running. He held a firm hold on me while he searched for Octavia among the crowd of terrified teenagers. Once she was beside us the three of us took off.

Footsteps and ragged breathing was all you could hear as all 82 of us ran for our lives-literally. I kept my eyes locked on Finn and Raven who were not too far ahead of me, him and the other boy now carrying her having ditched the stretcher.

"Where did that come from?" I asked through laboured breaths as I turned my head slightly to ensure there was no Grounders chasing directly after us.

Octavia clenched her jaw, "I'm not sure, but I'm sure there's much more to come"

I let out a scoff, "You're trying to tell me that was just the warm up?"

Bellamy pushed me in front of him, "Less talking, more running please."

-an-

uh oh here we go

40. choices

[image]

"Inside the gates, lets go!" Bellamy yelled as he ushered us back through the all too familiar walls of camp.

Everyone one in a panic, running around like chickens with their heads cut off. Some of our gunners immediately positioned themselves up on the wall while others waited for further instruction.

Bellamy climbed up so he was able to look overtop of the wall and out into the forest. I followed after him, my eyes scanning the tree line. Clarke popped up beside us as Bellamy moved his gun across the forest while looking through the sight.

"Where are they?" he asked, panic evident in his voice, "Why aren't they attacking?"

Clarke let out a small gasp of realization, "Because we're doing exactly what they wanted us to do."

I glanced over at her from the other side of Bellamy, "What are you talking about?"

She didn't answer me directly but instead turned back to the group where Finn and Octavia were standing, "Lincoln said the scouts would arrive first."

"Well if it's just scouts then we can fight our way out! That's what Lincoln would do." Octavia pointed out.

I hopped down from the post, Bellamy following behind me, "We're done doing what that Grounder would do." he fired back, "We tried it and now Drew is dead, you wanna be next?"

Octavia glared at her brother as Finn cut in, "That Grounder saved our lives! I agree with Octavia, for all we know there's just one

scout out there."

"One scout with insanely good aim." Jasper piped in from his post.

"If we get out there and they corner us there's no hiding, we're left without any protection." I added, causing my brother to shake his head with a sigh. I hated going against him and Octavia, but in this situation I didn't fully agree with them.

Bellamy nodded, "Avery's right, we're a free target out there."

"Clarke," Octavia said as a last plea, "We can do this."

Bellamy and I turned to Clarke as well, "It's up to you Princess, what's it gonna be? Run and get picked off in the open or stay and fight back"

Clarke looked between the four of us, milling over the decision in her head. She shook her head as she looked back out to the forest.

Letting out a sigh, she jumped down from the post, her arm instantly being grabbed by my brother, "Clarke," he begged, "If we're still here when Tristan gets here..."

I didn't know who Tristan was but it was sounding like he was someone I did not want to come face to face with.

"Lincoln said scouts-" Clarke started, cutting Finn off, "More than one. He said get home before the scouts arrive. Finn, they're already here!" she then turned to Bellamy and I, her eyes locking with his expectant ones, "Looks like you have your fight."

Finn's face fell as he tilted his head down in defeat. I felt bad, I really did, but there were some things that Finn wasn't right about and I was my own person who could make my own decisions and this was mine.

"Alright then!" Bellamy called, wasting no time springing into action, "This is what we've been preparing for. Kill them before they kill us! Gunners, to your posts! Use the tunnels to get in and out, from now on the gate stays closed."

Everyone began rushing to their posts, a mixture of adrenaline and fear surged through the camp as everyone prepared for the attack.

I moved my eyes from the chaos back to my brother who had his hands held on his head in disbelief, "Finn-" I started but I was cut off when he shook his head.

"Why did you fuel his fire Avs?" he breathed, dropping his hands back down to his sides.

I furrowed my brow, "What are you talking about?"

"Bellamy- why did you side with him, I'm your brother Avery!" he exclaimed, a look of hurt flashing across his face.

I shook my head, "This isn't about sides Finn, it's about what I thought was right. I know you don't want to stay here and fight but going out there-that's a death sentence, we have a better chance behind these walls."

Finn's jaw was clenched as he went to move past me, "I sure hope you're right."

"We've got 25 rifles with 20 rounds each give or take, roughly 500 rounds of ammo" Bellamy explained as he, Finn, Clarke and I stood around a layout of our camp, trying to strategize. "While you two were gone we made some improvements. Thanks to Raven, the Gully's mined."

Raven spoke from where she was sitting against the wall closest to us, "Partially mined," she said, he voice thick with pain, "Thanks to Murphy."

"Still," Bellamy optimized, "It's the main route in. If any Grounders try to get in we'll know. She also built grenades," he explained, picking up one of Raven's homemade explosives.

Clarke looked at the grenades with concern, "That's not many."

Raven let out a grunt, "Again, thank you Murphy."

Bellamy set the grenade down, his eyes moving back to our battle plan, "We'll make it count. If the Grounders make it through the front gate, guns and grenades should force them back."

I stared at Bellamy, trying to find any hint of worry on his face. I knew if he was scared then there was a real reason to be.

"And then?" Clarke asked.

"Then close the door and pray." Raven answered truthfully.

"And pray what?" Clarke questioned, "That the ships keeps them out? Because it won't."

I spoke for the first time, trying to hide the fear in my voice, "Then what do we do? We have no other options."

Finn let out a small laugh from beside me, causing me to spin to him in anger, "What the hell is funny, Finn?"

He shrugged, "You wanted to stay, still think that's a good idea Avs?"

I scoffed, "Shut up."

Bellamy cut in, "We won't let them get through the gate then," he said, raising the walkie talkie in his hand to his mouth, "All fox holes, listen up. Keep your eyes and ears open, inflict casualties, as many as possible. You can hold them off long enough to make them turn back-that's the plan."

"That's always your plan." Finn pointed out, "Just like at the bridge."

Bellamy gave him a nod, "Damn right, got another plan?"

Clarke, who had been staring at the layout of camp, spoke up, "It can't be that simple."

We all looked over to her in confusion, "What can't be that simple?" I asked.

She turned to Raven, "You said there's fuel in those rockets, enough

to build a hundred bombs?"

Raven wore a look of uncertainty as she nodded, "Problem is we don't have any gun powder left."

Clarke wore a sly grin, "I don't wanna build a bomb...I want to blast off."

41. war

[image]

And so, the plan was set. We would draw the Grounders in close to the drop ship and then use the remaining rocket fuel to essentially blast off, "Barbecued Grounders" as Bellamy had called it.

Soon after the plan was set in place, Finn, Clarke and I were beneath the ship, looking through the endless wires for the ignition system. Raven was up above, working on something else as the 3 of us searched.

"Where the hell is it?" I grumbled, pushing my hair from my face as I searched among the hundreds of wires that ran through the underlying of the ship.

Clarke let out a breath as she shook her head, "Raven, we can't find the ignition system!" she yelled. After Raven didn't answer she called her name again, "Raven?"

When Raven finally responded her voice was full of fear, "I-I can't feel my legs."

My heart dropped as I exchanged looks with Clarke and Finn, "Hold on Raven, we're coming!" I called as the 3 of us rushed to the ladder. Clarke climbed up first, and then Finn. Once he reached the top he waited for me, grabbing me and pulling me up after him.

Clarke was instantly by Raven's side, "Let me see." she instructed.

Raven winced as she leaned forward so Clarke could get take a look at her back. I took a seat beside her, taking a hold of her hand as she let out a scream of pain.

As Clarke lifted up her shirt I resisted the urge to gasp. Large bruise like marks were present near the bottom of Raven's back, even I knew that that meant internal bleeding of some sort. Clarke's worried eyes met mine before shifting to Finn.

Raven let out what I assumed was supposed to be a laugh but sounded more like painful gasp, "That bad huh?"

Raven's grip tightened on my hand as Clarke sat her back up. Finn was watching Raven, a look of helplessness on his face.

"Raven," Clarke started, her voice low and regretful, "The blood is in your spine...you're bleeding internally."

We all had tears in our eyes as Raven nodded, "Guess we better get this done fast then. Get back down there." she ordered, plastering her best fake smile on her face.

Clarke was about to stand, but Finn shot his hand out to stop her, "What if we can stop the bleeding, would that help?" he suggested, causing me to look to him in confusion.

Clarke was equally as confused as me, "Well of course it would help. Can you tell me how to do that?"

Finn was eager, a new sense of hope coming with his suggestion, "The stuff the Grounders had, coagulant. You said Lincoln had some too."

"Yeah, it's in the box with the antidotes but I--"

"I'm betting there's more of it in his cave." Finn said, cutting Clarke off. I now saw where this was heading, he wanted to leave camp. "If I can get there-"

Raven cut in, "Wait a second. No." she said firmly, tears in her eyes.

"I can make it." Finn promised.

"I'll go with him." I added from beside Raven. She looked over at me with wide eyes, "No, no way are you both going. Clarke tell them they're being idiots." she pleaded, turning to Clarke who had a pained look on her face, "I won't let you die just to save me." Raven continued.

Finn's breathing was uneven, he was nervous, "Fine. If you won't let me save you, how about we save everybody else? You're the only

one who can fire those rockets. If you die, we all die."

Raven didn't say anything, which was just as good as agreeing. With that, Finn stood up, "I'll be right back."

After giving Raven a quick hug, I followed after him, coming to a halt when he spun around to face me, "Avery-"

"No." I said sternly, catching him off guard, "You do not get to say no this time, Finn. I'm coming with you, you need back up. And besides, if you die out there I'm dying with you. Don't even try arguing about this with me because it's not going to work."

Finn was shocked at my sudden confidence but nonetheless he nodded, "Okay." he conceded.

"Great," I muttered, still shocked he didn't actually put up a fight, "I'll get a gun and meet you at the gate."

As I left the drop ship I could hear Clarke trying to convince Finn to stay, but I knew she was only wasting her breath, Finn cared about Raven as much as he cared about me and there was no way he was about to sit back and let her die.

I made my way through camp quickly, grabbing one of the last guns that was sitting in our arsenal before making my way to the front gates, only stopping when a large body blocked my path.

"What are you doing?" Bellamy asked, his eyes moving to the gun in my hand.

I held the gun closer to my body, afraid he would take it, "Finn and I are going to Lincoln's cave, we need medicine for Raven." I explained, daring to look into his eyes which were full of shock.

Bellamy shook his head, "Avery, weren't you the one who said being out there was giving the Grounders a free shot? There's no way I'm letting you out of these gates."

I moved past him, "I'm not asking for your permission, Bellamy. Finn is going and that means so am I."

Bellamy stepped in front of me once again, "Avery, please." he begged, holding onto either side of my arms. There was something in his voice that I didn't hear often, fear.

Finn, who had just approached us gave me an odd look, "You ready Avs?" I could still tell he was not happy about me coming.

"Yeah," I whispered, moving my eyes back to Bellamy who was giving me a pleading look, "I'm sorry."

Finn started out the front gates, and I began to follow but something stopped me, "Hey Bellamy?" I called, causing him to spin around to face me, "If something does happen to me out there, I just want to say thank you, y'know for everything you've done for me."

His face fell and it looked like he was about to say something to me, but I didn't give him the chance. I spun on my heal and follow after Finn who already had quite the head start. I truly didn't know if I would ever see Bellamy Blake again but I was sure hoping I would.

"It's right over there." Finn whispered, pointing towards the cave where we had rescued Octavia from, an event that felt years ago. We were all so naive then.

I held my gun up a little higher as we neared the cave. My eyes scanned the forest for any sign of danger, but it was quiet, almost too quiet for my liking.

"Come on." Finn urged, waving me into the entrance of the cave. I followed after him, still on high alert.

Finn held his small flashlight out in front of us as we entered into the dark cave. I took the darkness as a sign nobody was in there.

"Start looking," Finn instructed, "Clarke said it was in the box with the antidotes, you know what that looks like right?"

I almost laughed, I knew far too well what the box looked like. It was the same box I had held as I knelt in front of Lincoln, begging him to save my brother's life as Bellamy beat him half to death.

"Yeah." I finally answered, beginning to search through Lincoln's things.

We had been searching for maybe a minute when Finn spun around in shock, his flashlight momentarily blinding me as he pointed it directly in my face in efforts to see what was behind us. "Lincoln! You made it." he gasped.

Through the black dots that were still blurring my vision I could see Lincoln staring at us in surprise, a knife clutched in his hand. My mind flashed back to the night he had stabbed Finn in this very cave.

His rough voice shook me out of my thoughts, "I told you to leave!"he snapped, his voice booming through the small cave.

Finn's breathing was laboured, "We tried, the scouts were already there."

Bellamy's voice came through the walkie in Finn's hand, barking directions to someone back at camp.

"What is that?" Lincoln asked. Finn pulled the walkie from his pocket, handing it over to the Grounder. Lincoln stared down at it for a moment, listening as another voice came through, requesting more bullets, "Why the hell aren't you two there?" he questioned, his eyes moving between my brother and I.

I spoke for the first time, still slightly terrified of Lincoln no matter how great Octavia said he was, "Raven was shot. We need medicine to slow the bleeding."

Lincoln's face clouded over with a look of shock and anger, "You came to save one life!"

Finn's words were rushed as he spoke, "We don't have time to explain! Do you have the medicine or not?"

Lincoln was still clearly angered by our seemingly stupid actions, but nodded nonetheless, "I have it." He grumbled, moving towards the back of the cave. He grabbed a bottle of the medicine, launching it into Finn's hands.

Bellamy's voice came through the radio once again, this time instructing everyone to hold their ground and not let the Grounders through the front gate under any circumstances.

Lincoln clenched his jaw, looking up at the two of us, "I'm coming with you. Let's go."

I moved to follow after him, so did Finn. However he stopped when he tripped over one of Lincoln's sketch books. He stared at it for a moment before bending down to pick it up.

I tapped my foot anxiously, "Finn, come on we don't have time for this."

Finn ignored me, his eyes locked on the book. "Wait!" he called to Lincoln as he examined the picture of what I thought to be a Reaper, "The enemy of my enemy is my friend." he whispered.

Lincoln stormed back in to the cave, "Finn, let's move!"

Finn looked up at him, "How far did the Reapers chase you?"

I looked over to him in confusion. Bellamy had already brought up the idea of Reapers and Clarke had shot it down immediately.

Lincoln was lost as well, "They'd still be chasing me if I didn't lose them, why?"

Finn let out a shaky breath, his eyes full of something that kind of scared me, "I have a really bad idea."

-an-

omg guys we are almost done season 1!! im kinda sad tbh. I loved season 1 and im not excited for what happens in season 2 if you know what I mean :(((

yo also, if anyone is able to make manips and wants to make one of finn and avery (lily collins) or bellamy and avery I would love you forever and of course give u creds when I use them!!

42. warriors

[image]

Finn was right, his idea was a bad one, a really bad one. He wanted to lure the Reapers towards our camp to distract the Grounders so to say. We all knew the plan was risky, so that's probably why Finn was sending me back to camp rather than letting me follow along. We had gone over our options, and although risky, it was safer for me to make the trek back to camp alone.

"Do you have enough ammo?" Finn asked as we prepared to leave the safety of Lincoln's cave.

I glanced down at my gun, "Let me check." I muttered, pulling out the clip to see how many bullets I had left. I froze, zero, I had zero bullets.

I guess my face gave it away because Finn caught it instantly, "What's wrong?"

I but my lip, giving him a sheepish look, "I don't have any." I mumbled so quietly I thought he didn't hear me at first.

But of course he heard me, "How do you not have any ammo?" he demanded.

I threw my arms up, "I forgot to check the clip before I left! Bellamy was distracting me and I don't know, I'm not a gun expert okay?"

Finn shook his head in annoyance, "I can't let you roam through the forest with no protection..." he trailed off, trying to think of what we could do.

Lincoln, who wasn't impressed with the hold up, cut in, "We don't have time for this," he grumbled, rushing across the cave, picking something up before shoving it into my hands, "Here"

I stared down at the object, it was a bow and arrow. I had read

about these in books and I had seen the Grounders use them but I had never actually seen one up close. I glanced up at Lincoln, "What do you want me to do with this?"

He furrowed his brows, "I want you to use it to protect yourself, what else?"

I turned it over in my hands, "But I don't know how to shoot it."

He turned me towards the exit, "You'll figure it out. If you hurry up you hopefully won't have to use it at all."

I sighed as I threw the strap of the empty gun over one shoulder as I threw the quiver over the other. The bottle of medicine was shoved into my jacket pocket.

Before I could leave I spun around, pulling Finn into a tight hug, "I love you. Be safe." I mumbled, pressing my face into his shoulder.

He hugged me back, so tight I could feel his heart beating rapidly, he was terrified, "I love you too. I'll see you soon."

We pulled away and I gave Lincoln a small wave before climbing up the ladder that lead out of the cave. Once I was outside I began running. I ran faster than I ever had, keeping my eyes and ears open as I made my way through the dark forest.

The bow was clutched tightly in my hand. I was really hoping I wouldn't have to use it, but I wanted to be prepared no matter what. As I ran all that could run through my mind was whether or not Finn was okay. I was terrified that he wouldn't make it back to camp tonight.

Soon enough, the lights of camp came into my view and I let out a small sigh of relief. The feeling of relief didn't last long however, as the outside of out gates soon came into view. There were Grounders, hundreds of them at least, making their way towards our walls.

I pushed myself to hurry, slipping into one of the fox holes. I all but threw myself into it, letting out rapid breaths as I tried to calm down, my eyes were closed as I focused on my breathing.

"Where the hell did you come from?" My eyes shot open to see Nathan Miller hovering overtop of me, starring down at me in confusion.

I sat up, pulling the bow onto my lap, "It's a long story." I paused, my eyes falling back out into the forest which was covered in Grounders, "How are we doing?" I asked.

Miller was back in position, his gun pointed into the forest, "Bad. We're running low and ammo and they're closing in." he answered, pausing to take a shot at an incoming Grounder. As he went to take another shot, his gun let off a click meaning he was out of ammo.

"Damnit!" he snapped, fumbling to insert another clip.

"Miller," I muttered in fear, watching as a Grounder moved closer and closer to where the two of us were hiding, "Miller, hurry!"

He let out a grunt as he tried to work faster, "Avery, I'm trying but-"

I didn't wait for him any longer, I decided to raise the bow. Lincoln told me I would figure it out and I guess now was the time. I placed an arrow into it, aiming towards the oncoming Grounder, and then, I fired.

I let out a gasp of shock as did Miller as the arrow lodge itself in the Grounder's chest, causing him to fall to the ground.

"Where did you learn how to do that?" Miller asked, his gun now loaded and pointed back out to the battlefield.

I was as shocked as he was, "I have no idea." I answered as another boy entered the fox hole with us, "I got more ammo." he breathed as he took a spot beside Miller.

I looked at the two boys, "Are you guys good?"

The other boy nodded as he loaded his gun, "We are for now, but I don't know how much longer we can hold them off."

I grabbed my empty gun that I had dropped, "Just hold off a little longer okay? You'll have a break soon."

Miller looked back at me as I began to leave, "What's going to happen soon?"

I smirked, "You'll see."

As I entered back into the main part of camp I was instantly greeted by Clarke, she was basically the only other one out there. "Avery." she breathed in relief as I handed her the medicine. She looked behind me, obviously expecting to see Finn, "Where's-" her eyes were panicked.

I gave her a reassuring smile, "He's coming."

Call it twin telepathy but at that very moment a deafening scream ripped through the air above all other. It was the Reapers, Finn and Lincoln had done it.

Not even seconds later, Finn came rushing through one of the fox holes, his chest falling rapidly with every breath he took.

"Oh my God." Clarke gasped as she ran into his arms. After a few seconds she pulled back, looking Finn in the eyes, "What did you do?"

My brother shrugged, "I kicked the hornet's nest."

Clarke was in shock, "You brought the Reapers?"

Finn nodded, "I just bought us some time. How's Raven?"

Clarke shook her head, her eyes full of sadness and for a second I feared Raven was gone. "She's not good." she finally said, as the 3 of us began moving towards the drop ship, "And the rockets aren't ready yet. Jasper's working on them now."

Finn paused, "Wait, Jasper?" he asked. Clarke nodded and Finn's face clouded with worry, "What's plan B?"

"Jasper was plan B."

My hand was gripping Raven's limp one as Clarke inserted the syringe of medicine into her hip. I knew if this medicine didn't kick in soon we would lose Raven.

The drop ship was filled with worried chatter of teenagers as we had all crammed back into the place it started to seek shelter. The noise outside was getting louder, meaning the attack was getting closer.

"Clarke!" Miller called as he entered the ship, holding onto his shoulder which had been hit, "They're taking down the gate!"

"Good," Jasper said, pulling himself up from under the ship, "Cause I did it." he said with conviction before adding, " I think."

The sound of crashing metal filled the air, meaning one thing, the gate was down.

"I'm closing that door!" Miller yelled, pointing to the large metal door, the only thing that would keep the Grounders out of the drop ship.

"Wait!" Clarke yelled, standing up. Finn and I moved to follow her. "We've still got people out there. Bellamy's not back yet."

My heart dropped as I ran after her, "What do you mean he's not back? Where did he go?" I questioned as we moved outside.

Clarke sighed, "I'm not sure where he is." That's all she gave me as stood at the end of the drop ship ramp. All around us was commotion, there was gun fire, yelling, grenades, it was unlike anything I had ever seen. "Alright!" Clarke yelled over the noise, "Jasper did it, everyone in the drop ship, now!"

"Look out!" Finn yelled as he grabbed the two of us, pulling us behind bags that had been piled up to use as protection. Miller stood on the ramp of the ship, firing at oncoming Grounders as kids were being killed left and right, it was a disaster.

My heart was beating a thousand beats a minute as I looked around

at the scene. We didn't deserve this, no matter what we did on the Ark, we were still just kids.

"There he is!" Finn yelled, breaking me from my thoughts. I turned my head to see Bellamy entering through one of the fox holes on the other side of camp.

I perked up, my eyes meeting with Bellamy's, "RUN!" I screamed.

Clarke shook her head, her eyes wide with fear, "He's never going to make it."

"Bellamy, hurry!" I yelled again, my voice cracking with fear.

Bellamy did just that. He began rushing towards us, picking up a gun on the way, attempting to fire it at a Grounder that was coming towards him, but it was empty. My heart dropped.

The Grounder grabbed a hold of him, sending a fist into Bellamy's face and then a blow to his stomach.

My breath was caught in my throat, "No." I whispered, tears streaming down my face.

"He's killing him." Clarke cried as the Grounder continued beating on Bellamy.

In a move I was never expecting, my brother stood up, grabbing a gun from a passing kid, "Give me that." he ordered, ripping it from the kid's hands.

He cocked the gun, sending a shot in the direction of the Grounder attacking Bellamy. I was in shock, I didn't ever think I would see my brother with a gun, let alone using a gun to save Bellamy's life.

At Finn's shot, the Grounder turned his attention from Bellamy to my brother. Finn rushed towards him, tackling the Grounder to the ground.

"Finn!" I screamed, trying to follow after him. Clarke was screaming for him too, but it was no use.

Nathan Miller had a hold on my arm, keeping me from chasing after my brother. I watched with teary eyes as Bellamy and Finn attacked the Grounder.

"Look!" Miller yelled, pointing to the scene unfolding by the gates, "You can't save everyone." he announced to Clarke and I, "Let's go!"

I was frozen in place, Clarke wasn't moving either. Finn looked over to the two of us, his eyes full of fear. He gave Clarke a small nod, signalling her to go. She took that as he cue, rushing towards the ship. But I still couldn't move.

"Avery go!" Finn screamed, dodging an oncoming hit from the Grounder.

At the sound of my name Bellamy looked in my direction, his eyes meeting mine. He gave me the same look Finn had given Clarke, telling me I had to leave him. But I didn't want to, I would have rather died out there then leave him and my brother. But obviously, I didn't get to make that choice.

"Avery!" Miller yelled as he rushed back towards me, "We need to go, now!"

My eyes moved to the dozens of Grounders that were storming towards the ship.

"I can't," I cried, "I can't leave them!"

Miller, who I had never been really close to, pulled me into his arms, ignoring the bullet wound he had to his shoulder, and all but carried me back into the drop ship. I was sobbing as the two of us collapsed to the metal floor.

They were gone. Not only had I lost my brother, but I had lost the person I had come to realize I cared for the most in this world other than Finn and Octavia. I had lost the man I was in love with.

-an-

ummmm so 2 updates back to back boo yah. and wow was that chapter ever crazy. obviously a lot happened but that last

sentence bro...that was intense. AVERY LOVES BELLAMY???? okay im sure we all already knew but it's nice to hear right?

anyways, please let me know what you guys thought!!!! this chap was a long one! do you guys like longer chapters or shorter ones, let me know!

love you all,

-maddy xoxox

43. mountain men

[image] [image]

"Close the door!" Nathan yelled as he all but threw me into the drop ship. I landed on all fours, instantly spinning myself around to face the large door, somehow hoping Bellamy and Finn were about to come running in.

Tears were still fresh in my eyes as Clarke grabbed a hold of the handle, pulling it down, beginning the closing of the door.

I looked around the drop ship, my eyes searching for one person, when I couldn't find her I turned to Jasper who was behind me, the remote to close the door in his hands. "Where's Octavia?" I asked, my voice thick from crying.

Jasper shook his head, "I haven't seen her since this all started."

I felt my heart drop, "Where could she have-"

Suddenly a battle cry ripped through the air and before any of us had time to react a body came flying into the ship, barely getting through the door that was basically closed.

I stared with wide eyes as Jasper grabbed my arm, pulling me further away from the figure that was already springing to their feet. It was Anya. Her eyes were filled with fury as she looked around at us. A small smirk playing on her face as the sound of Grounders attacking the drop ship from the outside filled our ears.

"Jasper," Clarke called, her voice laced with fear, "Now!'

Jasper nodded, looking down with wild eyes at the remote. Her flicked a few switches, letting out a shaky breath before flicking the switch that would send us blasting off. I swear we were all holding our breath, and when nothing happened panic began to set in.

"Jasper," I whispered, "What's going on?"

He shook his head, his face covered in confusion, "I-I don't know, I did everything right-I--"

I placed my hand overtop of his shaking one, "It's okay," I reassured, "Just keep trying."

Out of my peripheral view I could see Clarke holding her hands out to Anya in a plea not to do anything, "Anya, you can't win."

I turned away from Jasper to study Anya's face. It was like stone, showing no emotion. If she was scared I couldn't tell.

In a burst of movement she swung her swords towards the crowd of us, sending many scrambling backwards.

Before she had a chance to actually harm anyone, Miller rammed the butt of his gun into the back of her skull, sending her to the ground. The minute she was down and momentarily disarmed, kids began kicking at her, a large circle forming around her.

"Stop!" Clarke begged, her pleas falling on deaf ears.

I turned back to Jasper who was sweating furiously as he tried to solve the problem. He was mumbling something to himself.

All of a sudden he stopped mumbling and his eyes grew wide, "Avery, pass me the lantern behind you." he said as he began to fumble with the wires.

I quickly stood up, ignoring the chaos happening behind us, and grabbed the lantern, "Here." I announced as I set it down beside him.

He unscrewed the bottom before turning around to grab two wires. The sounds of the Grounders were getting increasingly louder from outside and I knew we were running out of time.

Jasper hovered the two wires over the bottom of the lantern, letting out a deep breath before plunging the wires downwards, connecting them with the lantern.

The minute he did that, the whole ship began to shake. I fell

backwards, landing on my butt as the ship pushed itself off the ground. As quick as we were up, we were slamming back into the ground.

I looked over to Jasper, my mouth agape, "You did it!" I screamed, throwing my arms around him.

He wrapped his arms around me in return, "I did it." He repeated, still in shock.

As happy as I was about Clarke's plan falling into place, I couldn't help the feeling of remorse that filled my entire body at the thought of Bellamy and Finn not being here. I guess it really is true that with something bad comes something good.

We had stayed in the drop ship for a couple hours following the blast off to ensure everything had died down. I had spent those two hours sitting alone, trying to hold it all together.

We had tied Anya up, everyone finally agreeing that beating her to death was not the way to go about this.

When the time came to exit the ship, a couple of boys took her by either arm, leading her out to see the destruction of her army.

As the drop ship door slowly opened, and sunlight filled my vision, I couldn't help but have a sense of Déjà Vu, my mind flipping back to our first day on Earth. Bellamy, Finn and Octavia had been with me then, and it killed me that they weren't with me now.

I quickly wiped a tear that slipped from my eye as I followed the group out into camp. It smelled of rocket fuel and burnt flesh. The smell reminded me slightly of the smell that had consumed camp when our meat shack burnt down, but this, this was way worse.

I let out shaky breaths as I walked further into camp, coming to a stop beside Clarke who was staring down at two charred bodies in the spot we had last seen Bellamy and Finn. I felt my lip quiver as I looked down at them. I didn't know for sure that it was them, but there was a strong chance that it was and that hurt my heart more

than I could ever explain.

Clarke grabbed a hold of my hand, giving it a tight squeeze. I looked over at her and gave her a forced smile.

It looked like she was about to say something to me but she didn't have the chance. Out of no where a tin canister spewing pink gas landed at our feet. I jumped back in surprise as more of the canisters came flying into camp.

"What the hell?" Jasper wondered, looking around at the fog that was consuming camp.

I started finding it hard to breathe. I brought my arm up to my mouth to shield my mouth but it was no use. The gas was burning my eyes as everything began to spin around me.

The last thing I heard before everything went black was Anya muttering two simple words that were simple and harmless when used on their own, but when put together, they meant something horrible that was yet to come.

"Mountain Men."

-an-

omg guys we're done season 1 dun dun dun! I know this chapter was short but I just wanted to quickly wrap up season 1. I have already started writing season 2 and am very excited for it. I can't wait to continue growing Avery as a character and especially focus of bell and avery's relationship ;)))

let me know what you thought of this chapter in the comments!

love you all,

-maddy xoxo

44. new beginning

[image]

My eyes sprung open and I had to immediately clamp them shut due to the bright white lights that were pounding down on me. After a moment of adjustment I reopened them slowly, the full scene of where I was coming into view.

I was in a room, not just any room, but the brightest, most pristine room I had ever seen. Even on the Ark our cleanest rooms in the hospital wing were still a dull gray colour.

I sat up, wincing as something dug into my arm. I looked down to see an IV needle sticking out. I frowned as I reached down to pull it from my arm, a small whimpered of pain escaping from my lips as I did so.

I swung my legs over the side of the bed, looking down at my outfit. I was dressed in pair of white pants and a white tank top. Who the hell dressed me?

"Where am I?" I whispered, taking another look around the room. It was definitely some sort of hospital room, but who's?

I dangled my feet down off the bed, letting them hit the ground. A surge of shivers went through my body when my bare-feet touched the cold tiles.

I stood, taking a moment to allow my head to stop spinning before I grabbed one of the pillows off my bed. I knew it couldn't do much in terms of defence but it could stun them long enough for me to run, right?

With the pillow clutched tightly in my hand, I walked towards the door across the room, staying on high alert the entire time. When I finally reached the door, I paused for a moment before taking a hold of the handle. I slowly turned it, only to find it locked.

"Of course." I muttered as I pushed a piece of stray hair from my face. My heart was pounding through my chest at this point. The silence that was filling the room almost scared me the most, where was everyone?

I stepped up onto my tippy toes, glancing through the small circular window. Outside of my room was a hallway that was as white and pristine as inside, it was also as empty.

I pressed my face closer to the glass, only jumping back when a commotion from down the hall broke out. I tried to see what was going on but whatever was happening was out of my line of sight.

A small gasp escaped my lips as a body appeared in front of my door.I jumped back from the door as I held the pillow in front of my body.

The sound of a code being punched in filled my ears before the door swung open. My breathing was heavy as a figure in a hazmat suit, only a small portion of their face was visible, entered the room.

"Avery-"

"How do you know my name!" I demanded, taking another step back.

"You've been cleared from quarantine. Come with me and I'll explain everything."

I stared at the person, not willing to trust them too easily. "Where are my friends?" I asked, planning on not budging until I knew they were okay.

The figure let out a sigh, "They've already been cleared, they're in the living quarters which is where I'm taking you now."

I reluctantly dropped the pillow and took a step forward. I knew it was either spend the rest of my life in this room or take a leap of faith and trust this person.

"If you did anything to my friends I swear to-"

The person cut me off, "Your friend are fine, Avery. Monty and Jasper have been asking for you."

My jaw almost dropped to the floor at the mention of Monty's name. He'd been missing since before our war with the Grounders and now it was obvious that this is where he had been.

"Come on," the person said, guiding me through the door, "Let's go see them."

He, I was assuming it was a he by the voice and the small part of their face I could see, lead me down the hallway which was lined with doors that lead to rooms similar to mine. At the end of the hall he punched in another code, opening the door that lead out of the quarantine unit.

Once the door had closed behind us, the figure took their mask off. Once he was free of the mask I was able to see that he was a boy, probably around my age. He was good looking to say the least and wore a smile on his face.

"Sorry if I scared you," he said as he peeled the suit off, "The suit is mandatory when entering the quarantine ward."

I shook my head slightly, "Why was I being quarantined? I'm not sick."

He smiled as he hung the suit on a hook beside the door, "It's a long story, maybe one day I'll tell you. But for now, you need to get changed." he said as he began guiding me down another hall.

I stopped, turning to face him, "You said you were taking me to my friends."

The boy smiled once again, "I am, but you need to get changed out of those clothes first. There's an outfit laid out for you in there. Feel free to take anything else you want to wear." he explained, pointing to a door ahead of us.

I stared at him for a long moment and he stared back before finally speaking, "I promise you I'm taking you to your friends, you can trust me."

I let out a small laugh, "I don't even know your name, how can I trust you?"

The boy smiled as he pushed the door open for me, "It's Landen, now go. I'll come back in a few minutes. Leave your clothes in there when you're done."

I gave him one final look before entering into the small room. It was not near as pristine as the other one, but rather had a more comfortable feel to it. There was a couch and a dresser with jewelry boxes set on top.

On the couch was a casual dress and a pair of simple shoes. I stared down at it. I hadn't worn a dress in what felt like forever.

I ran my hand over the fabric, marvelling at how nice it felt. Wherever we were, it was obvious that they had more novelties than we ever did on the Ark.

After looking around for another few minutes, I finally peeled off the outfit I was wearing and pulled the dress on. It fit nicely and made me feel pretty, something I hadn't felt in a long time. I slipped the shoes on and made my way to the dresser. I opened one of the jewelry boxes, starring in awe at the beautiful necklaces and bracelets.

I picked up a simple gold necklace and held it up to my neck for a second before setting it down again, deciding not to become too enthralled in what this place had to offer.

Just then, there was a knock at the door and it opened a crack, "Are you ready?" Landen asked from behind the door.

I nodded, before realizing he couldn't see me, "Yeah, I'm good." I answered.

He pushed the door open fully as I made my way towards him. His hair was wet and he had changed his clothes, like he had showered in the short amount of time that we were apart. When he caught sight of me in my new outfit, he smiled, "You look nice."

I felt a blush rise on my cheeks and I did everything to fight it, I

didn't even know this guy. Before I knew it, my mind was rushing to Bellamy. I knew the feelings I had for him I couldn't deny, but at the same time I knew he would never feel the same.

"Avery?" Landed asked, pulling me from my thoughts, "Are you okay?"

I shook my head, "Yeah, sorry. I was just thinking."

"About what?" he asked as the two of us walked back down the hall.

I shrugged, not really wanting to open up to him about what I was actually thinking "Well to be honest, I'm kind of wondering where I am."

Landed laugh as we turned a corner, "I'll explain everything, I promise."

I was hoping he was going to explain everything now, but instead we were stopped by a guard standing in front of the door at the end of the hallway.

"I'll take it from here." he announced, reaching out to pull me away from Landen.

Panic bubbled up inside me. I had only known Landen for less than 30 minutes but I trusted him much more than I trusted this guard.

Landen shook his head as he pulled me back towards him, "I'll take her up."

The guard looked confused, "That's not your job and besides you have to-"

Landen cut him off, "I've already decontaminated" that explains why it looked like he had showered, "And I can take her up, I'm done for the day."

My eyes darted between the guard and Landen who were caught in a stare down. Finally the guard nodded, reaching out to open the door for us, "Have a good day then."

Once the two of us were through the door, I turned to Landen, "Okay, now start explaining."

-an-

hello season 2!!!! so I wasn't really sure where I was going to head with this chapter so I just let my mind run free and I think I like this chapter. we have an intro of a new character, one that might be a threat to bellamy maybe???? uh oh

let me know what you guys thought of this chapter!!!

-maddy xoxo

45. serendipity

[image]

Landen had explained mostly everything to me. We were in fact, at-rather in Mount Weather. Some of their men, "Mountain Men" had seen the explosion from our drop ship and had come to see what it was. That's when they saw all of us.

I nodded along as I listened. What he was telling me made sense and it sounded perfect. We were safe here. There was food, running water, heat and most importantly, no Grounders.

But as he spoke, the feeling of unease tried to crawl its way to the surface. I didn't know if it was because of my missing friends and brother or because I didn't trust this place. Either way, I had learned not to rely too heavily on seemingly perfect things.

"You okay?" Landen asked when he noted the distant look on my face.

We came to a stop as he hit a button for what I assumed was an elevator. I took this chance to let out a sigh, "Yeah, I'm just worried."

The elevator doors opened and we stepped in, "Worried about what?"

I looked over at him. His eyes were a mixture of blue and green and they were currently boring into mine.

"I barely know you, and I don't fully trust you,-"

Landen cracked a smile, "I don't fully trust you either if that makes you feel any better."

"Great." I paused, deciding whether or not to open up to him. I decided I might as well. "I'm going to share with you what's worrying me, so please don't make me regret trusting you."

Landed nodded, "I won't, I promise."

I pushed my back against the wall of the elevator, "Some of my friends weren't with us when your men came. I-" I let out a quick breath, "I think they might be dead."

Landen was studying my expression as he spoke, "You care about these people a lot?"

I nodded, "More than anything."

The elevator came l a halt as he stepped out, waiting for me to follow after him. I did.

"What are their names?" He asked as we rounded another corner.

"There's Finn, he's my brother well my twin actually. And then there's Octavia, she's been my best friend since we were 16. And then, then there's Bellamy, he's..." I trailed off, who was Bellamy to me?

"He's what?"

"Bellamy is Octavia's brother."I finally answered.

Landen ran a hand through his dark brown hair, "Well I haven't seen their names around but I'll keep my eyes open. We're planning on bringing in any survivors so we'll find them, alright?"

I gave him a grateful smile, "Thank you, Landen."

After a few moments of us walking in silence we came to a stop. Landen pointed towards the door in front of us, "We're here."

I looked from the door and then back to him, "My friends are in there?"

He didn't answer put instead pushed the door open. Upon its opening I was able to see into the room. It was like the room I had gone into to dress, nice but still comfortable. There were dozens of bunk beds around the room, and sitting on them were my friends.

When the heard the creaking of the door opening, everyone looked over to where Landen and I were standing.

Jasper was the first one up, yelling my name as he rushed towards me. Monty followed close behind, as did some of the other kids.

I let out a laugh as Jasper came barrelling into me, almost knocking me over in the process, "Thank God you're okay." he breathed, hugging me tighter.

I smiled as I wrapped my arms around his torso, "Wow look at you all dressed up." I teased as I pulled back to examine his outfit. Jasper cracked a bashful smile as he took a step back, allowing Monty to pull me into a hug.

I hugged him back, even tighter than I had Jasper, "I thought we lost you." I mumbled into his shoulder.

Monty stepped back giving me a large smile, "I'm okay, I've been here."

Somewhere in between hugs Landen had snuck out. There was a small part of me that was hoping I would get to see him again.

Once I had greeted mostly everyone, my eyes began to search for Clarke and Raven, but I couldn't find them among the other. "Where's Clarke and Raven?" I asked Jasper, my eyes doing another scan of the room.

Jasper let out a sigh, "Clarke's still in quarantine-"

"-But she's okay?" I confirmed.

Jasper nodded, his face falling slightly, "Raven wasn't brought in."

I look of confusion covered my face, "What do you mean she wasn't brought in? She was-

"Everybody listen up!" A lady called as she entered the room, interrupting my conversation Jasper. I gave Jasper a look as to say "We'll talk later" as I turned back to the woman. She was around our age, dressed nicely and holding a clipboard in her hand. "I'm going

to take you on a tour of Mount Weather. All I ask is that you stay together and raise your hand if you have any questions, got it?"

We all looked around at each other before slowly nodding. "All right then," she said, giving us an over exaggerated smile, "Let's get going."

"This here is the dining hall which is one of the largest rooms in Mount Weather, it can fit up to 500 people at a time." The lady, her name was apparently Keenan, said as she lead us through the large room. We all had booklets in our hands with maps of the bunker.

Someone in front of me put their hand into the air and Keenan smiled when she spotted it, "Yes," she called, pointing to the boy.

"What's the largest room?" He asked causing her to give him yet another large smile, it had to be fake, no one smiled that much.

"Well," she began as she lead us to another part of the dining hall, "Level 6 is our largest level. It is where you will find the common areas as well as the housing for most of the residents of Mount Weather. Level 6 along with Level 5, where we currently are, are the only two levels that are open. No entry is permitted in levels 1,2,3,4 or 7 unless specifically indicated" she cheerfully explained as we all crowded in around her.

"What's on those levels?" I asked from the back of the group.

Keenan was clearly unimpressed with the lack of hand raising from me, but nonetheless she answered my question, "Level 1 and 2 are mostly warehouses and science labs. Level 3 is medical labs as well as the quarantine ward which is where you were when you were brought in." She paused for a moment to allow us to absorb the information before she began again, "Our medical facilities-" she had barely begun when someone entering the room from behind us had caught the attention of me and a few others.

Jasper and I both spun around to see Clarke walking into the room sporting a light blue track suit, much more practical than my outfit.

"Clarke!" I breathed, rushing to pull her into a hug. She wrapped her arms tightly around me before pulling back and giving me a smile before moving to hug Monty and Jasper.

"Finn and Bellamy?" she asked once she stepped back from Jasper. Her eyes were searching the room.

I felt my heart clench at the mention of Finn and Bellamy. A look of uncomfort overcame Jasper's face, "Clarke, they uh-they didn't make it."

My head snapped over to Jasper, how was he so sure?

Clarke shook her head, "We don't know that."

"Clarke's right," I piped in, "Landen said they were looking for anymore survivors, they'll find them."

Clarke and Jasper both looked at me in confusion, "Who's Landen?"

I shrugged, "He's the guy who brought me out from quarantine."

They both gave me an unconvinced look before deciding to accept my answer. We weren't able to discuss anything further due to the fact that Keenan approached us.

"Welcome, Clarke" she said, handing her the same booklet the rest of us had, "If you have any questions, I'm Keenan." She gave Clarke one of those fake smiles before walking back to the front of the group.

Once she was out of earshot, I turned to Clarke, "She's annoying, right?"

-an-

hey guys, hoped you enjoyed this chapter! please, please vote and COMMENT if you did :)

-maddy xoxo

46. suspicions

[image]

"Can you please pass me another napkin...Avery? Avery!"

I snapped out of my thoughts, my eyes instantly flicking over to Monty who was staring at me in anticipation. "What?" I asked, dropping my hand from where I had had my chin resting.

Monty took another bite of the cake he was eating before speaking, "I asked if you could pass me another napkin."

"Oh," I muttered, reaching beside me to grab one, "Here, sorry."

Monty smiled as took the napkin before taking yet another bite of cake.

"Why aren't you eating any dessert?" Jasper asked through a mouthful of pie, "It's to die for. You have to try it." he encouraged, shoving a forkful in my direction.

I shook my head, "I'm not hungry, thanks though."

Truthfully, I had barely eaten anything all day but there was an anxious knot in the pit of my stomach that was preventing me from even thinking about food. All I could think about was my brother and friends. Where were they? Were they okay? Were they even alive?

I was pulled from my thoughts again when Jasper and Monty both stood, each of their chairs screeching across the floor as they did so. They were joking around like usual, trying to steal each others food.

I looked around the room to see people beginning to stare at us. "Guys." I muttered, only for them to ignore me.

They continued messing around until Clarke arrived at our table. "Oh, hey Clarke." Jasper said sheepishly, like a child with their hand caught in the cookie jar.

Clarke didn't look impressed, "Sit down and look like you're happy to see me." She ordered.

Jasper and Monty slumped back into their seats, "But we are happy to see you." Monty pointed out.

I plastered a fake smile on my face, deciding to go along with whatever Clarke was planning here.

Monty held is plate out, "You have to try the chocolate cake."

Jasper narrowed his eyes at Monty, clearly offended with the fact that Monty would offer Clarke cake but not him, "Oh, it is so on."

Clarke shook her head, "I'm not eating their food."

Confusion swept over me, did Clarke know something that I didn't? I wouldn't say I trusted this place fully but clearly Clarke didn't trust them at all.

"Why? Clarke, what's going on?" I asked, leaning in closer to her.

She opened up the booklet that Keenan had given us earlier, "Look," she whispered, pointing to the map, "They gave us a map with no exits."

Monty and Jasper shared a look of hesitation, they didn't believe Clarke's worries were justified.

Clarke continued, "I need you to tell me everything you've seen, every room, every hallway, every way out."

Jasper looked taken aback, "Way out? Look around you, Clarke. There's no one hunting us here. First time in our lives we're not hungry, why would we want to leave?"

"Because we have friends out there who need our help." Clarke rebutted.

Monty cut into the conversation, "They're looking for survivors. They're way better equipped to find them than we are."

Jasper's voice was low as he spoke, "You're bumming me out. I'm- I'm gonna go get some more chocolate cake." And with that, he stood from the table and left.

Once he was gone, I glanced around for a moment before turning back to Clarke, "I walked through level 3 and 5 with one of the residents, I think he took me a different way than usual. I saw quite a bit."

Clarke nodded as she tried to make it seem that we were talking about something different by putting a fake smile onto her face, "You think you can find us a way out?"

I nodded, "I think so. But I think we should wait a bit, figure out a more concrete plan before we raise any suspicions."

Clarke opened her mouth to speak but another voice cut in, "Hey, Avery."

I spun around to see Landen standing behind me, a small smile on his face, "Mind if I borrow her for a bit?" he asked, his eyes on Clarke.

Clarke shared a look with me before nodding, "Yeah, sure." her voice was cold and reserved.

I gave her a final nod to solidify our plan of waiting things out for a bit, before I stood up and followed after Landen.

"What's up?" I asked as the two of us exited the dining hall.

He held the door open and allowed me to walk through, "I just wanted to talk to you a bit more, I enjoyed talking to you this morning."

I felt my cheeks heat up a bit, but I instantly fought the blush. "Yeah, I was going to look for you before dinner but things just got so crazy. I wanted to thank you for being so nice to me before, you made me less stressed about being here."

Landen laughed as we walked further and further from the dining hall, I really had no clue where he was taking me. "You have

nothing to be stressed about."

As if on cue a loud alarm began blaring, echoing off the walls. I quickly brought my hands up to my ears to block the sound while giving Landen a confused look. "What's happening!?" I screamed.

Landen looked panic as he searched the halls for any sign of what was going on. Suddenly Jasper and another girl came whipping around the corner, panicked looks on both of their faces.

"Maya, what's going on?" Landen asked as the two other teenagers approached us.

Jasper was out of breath as he spoke, "Clarke took Maya's key card, she's trying to escape."

So much for waiting things out, hey Clarke?

Landen's eyes grew wide, "She cannot open those doors."

I looked between him and Maya who were sharing a look, "Why? Why can't she just leave."

Landen grabbed my hand, "Come on, I'll explain on the way."

As the four of us rushed to find where Clarke was, Landen explained that if she opened the doors it would expose the entire population of Mount Weather to radiation from the outside world which in turn would kill them all. It was a pretty hefty chunk of information and I was still absorbing it as we ran down yet another hallway.

"This way!" Maya yelled as we rounded a corner. We all came to a screeching halt when we spotted Clarke standing in front of a large steel door, her hand resting on a lever.

"Clarke, no!" Jasper screamed, causing Clarke to pause, turning to look at us with wild eyes. "If you pull that lever all of these people will die, even a little radiation can kill them." Jasper continued as Maya and Landen moved quickly from behind us, returning with guns in their hands.

They both cocked their guns as they stepped forward, weapons aimed right at Clarke, "Don't make us shoot." Maya warned.

"Hold on!" I called as I stepped in front of Landen, Jasper following me to take the place in front of Maya. "Just wait." I pleaded, my eyes meeting Landen's.

He gave me a small nod to signal that I could have a minute. I took that as my chance to turn towards Clarke, "Don't do this." I whispered to the blonde girl who met eyes with me, "Not now." I said even quieter, trying to remind her of our plan without eluding anyone to it.

Clarke had tears in her eyes as she shook her head, "I don't believe them."

Jasper's voice was low and quiet as he spoke, "Why would they lie?"

Clarke looked past the two of us to inspect Maya and Landen, with no definite answer she looked back to us.

"We're safe here, because of you. We're safe." Jasper pointed out.

The blonde girl's head shook back and forth as tears fell from her eyes, "Not all of us."

Sadness welled up in my chest at her words. She was right, our people were still out there, but now was not the time to go find them. If we ended up dead it would be no use to anyone.

Jasper took a small step closer to Clarke, "I'm the one who fired the rockets...should I not have done that?"

My head turned to Jasper who also now had tears falling from his eyes. I took his hand in mine, giving it a tight squeeze as he continued speaking to Clarke, "When you pulled that lever you saved lives...don't throw that away by pulling this one."

Clarke took a minute to absorb Jasper's words before letting out a deep sigh as she dropped her hand from the lever. Moments later at least a dozen guards came rushing in, guns raised as they stampeded towards us.

"There she is!" one yelled as they pushed past Jasper and I, grabbing a hold of Clarke and throwing her to the ground.

"Hey!" I snapped, trying to pull them off, "You don't have to be so rough."

One of the guards grabbed me, pulling me away from Clarke, holding my arms behind my back, "Young lady you need to calm down."

I rolled my eyes as I tried to pull my arms free, "Let go!"

Jasper sent me a worried look, "Avery, just listen to him."

I looked over at him and bit the inside of my lip, trying to resist saying anything else to get me deeper into trouble.

"Alright," Landen said as he stepped in between the guard and I, "I've got her Thompson, she's with me."

The guard looked at him skeptically as Landen grabbed my arm, pulling me close to him, "You sure?

Landen nodded as he gave a tight smile, "Yeah, I'll make sure she stays out of trouble."

-an-

hey guys! yay a new update!

so some of you might have been wondering where I have been, some of you may not have even noticed I was gone lol. basically, I started my second year at university a few weeks ago and I am already swamped with work. so many readings to do ugh!! I guess that's what happened when you major in history lol

anyways, I hope you enjoyed this chapter, please let me know!

i am absolutely itching to write bell and avs reunion! i cant wait

-maddy xoxo

47. pretending

[image]

Later that night I laid quietly in my bunk, my mind racing and my body so tired but also so far from it. After Clarke had been taken away, the rest of us returned to our living quarters. The bunk above me remained empty from where Clarke was supposed to be. She still hadn't returned and I was wondering if she would make an appearance at all tonight.

Everyone was asleep, but my thoughts just wouldn't stop. My heart clenched with every memory of my friends and my brother that flooded through my brain. It hurt a little extra when Bellamy's face flashed across my closed eyelids. His smile, his laugh, the way he looked out for everyone around him, the-

I was shaken from my thoughts when someone coughed from across the room. I let out a sigh as I ran my hands over my face, aggressively throwing my blankets off and climbing out of bed. I decided now was a good time to shower. It was one of the only times that I could actually have some real privacy.

I entered the large communal washroom attached to our room and grabbed one of the many towels before entering the stall the furtherest away from the door. I took off my nightgown, turning on the water and turning it up as hot as I could handle.

As I stepped in the water instantly warmed my body and began to relax every muscle in my body. I ran my hand through my hair, pushing it from my face as I looked down at my body. Scars from my little stay with the Grounders were still evident across my torso, legs and arms. As I tentatively touched the marks I let out a mangled sob.

It was the first time I had really cried since I got here. It honestly felt like the first time I had really cried since we got down to Earth. This was the first time that I didn't have to worry that Octavia would walk into the tent, or that Finn would find me sitting by the

walls trying to cry silently into my hands. This was the first time I felt free to cry, but also the first time I felt truly alone.

After what felt like forever, I finally turned off the water. I wrapped the thin towel around my body and opened the curtain, stepping out into the cold air. I positioned myself in front of the mirror, using my hands to wipe the fog away so I could see myself. I did not like what was staring back at me. My eyes were red from crying, my skin was pale and I didn't even recognize myself.

"You were in there forever." I jumped as a body came into view behind me in the mirror. I clutched the towel closer to my body as I spun around to face Clarke.

"What the hell Clarke?" I breathed, trying to calm my heart which was about to jump out of my chest, "You scared the crap out of me."

Clarke gave me a small smile, "Sorry. I was waiting for you but you were taking too long. We need to talk."

I reached for my pyjamas as I nodded at Clarke, "Are you okay? Did you figure anything else out?"

She shook her head, "They took me to speak to the president." I stepped into the stall, pulling my nightgown on before stepping out again, "What did he tell you?" I asked in anticipation.

Clarke leaned up against the sinks, "He told me that they haven't found them-pretty much told me that they never would."

I felt my heart sink, "You don't believe him, right?"

"Not at all." she affirmed, "And I think I know a way we can get out and find them ourselves."

I finished drying my hair with the towel as I looked over at her, "How?"

"That kid-Landen. I know you said you could try and get some information out of him, but you have to try harder. The more time you spend with him the more information you can get for us."

I bit down on my lip as I shrugged, "I don't know, Clarke. I'm not a huge fan of using him. Landen's really sweet and-"

Clarke sighed, "-And you like him."

I found myself quickly disagreeing, "No, I barely know him and besides-"

"You have Bellamy." she cut in again.

Even at the mention of his name my heart sped up, "Bellamy and I are friends." It was a lie, but I'm the only one who knew that...at least I thought so.

Clarke smiled, "Bellamy does not just think of you as a friend."

I felt myself perk up, but did everything to hide it, "I'm nothing more than his little sister's best friend." I had learned not to get my hopes up, my squashing any idea that I was anything more to Bellamy I felt like I was protecting myself.

The blonde girl laughed, "The way he looks at you Avery, that is not how friends look at each other. And you should have seen how upset he was the night you went missing, I swear he didn't sleep until we found you. You may not see it, but everybody else does. And if we want to get back to him and your brother, we have to do everything in our power, even if that means using a person or two."

I stared back at her for a moment, jaw locked as I considered what she said. "Okay," I announced, "I'm in."

"Remember," Clarke whispered as the two of us entered the dining hall with the others, "Act like everything is fine, like you're happy to be here."

I nodded as I reached up to fix the braid in my hair, "Got it."

"And, try to sit close to that guy, we need to work on getting out of here as soon as we can."

I scanned the dining room in search of Landen, letting out a shaky sigh when I spotted him near the front of the room, two empty seats beside him. "There." I muttered, flicking my eyes in his direction.

Clarke looked over at him before moving her eyes back to the ground, "Okay, lets go."

As we began walking towards Landen, I felt Clarke nudge me, "Smile." she ordered, placing a fake smile onto her own face.

I let out a deep breath before doing the same as her, "Landen." I called once we were close enough to him.

He looked up to see who was calling his name, a large smile spread onto his face once he realized it was me, "Avery, hey."

"Mind if we sit?" I asked, motioning to the two empty seats.

Landen smiled as he nodded, "Yeah, go ahead."

I forced another smile onto my face as I took the seat directly beside him, Clarke taking the one beside me. "You remember Clarke, right?"

I swear I saw Landen grimace as he nodded, "Yeah. Hey, Clarke." he muttered, looking around me to meet her gaze.

Clarke gave him a fake grin as she waved, "Hey."

I nervously tapped my fingers on the table as I waited for the food to be served. I hated this feeling, having to lie to Landen, to everyone. But no matter how much I hated it, I knew it was what I needed to do if I wanted to find my friends.

48. worries

"He shoots, he scores!" Landen cheered in triumph as he kicked the ball between my legs, right into the makeshift net we had made.

"Not fair!" I groaned, as I threw my head back in frustration, it was the 10th time he had scored tonight.

"How is it not fair? You just suck at soccer." He quipped with an amused smirk on his face.

"Well, sorry I haven't had much practice, it's pretty hard to play soccer the way I grew up." I huffed, turning to retrieve the ball.

Landen was quiet for a moment before he spoke, "What's your story?"

"My story?" I echoed as I picked up the ball and turned to face him once again.

Landen nodded, "Yeah, who is Avery? And don't say you don't have a story, because everyone has one."

I let out a sigh as I leaned up against the wall of the corridor we were in, "Where do I start."

Landen came to stand beside me, eventually pulling me down to the ground so we were both sitting, "Just tell me who you are."

And so, I did. I told Landen almost everything. I told him about my childhood, about Finn, about Octavia, about how we were sent to the ground, how we went to war with the Grounders, I told him about Bellamy and Raven, and about Murphy. I told him pretty much everything.

His eyes were wide by the time I finished, "You were locked up for being a twin?"

I nodded as my eyes fell to the ground, a small whisper falling from

my lips, "Yeah." I remained silent for a moment before speaking again, "Finn made it all easier. I wouldn't be here today without him."

As I spoke of my brother something switched inside me and a thousand emotions ran through my body at once. I stood up from where I was sitting so quickly it made Landen jump.

He stood up after me, moving so he could see my face, "Avery, what's wrong."

My breathing was getting heavy as tears pooled in my eyes, "I have to go." I announced, turning to make my way back to the living quarters.

Landen looked puzzled as he grabbed a hold of my arm before I could go anywhere, "Why, what's-"

I yanked my arm from his grasp, "I just have to go, okay?"

Landen was left standing there in confusion as I ran back to our room, where I knew everyone would be alseep. It was late, and Landen and I shouldn't have even been out of our rooms.

Tears streamed down my face as I rushed down the empty hall ways. I tried to stop them, but I couldn't. I tried to even out my breathing, but I couldn't.

As I all but barged into the living quarters, a single body sat up, "Avery?" Clarke whispered into the darkness.

I could only see her silhouette, but I could recognize her voice. I remained silent as I made my way across the room.

I was still struggling to catch my breath as I stopped at our bunks. She had hopped down and was facing me by the time I got there.

"Something's wrong." I breathed, my voice coming out shaky and uneven.

I couldn't really see her, but I imagined Clarke had a confused look on her face, "Did they do something to you? Was it Landen?"

I shook my head as a sob escaped my lips, "No!" I calmed myself down slightly, "I don't know what's wrong with me."

"Okay," Clarke said softly as she took a hold of my hand and led me into the washroom, away from the sleeping bodies of our friends.

Once we were in the washroom, Clarke let go of my hand, "What's going on? I can't help you unless I know."

I could only imagine what I looked like after crying so much, but at this point I didn't care. I shook my head as more tears fell, "I don't know. Landen and I were taking about Finn and I just-" I let out a deep breath, "I can't do this without him Clarke. I can't just sit in this friggin mountain and pretend him and Bellamy, and Octavia-" I stopped once again, "They could be dead and I'm in here playing soccer! I just can't do it anymore."

Clarke was watching me with worry as she nodded, "I know, and that's why we're working on a way out. But right now, you can't think about that. You're having a panic attack, Avery. You're getting worked up over something you can't control, not right now."

My breathing was still rapid as I spoke, "I'm having a what?"

Clarke gave me a sad smile, "A panic attack. I've seen lots of them."

My hands were shaking at this point as I brought them up to wipe the tears from my face, "Wh-what do I do? How do I-"

Clarke led me to one of the benches that were in the washroom, "Sit down. Close your eyes and focus on your breathing."

I did as she said. Focusing on inhaling and then exhaling.

"Good." she mumbled from beside me, "Just keep breathing, everything will be okay."

When my eyes opened the next morning everyone else was up and moving around. I slowly sat up, my hand reaching up to rub my eyes which were surely red and puffy from crying the night before. I

swung my legs over the side of the bed and stood up, stretching my arms before glancing around.

As the sound of me moving, Clarke looked over at me from the top bunk, "Hey," she smiled, setting her drawing aside.

I returned her smile as I reached up to fix my pony tail, "Hey."

Clarke was watching me closely, "How are you feeling."

I let out an embarrassed sigh, "Better. I'm sorry about my-you know."

Clarke waved her hand in dismissal, "Don't be sorry."

I gave her a thankful smile before pointing over at her work, "What are you working on?"

She lifted the large book, titling it towards me to reveal a smaller map of Mount Weather hidden within the pages of the large sketch book, "A way out."

I opened my mouth to speak but another voice cut me off, "It's not bad. Maybe they'll hang it on the walls here one day."

I turned to see Jasper standing behind me, a small smile on his face. Our conversation was cut short, however, as a call from the other side of the room caught our attention, "Miller!"

All 3 of us turned to see Nathan Miller walking towards us with Maya. "Look who finally got released." Jasper commented.

When Miller was in front of us, he wore a bright smile, "Hey."

I pulled him tightly into my arms, "Thank you" I whispered, "For saving my life."

As we pulled apart, Nathan nodded, "I'm sorry-about your brother and Bellamy."

I bit down on the inside of my cheek, "They're looking for them they said. If they're out there they'll find them."

I had every intention of telling Nathan the whole plan if it wasn't for Maya standing right there watching us.

"Miller," Clarke said, cutting into the conversation, "I'm glad you're okay."

Miller turned to her, giving her a nod, "Yeah, only took what...3 surgeries?" he clarified, turning to Maya who nodded in confirmation.

"Hear you're fitting right in." he said to Clarke, causing the blonde to look over at Maya, who stared back at her with the look of being caught.

"Twice a day." Maya instructed to Miller as she handed him a pill bottle, a clear attempt to change the subject. "He'll be okay in a few days." she announced to us as she handed Nathan his bag.

As Nathan put his things in the bunk beside Clarke and I, I watched as Jasper began walking away with Maya. I could tell he liked her, but there was something off about her that I didn't fully trust, something that I planned on finding out.

49. secrets

[image]

I tore my eyes away from Maya and Jasper as a loud alarm began to echo throughout the room. Everyone froze, looking around in confusion. Clarke and I turned to look at each other, our eyes curious.

"What's going on?" I asked in worry.

Maya said something to Jasper before turning and making her way towards the exit, towards us.

Clarke sat up from her bunk, "Let's find out." she announced, jumping down from the bunk, blocking Maya's path. I stood to move beside her, my eyes meeting the anxious ones of Maya.

"What does the alarm mean?" I asked, my eyes wandering up to one of the speakers above head where the noise was blaring from.

Maya wasted no time in telling us what was going on, "It means the surface patrol group is back and someone needs medical attention. I have to go to quarantine." she explained, before turning and leaving.

Clarke and I shared a brief look before moving to follow her, only being stopped when someone grabbed out arms, "What are you guys doing?" Jasper questioned.

I turned to look at him, as did Clarke, "They might have found survivors, our friends could be here, and if they are we have a right to know." I answered.

Jasper looked taken aback, "I'm pretty sure we shouldn't just go-"

I didn't hear the end of his sentence due to the fact that Clarke and I had already taken off in pursuit of Maya. I could hear Jasper's footsteps as he chased after us.

The alarms didn't stop as an orange light flashed, lighting up the dark hallways. I kept at pace with Clarke, Jasper now catching up to us.

We had just rounded the corner to see Maya and a few other men dressing in the hazmat suits. My eyes caught the gaze of one of them-Landen. I ignored him as I turned to look at the man who was explaining what happened to Maya.

Apparently one was dead, the other had taken his gloves and mask off to treat his partner and was now waiting to be treated. The three of us moved towards the door. "Who attacked them?" Clarke asked.

The man who was speaking looked at us in confusion, "What are they doing here?" He asked, not answering our question.

Clarke rolled her eyes as she swiped a key card off of a man standing closest to us and pulled me in the direction of the door.

"Hey!" the man yelled, "You can't go in there, it's not safe."

Clarke barely turned around, "It is for us."

She scanned the key, causing the large metal door to swing open. Taking a step inside, she turned to Jasper and I, "Come on."

I was about to follow her when a voice called my name. I turned to see Landen watching me with pleading eyes, "Don't go in there, Avery."

I stared back at him for a moment, giving him an apologetic look, "I have to. I'm sorry." I muttered before rushing after Clarke.

Clarke and I sprinted down the hallway, looking for the room where either of the men were being held.

"Guys, slow down!" Jasper panted as he chased after the two of us.

We only slowed once we came to a door. Clarke didn't hesitate before pushing it open.

"Why are you pushing these people so hard?" Jasper questioned,

"They're-"

Clarke cut him off as she rushed towards the body on the table, "They're lying to us." she finished.

Jasper's face clouded with confusion, "What are you-"

Clarke placed her hand on the chest of the man. He was covered in some sort of plastic, but it was clear to see that he had been hit in the chest with something, "It's a bullet wound."

I shook my head, "Grounders don't use guns." I pointed out, realizing what this meant.

The ever so optimistic Jasper was stunned, but defended the Mountain Men, "Unless the Grounders got our guns."

It was Clarke's turn to shake her head, "I don't think so. I think our people are alive out there."

As soon as Clarke finished her sentence the door opened to reveal one of the doctor, "Get them out of here!" she ordered with force. As she walked further into the room it was clear to see why she wanted us out so bad. With her was who I presumed was the man who had unsuited. He was covered in red, oozing blisters from the chest up.

I gasped at the sight of him, in shock at his condition. I remembered what Landen had told me, that if they were exposed to the outside world without proper protection their bodies wouldn't be able to take the radiation. Nonetheless, the sight of this man sent shivers up my spine, but also triggered a curiosity inside of me. Who has shot his partner, and what made him take off his gear? All questions I was determined to find out.

"I'll talk to Wallace, you talk to Larkin." Clarke explained as we walked back to the dining room. We had obviously been kicked out of the quarantine unit and now wanted answers. Jasper had disappeared to find Maya the minute we were out of the medical ward.

"Landen." I corrected.

Clarke nodded, "Yeah, sorry."

I gave her a small smile as we entered the dining room. It was full today, people were laughing, eating, talking, no cares in the world. I spotted Landen immediately, he was sitting by himself at a table near the back. His eyes glued to his plate.

"Good luck." I muttered to Clarke, giving he arm a squeeze before heading in the direction of the dark haired boy.

I slid into the seat across from him, letting out a small sigh as I did so. Landen didn't say anything, nor did he look up from his plate.

I cleared my throat before speaking, "Hey."

Landen shook his head, barely looking up, "Did you find what you were looking for in there?" he bit harshly.

I was taken aback, and didn't even have the chance to speak before Landen cut in again, "Is this some kind of joke to you, Avery? Because this is my life we're talking about here, mine and hundreds of others." He was now looking at me, right at me.

I bit down on my lip, trying to stop myself from saying something I didn't want to. "I have a life too, Landen. My life was out there, it still is. Until I'm with my brother and my friend's I'm not just going to pretend that everything is okay. Sorry if I embarrassed you or something, but I'm doing what's right for me."

Landen's face fell as he shook his head, "Avery, that's not-"

I stood up, my chair screeching against the floor, "Forget it, Landen."

I was fuming as I made my way back to the living quarters. I assumed Clarke would be with Wallace for a while, hopefully getting the information that I couldn't. When I got back to the large room, it was empty. Everyone was still down for breakfast which means I had a moment to myself.

I sat down on my bunk, dropping my face into my hands as I let out an agitated scream. I wanted out of here, I wanted to be done with these Mountain People, I wanted to be with Finn and Octavia, I wanted to be with Bellamy.

"Avery?" My head shot up to see Jasper staring at me in confusion.

I didn't even try to slap on a fake smile, "Hey, Jasper."

He came to sit beside me on my bunk, "What's going on?"

I shrugged, "I just miss Finn." I picked at my finger nails before looking up again, " I-I don't even know if he's alive, Jasper. I just want to know that he's okay."

Jasper gave me a sad smile as he pulled me into a hug, "Finn's probably out there looking for you right now. The guards will find him, and bring him in, I'm sure of it. He'll be here in no time."

I pulled away from his chest to force a smile on my face, "I'm sure you're right."

Total lie. Jasper couldn't be more wrong and I knew that for a fact. Finn wasn't going to be brought in, because I was going to be getting out.

50. escape plan

Clarke returned within the hour.

Apparently President Wallace had taken her to see Shaw-the dead guard with the bullet wound- well that's where it gets tricky. According to the Mountain People, it was an arrow wound, not a gun shot.

"That's impossible." I argued as she, Jasper and I stopped by our bunks, "It was a bullet wound, I'm sure."

Jasper sighed, clearly getting fed up with our antics, "Or," he drawled, "It was actually an arrow wound."

Clarke leaned against the bunks, "Maybe that's what they want us to think."

Jasper gave her a look and she raised her eyebrows, "What? They could have doctored it."

Miller, who was sitting in his bunk, was not watching us skeptically.

"Clarke," Jasper started, lowering his voice, "You sound like a crazy person. Both of you." he added, turning to me, "Avery, I saw you fighting with that guy today-"

Clarke sent me a look at the mention of mine and Landen's argument, "It wasn't a fight." I promised, "Just a miscommunication."

Jasper continued, "-Why do you guys want to screw this up for us?"

I felt a pang in my heart at Jasper's words. That was never what I was trying to do, I wanted what was best for everyone and I didn't think that this was the place where everyone was safe.

"I don't know what this is!" Clarke argued.

Jasper smiled softly, "This is...safe. A real bed, food, clothes." he pointed to all of the commodities as he spoke, "And my personal favourite, not getting speared by Grounders." Pausing, he looked between the two of us, "How long do you think they'll let us stay here if you two keep this up?"

Clarke stared back at Jasper for a moment, her face covered in concern, "Did someone threaten you?" she asked, standing so she was closer to Jasper.

The shaggy haired boy shook his head with a small laugh, "No, no. It's common sense. Look, we're guests here, not prisoners. What would you do with a guest who kept calling you a liar and generally acted like an ungrateful ass."

"Kick the ungrateful ass out." Miller chipped in from his bunk.

I turned to shoot him a glare before turning to Jasper, "Well, if I really was a liar then maybe I would tell the ungrateful ass the truth-that usually fixes things."

Jasper shook his head at me, "Stop being difficult, Avery."

I shrugged, "I'm speaking the truth, Jasper. I've told you that I'm not happy in here, I don't know what else you want from me. I won't be happy until-"

Jasper threw his head back in frustration, "Until your brother is back, I know. But maybe it's time to face the truth, Avery. You're safe in here, and it's likely that your brother is gone-I fired those rockets, I know what they did. Don't you think he would want you to be happy, not live every moment trying to break out of a place where you're safe?"

My heart dropped at his words, tears instantly springing to my eyes. I knew Jasper didn't mean what he said, that wasn't the Jasper I knew, the one who told me less than an hour ago that everything was going to be fine. But it didn't make the whip of his words hurt any less.

Clarke's mouth was hanging open, as was Miller's. I gave Jasper a

small nod before turning and rushing to the washroom before he could follow.

"Nice job, man." I could hear Miller chastise Jasper as I walked away.

Another reason I hated this place-it was turning my friends into assholes.

Everyone had left for dinner, leaving the large room empty once again. I had been hiding in my bunk most of the day. Jasper had apologized, told me he didn't mean anything he said, that he was just angry. I accepted his apology, told him I was sorry too-we hugged it out, everything was good.

However, that still didn't mean that I wanted to go down for dinner. It was mostly because I wasn't hungry, a part of it was because I didn't want to see Landen after this morning.Quite frankly I didn't want to see him at all.

I was exhausted- I felt like I hadn't slept in days. I hadn't eaten a meal since the day before and I really had no motivation to do so. I was just done.

I was in the middle of wallowing when Clarke came rushing into the room-her eyes ablaze. I pushed myself up, wiping under my eyes to clear the half dried tears, "What's going on?" I asked.

She was shaking her head in disbelief, "They're lying to us and I have proof."

I stood up and strode across the room so I was in front of her, "What are you talking about?"

Clarke stopped pacing and looked at me, "The guy with the burns, they're healed."

I stared back at her in confusion, "How is that possible, he was just brought in the morning! He was covered in them, I don't understand."

The blonde girl nodded, "I didn't believe it either. When I first saw him in the dining hall I didn't even recognize him. But when he looked at me, it clicked. He said he had one more treatment, whatever that means. He was heading to the medical ward."

I ran a hand through my hair, "What are we going to do? How can we prove that they're lying?"

"We need to get into the medical ward." She concluded.

I shook my head, "How are we going to do that? Only patients can get in and out..." I trailed off when Clarke gave me a look-the look. "Are you serious?" I asked in shock.

Clarke shrugged as she yanked up her sleeve to reveal a long gash on her arm-the one she had gotten when we first got here, "Do you have any better ideas?"

I paused, milling over our options, "No, but-"

Clarke was looking around the room for something sharp to use in order to reopen her wound, "This is the only way we can get in-" she stopped when she spotted something. She moved towards the bunk beds, lightly running a finger over a part that was sticking out, "-I'll get in. You come to the medical ward within the hour and I'll let you in. Make sure nobody sees you." she instructed.

I was watching as she pulled her arm up, reading to cut it, "Clarke, wait-"

She froze and looked over at me.

"Maybe there's another way. This-this is risky Clarke, what if something goes wrong."

She gave me a reassuring smile, "Nothing will go wrong. We have to do this, if we want to see Finn again, this is what we have to do."

---

45 minutes later I was making my way down to the medical ward. Clarke had sliced her arm open like planned. I had called for help,

claiming that I had walked into the room to find her like that. They whisked her off to the medical ward, exactly like we wanted.

I had done well not getting noticed by anyone as I left the living quarters-no one payed much attention these days. Getting through the halls was a different story. I was forced to rush around the corner a number of times to avoid guards and other Mount Weather people that were roaming the halls.

I had been doing well, up until- "Avery!"

I froze in my tracks as the sound of foot steps could be heard from behind me. I contemplated making a break for it, but his hand was already on my shoulder before I could run.

I spun around, a forced smile on my face, "Hey, Landen."

He gave me a small smile, "I was looking for you everywhere. I came to apologize."

I was starting to get panicked, if I didn't get to the medical ward soon, Clarke would think I bailed. So, I tried to dismiss him, "No apology needed. I kind of deserved what you said."

Landen shook his head, not giving up, "No, you didn't. You're a really great girl Avery and I'm sorry I treated you like that. Can we start over?"

I nodded, "Of course, Landen." If I ever see you again.

He smiled as he moved to hug me, "Have you eaten?" he asked when he pulled away, "We can go grab something."

I gave him a fake frown, "I just ate, but you go, we can catch up after?"

He was beginning to notice my nerves, "Are you sure?"

"Yeah," I mumbled, pushing him towards the elevator, "I'm sure. Come get me after dinner and we'll play soccer."

He grinned as he pressed the button, "Ready to get your ass kicked

again?"

I rolled my eyes, "I'm going to make a comeback just you wait."

I could hear his laughter as I all but ran from the elevator and around the corner. I hated lying to him, but it needed to be done. By the time I got to the medical ward I was afraid Clarke had started the mission without me.

I hid behind a wall, waiting a few minutes to make sure the coast was clear. When I was sure, I approached the door, giving a quick knock.

Clarke's blonde head came into view in the small window and she held a finger up to her mouth, signalling to be quiet. I nodded as she opened the door.

I stepped into the dark patient room and let out a small sigh. Let's do this.

-a/n-

hey guys! I'm in exams but decided to write this because why not! it was kind of boring but hope you guys still enjoyed :)

51. horror

[image]

"I was afraid you weren't coming." Clarke whispered as she quietly shut the door behind me.

My eyes were darting around the room, ensuring none of the other patients were awake before I spoke, "I ran into Landen in the hall, he wanted to talk."

Clarke's eyes grew wide as she looked past me towards the door, "Did he see you come in here?"

I shook my head, "No, I made sure he was long gone before I came in."

"Good." Clarke nodded as she motioned for me to follow her further into the room, "Come look at this." she whispered.

I followed after her, repeatedly turning my head to check the door, ensuring that no one was coming in.

"Look." Clarke stated, pulling my attention away from the door. I looked at where we had stopped. We were in front of the bed of the guard with the burns-the one Clarke had said was practically healed. And now that I was here, I could see that she was right. His skin was no longer covered in blistering wounds but was clear and smooth.

Before I even had a chance to ask how something like that was possible, Clarke was speaking again, "He's receiving a blood transfusion, the weirdest part of this all is where the blood is coming from. There's not blood bag, it's being pumped in from somewhere." she explained, pointing to the IV that was attached to his chest.

I followed the tube, my eyes landing on a long pipe that ran the length of the room, "It's coming from there." I whispered, moving

towards the source of the blood.

Clarke followed me and the two of us began to follow the pipe. We came to a stop at what seemed to be a large metal door. We shared a look before both trying to pry it open, but to no avail.

I let out an agitated sigh as I stepped back from the door, "What now?"

Clarke glanced around the room, trying to find another way out. Suddenly she came to a stop, her eyes trained on something, "There."

I followed her line of vision, my eyes landing on a vent. I looked over at her with wide eyes, "You want us to go through there?"

Clarke nodded as she moved towards it, "We don't have another choice. Now help me up."

A shaky breath escaped my lips as I stepped closer to her, "I hope you're right about this." I muttered as I cupped my hands together, allowing her to place her foot into them. A grunt escaped my lips as I hoisted her up, allowing her to unscrew the vent and pull it open.

"Hurry." I pleaded, feeling my arms begin to burn, "I skipped arm day today."

Clarke turned to look at me with a disapproving look at my attempt at comedic relief before she pulled herself into the duct. "Give me your hands and I'll pull you up."

I nodded as I reached my arms up, allowing Clarke to grasp onto my hands. As she pulled, I used my feet to climb up the wall to make it easier on her. As I reached the vent my feet began to flail, accidentally hitting a metal tray that went clattering to the ground.

Clarke and I both cringed as the noise echoed throughout the room. I turned to look back into the room. No one had woken up and no one had come to see what the noise was-yet. "Come on, we'd better hurry." I whispered.

After what felt like hours, but was actually only a matter of

minutes, Clarke and I came to a stop at another vent, "I think this is it." she whispered.

We waited for a moment, making sure we hadn't arrived in the wrong room before Clarke began unscrewing the screws before pushing the vent cover off. She pulled herself out of the duct and I quickly hurried.

I pulled myself into the room and shuddered, brushing myself off, "So many spider webs." I whispered, cringing just thinking about how many spiders we encountered.

"Avery." Clarke's voice was shaky, full of fear.

It was at this moment that I finally turned around, facing whatever had her so shaken up. The minute I did I forgot all about the dozens of spiders that might be crawling all over me. My heart dropped into my stomach and I felt like I might throw up.

In front of us, were dozens of bodies hanging by their feet. They were dressed in cloth underwear, it being the only thing on their pale bodies. I had to repress the overwhelming nausea that had washed over me at the horrific sight. Clarke and I were both wordless and we moved further into the room. As I took a closer look at the bodies hanging, I noticed tattoos on many of them, tattoos that the Grounders had.

"Clarke-"

Clarke spun to look at me, but I was unable to finish my sentence as a groan from further into the room rang out. The two of us turned and I was plunged into horror at what I saw once again. In addition to the bodies hanging, were dozens, if not close to hundreds of people locked in small cages. They were all dressed the same as the hanging bodies. Each of them looked exhausted, defeated.

Their cries echoed through the room as Clarke and I slowly walked past their cages, trying to figure out a way we could help them all. Clarke reached back, pulling me up so I was directly beside her. She kept a hold on my arm, a way to diffuse the fear that was running through both of our bodies.

Hands were reaching from cages on both sides, pleading for our help. I felt tears well in my eyes over the fact that there was no way we could help them-not now at least.

Clarke came to an abrupt stop at one of the cages. My eyes followed hers and my breath caught in my throat, as did Clarke's, "Anya?"

"We're going to get you out." Clarke promised to Anya before turning to me. I was staring at Anya, flashbacks of my brother and Bellamy's potential deaths caused by her people. I quickly shook those thoughts from my head knowing that we needed to help her, no matter what she did to us.

I quickly jumped into motion, the thought that we could easily get caught lingering in the back of my mind. "We need something to break the lock." I pointed out, my eyes scanning the room.

Clarke nodded as she stood up from her crouching position in front of Anya's cage, "You watch the door, I'll find something."

Giving Clarke and Anya one final look I moved towards the large door near the hanging bodies. I held my ear to the door, meanwhile keeping my eyes on Clarke who was searching the room for something to use to break the lock.

After a few moments of chaos, she found a small pipe on the wall, instantly prying it free. Rushing back over to Anya, she managed the break the lock. Seconds after she broke Anya free, I could hear footsteps coming towards the door.

Panic set in and I ran back to Clarke, "Someone's coming!" I whispered, almost running into Clarke in my effort for us to get out of there.

The sound of a key card being scanned filled the room. My eyes were wide as I made it to Clarke and Anya.

Realizing that we had no time to do anything else, Clarke shoved Anya back into the cage, "Come on." she whispered, pulling me in behind her.

We all curled up, trying to make ourselves as small as possible in attempts to go unnoticed. I reached out and closed the cage just as the door opened.

Dr. Tsing walked into the room. She paused, looking at the dangling bodies for a moment before continuing into the room.

The sound of her heels clicking against the concrete floors and the moans of the captives filled my ears.

Clarke and Anya sat silently behind me, all of us praying that she would just leave. Dr. Tsing moved across the room, grabbing what appeared to be a bag of blood before turning around, preparing to leave.

The rest of the captives, clearly agitated, hoping for release, began to bang at the cages, grunting in discontent. This caught Dr Tsing's attention and she turned back towards us. She looked around curiously before walking between the rows of cages, right in our direction.

Both mine and Clarke's eyes darted down to the broken lock that lay on the ground in front of us, if she saw it we were busted for sure. I clamped my hand over my mouth in attempts to quiet my breathing.

Tsing got closer and closer to us. Suddenly she stopped and my heart dropped. This was it, we were going to get caught. And when we did I knew I would never see my brother and friends again. It would all be over.

52. freedom

[image]

I tried to calm my breathing as I watched Dr. Tsing stand idle in front of our cage. I could see the clipboard in her hands, the bags of blood. My heart was almost beating out of my chest as I prayed for her to move on.

In a shear stroke of luck, one of the Grounder lunged out at her, causing her to quickly retreat backwards.

I let out a sigh of relief as I heard her exiting the room. I was so happy I almost forgot what we were even doing in the cage until Clarke spoke, "Come on, we have to go."

I wasted no time swinging the door of the cage open, jumping out and giving a hand to Clarke, pulling her out with me. Once we were both out we grabbed Anya. She was weak and could barely walk meaning the two of us had to basically drag her out.

"There." I whispered, pointing to a sign which read 'Danger. Protective Suits Beyond This Zone'.

The three of us made our way over to the large steel door. I lightly removed Anya's arm from around my shoulder as I grabbed the door handle. With one strong pull it slowly opened, the sound of the squeaky hinges filling the room.

I ushered the two other girls through the door, quickly following after them. Once I was in, I slammed the door behind me.

I refilled my position on the other side of Anya as we rushed through the small hallway, eventually coming to a stop in a small room. It was dimly lit and the walls and floor were dirty, covered in what looked like blood.

I looked around in shock, "Clarke-"

I was cut off when the doors at the entrance of the small room slammed shut, just as an alarm began to blare.

Anya looked at us with a mixture of confusion and exhaustion, "What is that?"

Clarke and I shared a look, neither of us having any clue what was going on. Clarke opened her mouth, shaking her head as she began to speak, "I don't-"

The floor beneath us suddenly opened and before any one of us had a chance to react we were plunged into darkness as we fell. I clammed my eyes shut as my body came into contact with a metal surface, we were in some kind of chute.

A large grunt escaped my lips as we stopped falling, landing in some kind of large bin. It took me a moment to open my eyes, but as soon as I looked around an audible gasp left my lips.

"Oh my God!" I almost yelled as I tried to climb my way out of the bin. Laying beneath us were dozens of dead Grounders. Their bodies were pale and limp, blood stains present on many of their bodies.

Clarke was sharing a similar reaction to me as she scrambled to pull herself out. She managed to get out first, quickly turning to pull me out behind her. "Thank you." I breathed as she turned to grab Anya.

However, Anya was occupied with the bodies inside the bin. They were her people and now they were gone.

"Anya!" Clarke screamed, pulling her attention away from one of the bodies, "Take my hand."

I was still trying to catch my breath as I waited for the two of them to rejoin me. I glanced around at where we were. We were in some kind of tunnel, a track running through it.

"We're out." Clarke announced as the two of them rejoined me. I looked back towards where we came, feeling myself shudder, "We should get moving."

Clarke nodded as her eyes landed on a pile of clothes across the tracks from us, "Let's get dressed. We can't cover any ground like this."

She was right. Clarke was sporting a hospital gown whereas Anya was still dressed in the flimsy mesh underwear that the rest of the captives were wearing.

I picked up a pair of boots, trading the pair of flats I had on for them. I then pulled a jacket overtop of the dress I was wearing, deciding to leave the dress on as to not waste anymore time.

"I'm not leaving my people." Anya called from behind us, still standing over the bin.

Clarke stood up, rushing over to Anya in hopes to convince her. I tuned the two of them out as I laced up the boots I had on. I focused on my breathing, trying to calm myself down. I was terrified what would happen if we got caught, I knew they wouldn't just let us go.

The sound of voices from deeper within the tunnel caused me to freeze. I looked over at Clarke, my eyes wide in fear.

"Someone's coming." Anya whispered, stating the obvious.

I listened to the voices, saw the flames of the torches and my heart dropped. "Not just someone." I pointed out, "Reapers."

Anya's face clouded over in anger at the mention of her rivals. With one swift move she turned and attempted to pick up a rock.

"No, Anya." Clarke mumbled, pulling her back, "You can't fight, you can barely stand."

The voices and the light got closer and closer. "Clarke, what are we doing." I questioned, fear dripping from my every word.

Clarke looked around for a moment before narrowing in on something. "Grab a pile of clothes, Avery." she instructed as she pulled Anya towards one of the empty carts. I did as she said, pulling a number of clothes and shoes into my arms.

I rushed towards the two others, watching as Clarke boosted Anya into the cart. She then pulled herself in, reaching for me to hand her the clothes. The minute my hands were free I was hoisting myself into safety.

Seconds after I ducked to the ground of the cart, the sound of the Reapers was right beside us. I clamped my hand over my mouth, waiting for them to pass. However instead of moving on, they milled around our cart.

Suddenly, a body was flung in on top of us. She was still alive, barely, but her eyes were open. She met my wide eyes before her eyelids drooped shut. I felt like I was going to throw up out of fear as more and more bodies were thrown in.

To make matters worse, the minute bodies stopped flying in, the cart began to move.

The sound of my uneven breathing and then squeaking of the cart on the tracks was all that I could hear. What had actually only been minutes in the cart felt like hours.

When it finally came to a stop I could practically feel my heart in my throat. My worried eyes met Clarke's as we both waited to see what would happen next. Soon enough, a pair of hands reached into the cart, grabbing the girl I had made eye contact with earlier, hoisting her out of the cart.

I laid with my arms over my face, hoping they wouldn't notice me. I could hear my heart in my ears as the sound of footsteps moving away from us echoed through the tunnel. The next sound that I could hear was the sound of a blade, and then a blood curdling scream. They were finishing them off, killing those who weren't already dead.

My eyes were filled with tears as I watched Clarke slowly sit up, peeking over the edge of the cart. She met eyes with me, giving a small nod before pulling herself up. I did the same, jumping out and ducking behind the cart.,

"Anya." Clarke snapped at the Grounder who was still sitting in the cart, stroking the head of a man who's eyes were barely open, "What are you doing? Let's go!"

Anya glared at Clarke before looking back down at the man. She mumbled something in a language I didn't understand before snapping his neck. A gasp escaped my lips as the sound echoed in my head.

This was all too much for me. I didn't know if I was strong enough to handle it all. Was I just going to slow them down? Would we all die because of me?

"Avery," Clarke whispered, grabbing my arm, "Come on, we have to go now."

With one last look back at the Reapers, I turned and followed after the other two girls in search of a way out.

53. the escape

[image]

"Come on." Clarke prodded Anya as the three of us made our way through the winding tunnels. We had been running for close to 10 minutes now and had still not found a way out.

"This place is a maze." I huffed as paused for a moment, looking around in hopes of finding the exit.

Clarke and Anya stopped beside me, both of them struggling to catch their breath. All three of us looked horrible, Anya considerably worse than Clarke and I. We were coated in a mixture of dirt and sweat, the braid that had been holding my hair back was falling out, leaving pieces of hair sticking to my face.

Anya let out a small cough, "What did they do to us?"

Clarke spun around to face her, her eyes still scanning our surroundings, "They used your blood," she explained, readjusting the jacket she had pulled on, "I saw a soldier come in with radiation burns, hours later he was fine. It's like your blood is healing them. I've never seen anything like it."

Anya's face fell as Clarke spoke, it was clear that a hundred thoughts were running through her head.

"We should keep moving." I announced as I tucked a piece of stray hair behind my ear.

Clarke nodded as she turned slightly, "This way."

As Clarke and I began in the opposite direction of where we originally came from, Anya did not follow, instead she turned back towards where we came. When I didn't hear her footsteps behind us, I spun around which caused Clarke to do the same.

The blonde looked at me with eyes wide in confusion. I shook my

head with a shrug of my shoulders, signalling I had no clue what she was doing.

"What are you doing!?" Clarke snapped, "That's the way to the Reapers."

Anya paused, looking back at us blankly, "You two go your way, I'll go mine."

I threw my head back in frustration, I was almost willing to let her go off on her own. I did not trust her and she was only making things difficult.

Clarke wasn't so willing to let her go, "Anya, we need to stick together."

Anya whipped her head towards us, "I told you, there is no we."

"We saved your life!" I argued, becoming increasingly irritated.

She didn't waver as she replied, "You saved my life because you two need me. I know the way back to your people, I know where all the traps are. You would never make it alone."

Clarke began to mimic my irritation as she spun back around, grabbing my arm and pulling me with her, "We don't have time for this, our best chance at survival is if we stick together. All we can do is keep moving and hope-"

She trailed off as she came to a stop, turning to look behind us. I followed her movements, my eyes growing wide when I realized Anya had disappeared.

"Anya?" Clarke whispered, spinning around in search of her, "Anya?" she repeated as she moved away from me. Suddenly she rushed back towards me, her eyes wide.

"What's going on?" I asked, peering around her. My eyes landed on part of the tunnel that was being illuminated by torch lights, meaning one thing. "Are those-"

"Reapers." Clarke confirmed, not wasting anytime in grabbing me

and pulling me along behind her.

We hadn't made it very far when we tried to turn a corner, only to be stopped by torch light, accompanied by a single Reaper. My eyes were wide as Clarke and I silently spun around, trying to head in the opposite direction. Our attempts failed as another Reaper emerged, followed by another and then another.

Clarke and I huddled together as we inched away from the group of them that were beginning to crowd us. They stared at us like we were fresh meat, quite frankly we were.

"Oh no." Clarke cried as the two of us backed into one of the rock walls. My chest was rising and falling rapidly with each breath as the Reapers inched closer to us. I knew this was it, we were done.

One of the Reapers was so close to me I could feel his breath on my face, one more second and he would have been basically on top of me. Clarke grabbed onto my hand and gave it a tight squeeze, almost like a final goodbye.

But for once it seemed like the odds were in our favour as a loud ringing began sounding off throughout the tunnel. The Reapers immediately retracted as they clamped their hands over their ears, letting out screams of pain.

Clarke and I shared wide eyed looks as we watched the scene unfold in front of us. Three men dressed in hazmat suits came flying around the corner, holding flashlights and some kind of blue light producing the noise.

"Get the hell away from them!" they yelled at the Reapers, who were already beginning to retreat.

"Clarke Griffin, Avery Collins, you're coming with us." One of them men declared, their flashlights pointed directly at us.

I swallowed hard as I pushed myself further into the wall, not wanting to go with these men at all. Clearly Clarke didn't either as she turned and tried to bolt, two of the men chased after her as the other grabbed a hold of me.

"Come on." he muttered as he took a hold of my arm.

I tried to pull back against him but he grabbed my other arm, making it hard for me to move, "Come on Avery, please don't do this."

As he continued speaking I began to recognize his voice. Although it was slightly muffled, I knew it was him.

"Landen." I whispered in shock as he began to pull me towards where the other men had captured Clarke and was currently trying to get her to stop resisting. "You don't have to do this, please. Just let me go. I need to find my brother and friends, I need-"

Landen shook his head, "I can't do that, Avery."

"We saw everything!" Clarke announced as we were pulled closer and closer towards the entrance, "We know what you're doing to them."

One of the other man replied, "That's why you're going in the harvest chamber with them."

My heart dropped as I tried to pull away, "Landen." I cried quietly, "Don't do this do us. You're better than this-"

Landen tightened his grip on me, "You don't know anything about me."

I felt like I was going to hyperventilate as the third man leaned forward, pressing a button on a key pad before speaking into it, "Alpha Delta Two, we have reached the intake. We have two prisoners in custody."

It was at this time that Clarke and I both began looking around, hoping that there was some way we could escape.

A voice came through the speak, "Your mission was to bring back all of them. The outside cannot leave this Mountain. Alpha Delta One is coming out now."

Before any other Mountain Men came out, someone else entered the

scene. With a loud scream Anya came practically flying in from somewhere behind us. She attacked the third man as Clarke took care of the one holding onto her. Landen and I both stood frozen, neither os us wanting to make a move.

"Their masks!" Clarke yelled to Anya as she ripped the protective mask from the man who was holding her.

The man began to scream as the outside air hit his face. Anya mirrored Clarke's actions, doing the same to the third man.

It was at this time that Landen tried to pull me towards him, "Let's go!" he shouted.

"I found a way out!" Anya called to Clarke, who was just beginning to notice I was struggling.

The blonde began racing towards Landen and I, "Avery-"

I knew what she was going to do, she was going to take Landen's mask off, potentially killing him. As much as I hated him right now, I didn't want him to die. He was a kid, like us and probably didn't have much choice in what he had to do.

"No!" I yelled, putting my hand out to stop her. Both Clarke and Landen were confused by my actions, so I took the opportunity to send my elbow into the bottom of Landen's jaw. He let out a grunt of pain as he released me.

Clarke grabbed my arm and pulled me along behind her and Anya. Just as we started running the sound of the door opening and several pairs of footsteps echoed in the tunnel.

"We have to hurry." I pointed out as we continued running.

Anya nodded as she quickly glanced behind us, "We're almost there."

And sure enough we were almost there, as moments later we came to a halt. The sunlight felt warm on my skin as we approached the exit, but when we did, I realized that our way out was almost as deadly as if we were to stay.

We were standing at the top of a huge waterfall, so high that if we fell the wrong way, it might just kill us. To make matter worse, neither Clarke or I really knew how to swim.

"There has to be another way." Clarke hoped.

Anya shook her head, "There's not." she answered, just as the sound of the guards behind us filled my ears.

I stared down at the water below, chills running up my spin as the Mountain Men called out to us, "Come on girls, you don't have to do this. You have no place else to go."

The three of us shared a lot, before all of us looked back down at the water. With one final glance, Anya flung herself forward, plunging down towards the water. I took a step backwards as my eyes widened, "Oh my God." I whispered as Clarke screamed her name in shock.

The men spoke from behind us, "We don't have to kill you girls. It doesn't have to end like this."

Clarke and I shared a look, "What are we going to do?" I whispered, my eyes flashing to the water.

"Just surrender!" the man called.

Clarke slowly set the weapon down that she had stolen in our earlier confrontation, "Just trust me." she whispered, as she slowly raised her hands.

"Hands up, Avery!" one of the men called.

I did as he said, slowly raising my hands to either side of my head. Clarke began walking towards them, and I gave her a confused look. What in the world was she-

"Now!" she yelled, as she spun around and came barrelling back towards the edge, in one quick movement, she threw herself off the ledge, into the water below.

I was stunned as I stood frozen in place. I knew that the best thing

for me to do was to turn and follow right after Clarke, but truth be told I was terrified.

"Come on, Avery." The voice was now Landen's. He had recovered from my hit and was making his way to the front of the group, his hand held out in front of him like a sign of assurance, "Just come back with us. I won't let them hurt you."

I slowly began backing up towards the edge, "You're lying."

Landen mumbled something to one of the other men as he inched closer to me, "Remember when we first met? I told you that you could trust me and that's still true, Avery."

He must of thought that I was really dumb. There was no way I believed a single word that came out of his mouth.

I was almost at the edge now, "How will you protect me if I come back?" I had to play into his game just a little.

Landen was practically close enough to grab me at this point, "You can stay with me, I'll keep you safe, I promise."

I could feel the air from the waterfall behind me. I turned my head slightly to gage where I had to jump, this was it.

Commotion rang out from behind me, "She's jumping, shoot her!"

The loud bang of a gun rang out as Landen rushed towards me, but it was too late. I had already thrown my body off the ledge. The wind was harsh as it nipped at my skin as I fell downward. After seconds of falling the water came into clear view causing me to close my eyes, and prepare for impact.

54. alone

[image] [image]

A scream escaped my lips as my body came into contact with the cold water. It felt like ice was surging through my veins as I struggled to pull myself back up to the top. I could feel myself beginning to panic, my lungs feeling tight as I clawed at the water.

I began to kick my feet, and soon enough I was able to push myself to the surface. As my head met the air, I let out deep breaths, trying to regain my composer before attempting to swim my way to shore.

I was sputtering water as I turned in a slow circle, looking for Clarke and Anya. With no sign of them, I decided to head to shore, hoping they would be there.

Swimming to shore was a whole other struggle. My head went under more times than I could count as I pushed against the strong currents. When I finally reached the rocky bank I all but crawled my way onto land.

I slumped back, letting out quick breaths as I tried to stop my head from swimming. It was only when the adrenaline had begun to wear off that I could feel a dull pain in my thigh. With a grunt I pulled myself up into the sitting position so I could examine where the pain was coming from.

My hands were shaking as I pulled my dress up slightly to reveal a bloodied mess. I winced as I placed my hand on my thigh. I had been shot. Biting down on the inside of my cheek I ran my hand across the back of my leg, looking for an exit wound. "Damn it." I muttered when all I felt was smooth skin-the bullet was still in there.

I knew that trying to walk with the bullet still in there was dangerous and would be painful as hell, but I needed to do it if I wanted to get home. With my now bloodied hands I reached up and undid the ribbon that had been holding my braid in place. I almost

laughed at the irony as I undid the false luxury that Mount Weather had provided.

I took the sleeve of my jacket into my mouth and bit down as I tied the ribbon above the bullet wound, letting out a muffled cry as I tightened it to stop any blood loss.

Once that was done I remembered that I was supposed to be with two other people. Scanning the riverbank I saw no sign of the other two girls, "Clarke, Anya?" I called, loud enough so that if they were close they would hear, but quiet enough as to not give myself away.

I received no response and I felt my heart drop, they had left me.

As much as I wanted to lay down and go to sleep I knew I needed to get moving. Glancing around I found a long enough stick that I could use as a cane. Sticking my injured leg out straight, I managed to push myself up onto my good leg.

The sun was hot against my face as I began to walk. Honestly, I didn't really know where I was going but I had a slight idea. Finn was amazing at Earth skills and he always told me about what he learned each day in school. He told that the sun rises in the east and sets in the west. Using that knowledge and the fact that it was the early evening, and relying on my memory of our attempted trek to Mount Weather on our first day down here, I knew Mount Weather was west of our camp. Meaning if I kept the sun on my back I would be headed in the right direction-hopefully,

With that in mind I began my painful trek back home. Back to Finn and Octavia. Back to Bellamy.

It was nightfall by the time I finally decided to stop. My leg was aching in pain, so bad I could barely move. And without the sun I was afraid I would end up lost. I found a small cave to spend the night in. It was hidden enough that I was hopeful no Mountain Men or Grounders would be able to find me.

My body was shaking in a mixture of exhaustion, dehydration,

hunger and pain. I knew that I needed to get home within the next day or so or there would be a chance I would die out here.

I peeled off my jacket, bawling it up and tucking it under my head as a pillow. As I closed my eyes I listened to the sounds around me, feeling oddly calm. As I felt myself drift off I thought about everyone. I thought about Clarke, hoping she was okay wherever she was. I thought about Jasper and Monty and Miller, wanting to let them know that we would be back for them. And I thought about Finn, Bellamy and Octavia, I still truly didn't know if they were alive, but I had hope.

My eyes sprung open at the sound of voices near the cave. It was early dawn, the sun was just beginning to rise. I sat up in a panic as I pushed myself further into the cave to hide myself. I watched in fear as a group of Mountain Men went walking past. Luckily they were headed in the opposite direction I was, but knowing they were out looking for us sent shivers down my spine.

Once I was sure they were gone, I painfully pulled myself to my feet. I yanked my jacket back on as I grabbed my walking stick, preparing myself for another long day of walking.

As I stepped back into the forest I searched for the sun, finding it and then instantly heading towards it.

"Come on, Avery." I muttered to myself as I hobbled through the forest, "You've got this."

With every step I took my leg screamed in pain. My whole lower leg was now coated in blood as the tourniquet I had tied earlier was beginning to fail. Ignoring the pain, I kept pushing. Things were now becoming more familiar. I had just past the river where Jasper had been taken, meaning I was close to the drop ship, very close.

Letting out a few steady breaths, I picked up my pace, wanting to get home as soon as possible. Memories of the last time I had walked this path filled my head. We were all so innocent then, so young.

I had barely know Jasper, Monty and Clarke, and now they were some of my closest friends. Finn and I had just been reunited, and Octavia was living her dream. Everything was easier then.

I was so caught up in my thoughts I had barely noticed that another day had pretty much passed. The sun was beginning to set as I stumbled into our camp. I had made it.

I let out a mangled sob as I limped towards the drop ship, only to find that it was completely empty. No one was here.

I spun around, hoping that everyone would just come out of hiding, but there was no one. I slumped up against the drop ship as tears began to fall for the first time since we escaped Mount Weather.

It was hopeless. I would never see my brother and friends again. I brought my hands up to my face as I sobbed, at this point it was better that I just died. There was nothing left to live for, no one left.

I was seconds away from giving up. Just closing my eyes and never opening them again when the sound of two bangs filled my ears.

I pulled my tear soaked face out of my hands as I perked up, turning in the direction of where the sound came from. They were gunshots.

I pulled myself to my feet in a hurry, ignoring the pain that shot through my leg. Gun shots meant guns, which meant my people. Deep down I knew there was a chance it was from Grounders who had gotten our guns, or it was Mountain Men, but at this point I didn't care. If there was a chance that it was my people then I was going to take it.

Darkness now filled the sky as I made my way in the direction of the noise as fast as I could. My heart was pounding in my chest as I navigated through the dark forest.

After what felt like hours, but was probably only 20 minutes or so, a flurry of lights came into view. A sigh of relief I didn't know I was holding in escaped my lips. It was them, it was my people.

Tears of joy now streaked my dirty face as I hobbled towards the

gates of what appeared to be a new camp, one of the ships from the Ark now on the ground. I didn't question how it got done here, at this point I didn't really care.

As I neared the entrance, what seemed like a dozen spot lights flashed on, causing me to raise my hand to my face in order to shield my eyes. I had to stop myself from falling backwards in shock.

"Avery Collins?" A voice called through some kind of megaphone.

I nodded before realizing they probably couldn't see me, "Yes." I called, my voice weak and small, "it's me."

The lights dimmed as the sound of metal scraping filled my ears, signalling the gates were opening. Two men rushed out, each of them grabbing my arms and pulling me towards camp. My eyes were drooping as they got me inside the gates. I tried to keep them open, wanting to see if my brother and friends were here, but I was having a hard time.

"Avery?" a woman's voice asked softly.

I looked up at her through my droopy lids, instantly recognizing her as Abby Griffin.

"How did you know I was coming?" I question, my voice cracking.

Abby smiled as she ushered the men towards the ship, "Clarke told me."

I felt myself perk up slightly, "She's here? She's okay?"

Clarke's mother laughed softly as we entered the ship, "She's here and she's safe."

I felt a small smile spread across my face before my eyes finally drooped shut and everything went black.

-an-

yay!!! clarke and avery made it back to camp. you all know

what that means, we're getting a reunion next chapter ;)))

comment and let me know if you liked this chapter/ if you're excited for the reunion (I know I am)

55. alive

[image]

The first thing I felt when I woke was excruciating pain shooting through my leg. The next thing I felt was a flood of emotions as the events of the past few days came rushing back into my head.

I shot up, my eyes roaming the room in a hurry as I let out quick, panicked breaths.

"Hey." a soft voice came from beside me. I turned quickly, coming face to face with Clarke who was sitting at my bedside. She was covered in cuts and bruises on her face, and a bandage was secured around her upper arm, but besides that she looked fine.

"Clarke," I breathed in relief, leaning in to wrap my arms around her, "I thought something happened to you. When I jumped you weren't there, I-"

Clarke gave me an apologetic smile as she nodded, "Anya- she knocked me out, and dragged me away. I'm so sorry, Avery. I wanted to wait but she made me leave."

I gave her a smile, "Clarke it's okay, we're both alive and we're home, don't be sorry."

After a moment of silence I spoke again, "You said Anya knocked you out, why did she bring you back here? Where did she go?"

The blonde let out a small sigh, "She's dead. Our guards shot her," she explained, before adding "And me."

I glanced at her bandage, "Are you going to be okay?"

She nodded, "I'll be fine. I'm more worried about you, my mom said your wound is pretty bad. Was it out guards who shot you?"

I shook my head as I looked down at the now slightly red bandage wrapped around my leg, "The Mount Weather guards shot me

before I jumped. Walking on it for 2 days probably didn't help." I explained, letting out a small laugh.

Clarke cringed, "My mom will be able to fix it."

I gave her a smile as if to say "hopefully". I knew Abby was good but I also knew I had really jeopardize the fate of my leg.

"Have you seen anyone yet?" I asked hopefully.

She shook her head, "I haven't been out yet. I was about to go."

A smile spread onto my face as I threw back my covers, "I'm coming-"

"No," Abby Griffin said entering the room, "You're on bedrest until we get that bullet out of your leg."

I felt my shoulders slump as Clarke gave me a sad smile, "I'll tell everyone to come in see you, okay? I'll be right back."

I nodded, knowing this was my only option, "Okay, I'll be here I guess."

Clarke let out a laugh before standing and making her way towards the exit, "Right back." she promised.

Once her daughter was out of the room, Abby approached me, "That's quite the bullet wound you've got there, Avery."

I shrugged as I played with the blanket that was draped over my lower half, "I've had better accomplishments in my life."

Abby laughed as she sat down in the spot Clarke had been occupying, "You were always a funny kid." she commented.

I looked over at her with a curious smile, "You remember me?"

Pulling back the blanket to inspect my leg, Abby spoke again, "How could I forget. You and Finn were the first twins I had ever seen- clearly- keeping you a secret was one of the hardest things I had ever done."

I winced as she lightly pressed on my leg, "You risked your life keeping me a secret."

Abby shook her head, "I wasn't going to risk them doing something to you or your brother. I couldn't live with myself."

"Thank you." I whispered. Without Abby I most likely would have been dead before I was even alive.

Abby just smiled as she sat back, recovering me with the blanket, "I'll need to surgically remove the bullet, until then you're stuck in here, alright?"

I nodded as I watched her stand and clean her hands, "I'll be back in to check on you in a bit. Drink some water and try to eat something."

"Thank you, Abby." I said for the second time.

Once she was gone I settled back into the silence as I anxiously awaited the return of Clarke, and hopefully my brother and friends. I still didn't know if they were here, if they were alive.

My good leg shook with nerves as I waited. All I wanted to do was stand and rush outside in search of them. The waiting game was killing me.

What felt like hours later, I heard footsteps rushing towards the medical room. I felt myself perk up as the door slid open. I could practically hear my heart in my ears as I waited for who was about to come in to view, and when they did I could feel tears of joy flooding my eyes.

Bellamy Blake came rushing towards me. I barely had time to react before he had his arms wrapped around me, almost knocking the air from my lungs.

The tears ran down my cheeks as I tightly wrapped my arms back around him, shoving my head into his neck, "You're alive." I whispered.

He pulled back and looked over my face, "Where were you? We

looked for you, God Avery I was so worried, I-"

"Geez, Bell." A flustered Octavia Blake panted as she entered the room, "I've never seen you run that fast in your life."

A smile spread onto my face as she approached me, shoving her brother aside before pulling me into a hug, "You scared the hell outta me, Avs. Thought I would never see you again."

"I thought the same about you guys." I answered as I looked between the two siblings. As I did so my heart suddenly dropped, "Wait, where's my brother?"

Octavia and Bellamy shared a look before Bellamy let out a sigh, "He's looking for you and Clarke."

I felt like I was going to throw up. "He's out there all alone?"

Bellamy shook his head, "Murphy's with him?"

I raised my hands to my face and shook my head, "Murphy? Is that supposed to make me feel better?"

Bellamy grabbed my hands and pulled them away from my face, "Please don't worry. He'll be back soon and if h's not, I'll go out and look for him-"

I cut him off, "No, I'm not losing both of you."

Bellamy looked at me with a look I couldn't quite decipher and we stayed like that for far too long, clearly making Octavia uncomfortable.

"Alright, well I'm gonna go talk to Clarke, I'll leave you two alone."

I felt a blush rise on my cheeks as I turned to my best friend, "No, Tavia you don't have to-"

She gave me a warm smile, "It's okay Avs. I'll be back in a bit."

I gave her a weak wave as she turned and exited the room, leaving Bellamy and I alone. Once she was gone I turned back to the older

Blake sibling and smiled.

He gave me a grin before it dropped from his face, "I'm really happy you're back Avery"

I nodded, "Yeah, me too Bell."

He nodded, "I was so terrified that you were dead, that I didn't protect you."

I shook my head, "It's not your job to protect me Bellamy. You protected Octavia, that's all that matters."

It was his turn to disagree, "I'm always going to try to protect you."

My heart skipped a beat at his words, and I was afraid if I tried to speak the words wouldn't come out, but nonetheless I spoke, "I have Finn, you don't have to worry about me."

At the mention of my brother's name, Bellamy winced slightly, which caused me to sit up straighter.

"What's going on? What aren't you telling me about Finn?" I asked, panic rising.

Bellamy shook his head, "He's different, Avery."

I scrunched up my face, "What do you mean, h-how is he 'different'?"

Bellamy slowly rubbed his hands together, something I realized he did when he was nervous, "He's changed. He's hurt people."

I pulled back slightly, not believing what he was saying, "You're sure we're talking about the same Finn here? The one who would barely look at a gun?"

Bellamy sighed, "Losing you and Clarke, it changed him. It's like his soul is gone, he's empty. He did it because he wanted to find you. He thought that the guy knew where you were-"

I cut him off, shaking my head as I tried to gather my thoughts and

wrap my head around what he was saying, "What did he do Bellamy?"

He looked up at me with sad eyes as he spoke, "He's killed people, Avery."

-an-

omg the reunion has happened! I wanted to make it really dramatic but at the same time there was a lot that needed to be said so. also uh oh, avery is finding out what her brother has been up to, and this is before he really lost it... not good.

but all that matters right now is that bellamy and avery are back together, and clearly they were pretty happy to see each other

56. denial

[image]

I pushed myself up even further, ignoring the pain that shot through my leg, "What do you mean he's killed people? Bellamy, what are you talking about?"

Bellamy, who was now standing, began pacing the room, "We thought the Grounders had you guys and we found this Grounder, took him to a bunker Clarke and Finn found a while back-"

"The art supply store." I whispered, vaguely remembering hearing Clarke and my brother speak about it.

Bellamy paused as he studied my worried face before continuing, "We asked him questions, and he didn't tell us anything-"

"Because they didn't have us!" I cut in, throwing my arms up.

He signed, "We know that now."

I shook my head, running my hands over my face, "Tell me what happened next?" I murmured through my finger tips.

"We didn't know what to do with him, we were all arguing and Finn just-" Bellamy stopped talking, just as he stopped pacing. His back was to me, but I could see that he was breathing heavily.

My eyes were stinging as I dropped my hands back to my sides, letting out a deep breath, "What did he do, Bellamy. Just tell me what my brother did."

Bellamy spun around, finally looking me in the eyes, "He shot him, Avery."

My heart plummeted as I kept my teary eyes on Bellamy. This was my brother, one of the most selfless people in the world, the person who wouldn't even think about picking up a gun let alone actually do it. And now here I was, hearing that that same boy had killed

someone.

Bellamy made his way back over to me, sitting back down and slipping his hand into mine, "He truly thought the Grounders had you-we all did."

I nodded as a teary whisper escaped my lips, "I know."

It was less of the fact that he had actually killed someone and more about the fact that he was a different person. Killing people wasn't new for the group of us, hell we had barbecued I don't know how many Grounders, but it was new for Finn.

Bellamy shifted beside me, seemingly noticing the battle I was having inside my brain, "If you want to talk about it-"

I shook my head, causing him to stop, "I think I'm just going to try and rest, Abby told me I need it." I gave him a forced smile as I pulled my hand out of his warm hand. The minute I pulled it back towards my body it felt cold, I missed his touch.

Bellamy's face fell slightly as he straightened up and cleared his throat, "Yeah, okay. I'll get Octavia to come see you later?"

I nodded, shimmying further down the bed so I could lay down, "Thanks." I whispered as he moved towards the door.

I hated the way I was feeling. I was supposed to be happy, happy that I was back in camp, back with my friends. But all I could feel was dread and fear, dread because Finn wasn't here and fear that when he came back he wasn't going to be the same.

I didn't sleep like I told Bellamy I was going to, I couldn't. Instead I stared at the wall for an hour and tried to tune out the noises of the other patients until Octavia came in to see me.

I turned my head slightly as she sat down beside me, giving me a small smile. "Bell told you about Finn?" she questioned.

I nodded, my eyes now back on the wall where they had been for the last hour. "I get why he did it, but it still doesn't make it any less hard."

Octavia hummed in agreement, "We've all done things to keep the people we care about safe, Finn is no different. He thought you are Clarke were in danger and so he did what he thought was necessary."

I turned to fully look at her, studying her face to see if she was just saying that to make me feel better, but it didn't look like she was. "I guess you're right." I agreed. But was she right, did Finn really think that killing that guy would keep me or Clarke safe?

I shook the thoughts from my head as I sat up, "So are they sending a search party out for him?"

Octavia's face twitched, a clear sign she was hiding something, "I thought you said you didn't want them to go?"

"I said I didn't want Bellamy to go."

Octavia nodded as she leaned back slightly, "Abby said she didn't want to put anyone else in danger, she shot down the idea of a search party."

"So they're just going to leave him out there? With Murphy of all people!"

My best friend's face twitched once again, "I didn't say that."

I moved closer to her and grabbed her arm, staring her down, "Octavia what aren't you telling me?"

Two minutes later I was limping down the halls in pursuit of Octavia who had run off after telling me her, Clarke and Bellamy were going after Finn. She had practically run out of my room after delivering the news, knowing I would be upset.

I was well aware that if Abby caught me I would be right back in bed, so I had to make sure that wouldn't happen. I was, for obvious reasons, much slower than Octavia, but I somehow managed to catch up to her enough to see which way she exited.

I followed after her, pushing the doors open and stepping outside. The sun was warm against my cool skin as I caught sight of my friends standing hidden behind some large metal thing. I paused before making my way over to where the group of them were standing, Raven included, who I hadn't seen since being back.

"Avery!" She squealed as she caught a glimpse of me. The remaining 3 pairs of eyes darted towards me as Raven wrapped her arms around me. The first thing I noticed was the brace on her leg and how slow she moved, but I decided I wouldn't bring it up until she did.

"Hey." I laughed as I wrapped my arms back around her.

"Avery, what the hell are you doing?" Bellamy asked once Raven and I had pulled apart. A gun was slung over his shoulder, same with Clarke.

I crossed my arms over my chest, "I could ask you the same thing."

Bellamy turned to Octavia with a displeased look, "I thought I told you not to tell her?"

The younger Blake sibling put her her hands up in defense, "She can be intimidating when she wants to be."

I gave Bellamy a smug smile, "I told you I didn't want you going out there, you guys could get hurt or killed! What am I supposed to do if I lose everyone I care about?"

"I'll still be here." Raven piped in.

"Okay everyone I care about minus Raven." I corrected, my eyes darting between the three of them.

Bellamy sighed, "If we don't do this, Finn might not come back, and I know you want to see him more than ever right now."

I stared him down, my arms still crossed firmly over my chest. "You're right, Bellamy. That is why I am here to offer my help."

Bellamy face fell as he shook his head, "Don't even think about

saying that you're coming with us. You're hurt and you would only slow us down."

I glared at him, "No dumb dumb, I'm not coming with you."

"Well then how are you supposed to help?"

I gave him a mischievous smile, "You could use a distraction, something to keep the guards off your asses, I am that distraction." I explained, swiping my hands out in front of me as if to offer myself up.

The four of them stared at me skeptically which prompted me to continue, "If I go to the middle of camp and collapse, you can best believe a crowd will form. And when Abby catches wind that I'm out of bed, it'll distract her from whatever else is going on."

They all shared a look before grins spread onto their faces, "That's perfect." Clarke confirmed.

I smiled back at them before looking over my shoulder to where a couple of guards were standing, "Okay, I'm going now so go fast. Oh," I said as I spun back around, pulling them all into quick hugs, "Be safe and bring him home."

I didn't waste anytime slowly making my way back towards the centre of camp. I tried to get as far away from where my friends were before staging my little show.

The minute I knew that they would be ready to go, so was I. I dropped down to the ground, letting out a blood curdling scream. It brought attention, that's for sure. People milling about, and guards alike came rushing towards me to see what the matter was.

"Abby Griffin, someone get Abby!" one of the guards yelled as he knelt down beside me. As the chaos ensued I couldn't help but feel a sense of joy as I knew my friends were now on the way to find my brother.

-an-

hey guys ! this chapter was kind of all over the place but I

really liked it for some reason. the gang is in search of finn yay!

comment if you liked this chapter :)

love you all xoxxo

57. different

[image] [image]

"What the hell were you thinking?" Abby Griffin asked and she and Jackson helped me back into bed. It was safe to say she was not happy finding me out of bed.

I gave her a sheepish smile as she lifted my leg into the bed, forcing me to lay back before covering me with the blanket. "I wanted some fresh air. It's kind of depressing in here." I shuddered looking around the room were other sick patients lay.

Abby gave me a stern look as she grabbed a blood pressure cuff and put it on my arm, "I can't help you if you won't listen to me, Avery. The more you walk on your leg the harder it will be for me to remove the bullet."

"I know," I sighed as she began to pump up the cuff on my arm, "When are we doing that surgery anyway?"

She didn't answer for a moment as she continued to pump the cuff, waiting for it to be done. Once she had a proper read on my blood pressure she removed the cuff, "Soon. I want you to be a bit stronger before we put your body through that kind of stress."

"Isn't the sooner the better?" I asked as Abby placed a hand on my forehead to check my temperature.

She let out a sigh as she pulled up a chair to sit beside me, "Avery,"

I looked over to her in confusion, "What?"

He eyes drifted to my leg as she began to speak, "The surgery is

risky. We don't have any supplies, including anesthesia, which means you would have to be awake for the whole surgery. You'll feel everything I'm doing and the pain will be excruciating."

I felt my heart drop as I milled over her words. "But isn't it more dangerous to leave the bullet it?"

Abby gave a small nod, "I'm worried about the location of the bullet, there's a chance it could knick your femoral artery, which would cause you to bleed out."

"So we have to do it." I confirmed.

"It will be painful, but it should be quick. The bullet is close enough to the entrance wound that I don't have to dig too much. We'll do it in a few days, so try and rest until then."

I nodded as she stood and left me alone once again. To say I was nervous about the surgery would be an understatement. I was terrified, it was just another factor in the overwhelming stress that I was currently facing.

I couldn't clear my head as I waited for my friends to return- hopefully with my brother. I sat staring at the wall in front of me for hours. It was dark by the time someone walked in. I perked up, hoping to see Finn rushing towards me, but instead I saw an angry looking Abby Griffin marching in my direction.

"Did you know about this?" she snapped, firing a note down on my lap. I picked it up and read over the words-

Mom,

I hope you understand that I had to do this.

Clarke

I looked back up at her and shook my head, "I have no clue what this is. What did she do?" I asked, hoping Abby couldn't see right through my lie.

Abby was still glaring at me, "She went to look for your brother

with the Blake siblings."

I let out a fake murmur of surprise, "I'm sorry, Abby I don't-"

She took a step closer to me, "Do not lie to me Avery."

I put my hands up in surrender, "I don't know a thing."

I was lying and she knew I was lying, but she decided to drop it. She grabbed the note before stomping off, mumbling something about finding Raven.

Once she was gone I settled back into the bed and prepared for sleep. I wanted to stay awake to greet my brother on his hopeful return, but I knew if I went to sleep time would go by quicker.

I woke up the next morning as Clarke entered the medical ward. I was still groggy as she approached me. Excitement coursed through my veins at the sight of her, if she was back, it meant Finn might be with her.

"Is-"

"Finn's back." Clarke confirmed as she sat down at the end of my bed. I instantly sat up, trying to get out of the bed, "He is? He's alive?"

Clarke nodded, but her face was solemn as she lightly pushed me back into the bed.

I gave her an odd look, wondering what was going on. "Where is he?" I asked, "I want to see him."

Clarke gave me a sad smile, "I wanted to warn you."

My face scrunched up in confusion, "Warn me? About what?"

The blonde girl looked down at her hands, "He's different, Avery. He-"

I cut her off with the nod of my head, "I know, he killed that guy in the bunker, Bellamy already told me. I've moved past that, I just want to see my brother."

"No, Avery, that's not it."

My shoulders slumped as I stared back at her, "What is it then?" I asked, my voice cracking in fear.

And so she told me. She told me that my brother had now not only shot that one man but had shot an entire village. I felt like I was going to be sick to my stomach the entire time she was speaking. By the end tears were streaming down my cheeks.

Clarke lightly took my hand and gave it a squeeze, "I'm going to let him know where you are in a minute so he can come see you. He's been asking about you the whole way back. I just wanted to give you a heads up."

I nodded numbly, "Thank you."

And with that, she left and I was once again alone. I replayed the conversation over and over again in my head. It was horrible what Finn did and it broke my heart, but he was still my brother. So the minute that door opened and he walked in I couldn't help but smile at him through my tears.

His eyes caught mine and he broke into a run, instantly crashing into me with a tight hug. I let out a small grunt as his body came into contact with my own. I wrapped my arms back around him, holding him close to me as my tears stained his jacket.

"You're alive." he breathed as he pulled back, his eyes scanning over the cuts on my face, eventually falling down to my bandaged leg. "What-"

"I was shot." I explained.

"At Mount Weather?" he questioned, his eyes flickering back up to meet my own. His eyes were darker, they had lost their usual shine and I barely recognized him anymore. This whole interaction felt awkward.

I nodded numbly as I played with the end of my bandage, "Yeah." I whispered, "Clarke told you?"

My brother gave a small nod in confirmation, "We're going to find a way to get the rest of our friends out of there. Trust me."

But that was the thing, could I trust him. Could any of us trust him to go out on his own anymore, who knew what he was going to do. But then again, he was my brother and I needed to give him the benefit of the doubt, "I trust you, Finn."

He smiled as he glanced back down at my leg. I noticed his stares and spoke up, "I'm getting surgery tonight."

Finn's eyes grew wide as he shook his head, "No! The surgery could kill you- Raven had it done and- God it was awful Avs."

"I know, Abby told me. But I need to have it done, I could die if I don't."

Finn sighed in succession, "Okay. I'll be there for you alright?"

I smiled at him as I nodded, "I know you will."

58. pain

[image]

"Where is he?" I muttered to myself as Jackson secured the strap around my chest. It was time for my surgery and I was terrified. Finn said he would be here, but we were minutes away from starting and he was no where to be seen.

A figure walked into the room and I let out a sigh of relief, only to realize it wasn't Finn, but Bellamy instead.

"What are you doing here?" I asked, tears already forming in my eyes out of fear.

Bellamy sat down beside my head and grabbed my hand, "Moral support." he said giving me a small grin.

I gave him a watery smile, "Thank you, Bellamy."

He nodded as he squeezed my hand, "Finn should be here, he's just speaking with Clarke-"

"It's okay." I cut him off, "As long as you're here, I'll be okay."

"Ready?" Abby Griffin asked as she walked into the room. She had gotten over being upset with me over the whole Clarke leaving camp situation once she had returned safely.

Abby spotted Bellamy, "You're planning on staying? It will be rough to watch."

Bellamy nodded as he gave me a small smile, "Yeah, I'm not leaving."

I smiled back at him as I tightened my grip on his hand. Even if Finn wasn't here, Bellamy was and that meant a lot to me.

"Okay." Abby whispered as I felt her take a hold of my leg. "Are you ready, Avery?"

I met eyes with Bellamy and he gave me a nod in support. I let out a deep breath, "Yeah, I'm ready." I whispered.

And then she started. The pain was debilitating, I felt like I couldn't breathe. The only noise I could produce were screams.

Bellamy's grip tightened on my hand as he leaned close to my face, "You're doing great, Avery. I'm here alright?"

Tears were soaking my face as Abby continued. I wanted to scream at her to stop, but I knew I couldn't, I had to try to keep going.

"Almost done." She promised. It felt like I could feel her pushing at every muscle, every nerve. But it got to the point where I couldn't take it. "Stop." I begged, my voice so weak, I doubt she could even hear me.

"Stop." I repeated again, this time gathering the attention of Bellamy, who looked down at me and then back to Abby. "She said stop." he repeated my words, which caused Abby to pause. She still had the scalpel inserted into my leg but the pain had subsided slightly.

"Sweetie, if I stop down it will only be more painful when I start again."

Bellamy lifted his free hand to wipe away the tears that were staining my face, "You can do this" he whispered.

I nodded as I turned my head back to Abby, "Okay," I let out a shaky breath, "I'm ready."

Suddenly another voice cut through the air, "I'm here!" Finn announced as he rushed to the other side of my head where Bellamy wasn't sitting. He pulled a stool up, which caused Bellamy glared at him as he grabbed my other hand, "I'm here, Avs."

I couldn't speak through the pain that had resumed, all I could do was glance over at my brother through teary eyes.

After a few more minutes of unbearable pain, Abby's voice cut through the air, "There!" she said in excitement as she held her

hand up to reveal a small bullet. Who knew such a small thing could cause so much pain.

"You did it." Bellamy whispered as he pushed the hair out of my face, "It's done."

I could feel Finn glaring at the two of us and so I turned to face him, "Where were you?" I whispered, trying not to draw the attention of Abby and Jackson.

"Avs, I'm sorry I lost track of time and-"

"Okay, Avery." Abby said, oblivious to the conversation between Finn and I, "You are resting for the next day at least, I mean it this time. No getting out of bed and no walking on the leg."

I nodded as Jackson removed the straps from around me, "But then I can walk on it?" I asked hopefully.

Abby nodded, "Yes, you'll need to be careful, but should be back to normal in no time."

I smiled, trying to ignore the pain that was still pulsing through my leg, "Thank you, Abby."

She gave me a warm smile before her and Jackson left, leaving Finn, Bellamy and I alone. An awkward silence settled in the room, only being broken when Finn spoke, "What are you doing in here, Bellamy?"

"Finn-" I started, trying to stop the argument before it could happen.

Bellamy shot him a look, "I'm in here because you weren't. You did all of that to find her and now you can't even be there for her, come on Finn!"

Finn's face fell as he stood up, "She is my sister, Bellamy, so you don't get to tell me that I'm being a bad brother. I-"

"Stop!" I yelled, cutting him off, "Both of you, just stop. This isn't a competition okay? Can you both just drop it, please."

Both of their faces fell. Finn ran a hand through his hair, "I'm sorry, Avs. I'm sorry I wasn't here."

"It's okay, it's over now." I paused and looked between the two of them, "So, if you both don't mind I would like to get some rest. I'll talk to you later okay?"

The two boys shared a look before both of them nodded, "I'll come check up on you in a bit." Finn promised as he gave my hand a squeeze. I gave him a smile as he left the room, leaving me with Bellamy.

"You didn't need to go off on him like that, Bell. He's trying, and it's not like he wasn't here because he was off messing around, he's really struggling."

Bellamy sighed, "I know. I'm sorry."

I gave him a small smile, "It's not me you need to apologize to." I let out a yawn as the adrenaline began to wear off and the fatigue kicked in.

Bellamy nodded before turning towards the door, "Get some rest." he whispered before leaving.

I drifted in and out of consciousness for next several hours. The first few time I woke up Finn was by my beside. My eyes only stayed open long enough to acknowledge his presence before I drifted off again. The next time I woke up Raven and Octavia were sitting at either side of my bed. The final time I opened my eyes, Bellamy was there.

When I came to, the first thing I could feel was a dull aching in my leg, but the pain was significantly less than it had been. I let out a small groan as I pushed myself up slightly. As soon as the noise left my mouth, Bellamy's head shot over to me and a smile covered his face, "You're awake."

I smiled as I gave him a nod, "How long have I been out?" I asked, groggily rubbing my hands over my face.

Bellamy turned his head slightly, glancing at the small window which had beams of sunlight leaking through, "About a day."

I let out a surprised noise as I sat up fully, wincing as a throbbing in my head overcame me. "Here." Bellamy said, handing me a cup of water.

"Thanks," I mumbled as I took it from his hand, instantly taking a sip, "Did I miss anything while I was out?" I asked in between gulps.

Bellamy rubbed his hands together as he gave me a small nod, "Yeah, your brother-"

My heart plummeted, "What now?" I asked in worry.

He gave me a small grin as he shook his head, "They pardoned him for-y'know."

"Oh," I whispered as I tapped my fingers on the cup in my hand, "That's...good."

Before Bellamy had a chance to reply, Abby Griffin came waltzing into the room, what appeared to be a make shift crutch in her hand. "Avery, welcome back. How are you feeling?"

I placed the empty cup into the outstretched hand of Bellamy who stood once Abby neared us. She took a seat as Bellamy walked across the small room, placing the cup down before rejoining us at my bedside.

"I'm good." I answered honestly, "Itching to get out of this bed though."

Abby smiled as she stood once again, quickly examining the wound on my leg before instructing me to try and stand. "You'll need to use this for a couple of days, just to keep all the pressure off of your leg. And you'll need to take it easy, don't overwork yourself or it will just take longer for you to heal."

I nodded as I swung my legs over the bed, placing my good leg onto the ground, and then my bad one. My leg was shaking as I slowly stood from the bed with the help of Bellamy and Abby. Once I was

up, Abby handed me the crutch.

I slipped the crutch under my arm and leaned into it, slowly taking a step forward. I smiled as I was able to move relatively normally, with only little pain. "Thank you again." I said, moving to give Abby a hug.

She reciprocated my embrace, pulling back to give me a warm smile, "You're welcome. I'm glad it all worked out."

After a brief pause she turned to Bellamy, "You ready? We're heading out soon."

I tore my attention away from trying to perfect using the crutch at her words,"Ready for what?" I inquired, my eyes already boring into Bellamy's.

He let out a sigh as he gave Abby a 'look what you just did look'. He ran a hand through his hair, already well knowing I was about to throw a fit over whatever they were planning.

59. the truth

[image]

"Avery!" Bellamy called as he ran after me down the hall. Considering I was limping at half the speed I could usually go, he caught up to me pretty quickly. "Will you just listen to me for a second?" he begged as he fell into step with me.

I ignored him as I kept walking walking towards the exit. I had just been informed that Raven had figured out that Mount Weather was jamming the Ark's radio signal, meaning we had no way to contact any possible survivors from other Ark stations. In addition to this discovery, I was told that a group of them including my brother, were heading out to destroy Mount Weather's radio tower in order to unblock the signal.

"You're not coming with us, Avery." Bellamy warned as I pushed the door open, letting the warm sunlight hit my skin.

"I'm not sitting around here while all my friends are out there. Not happening Bellamy." I snapped as I made my way through camp.

"Avs!" Finn yelled when he caught sight of me. He rushed towards me, pulling me into a hug. "You're up!" Why didn't you come get me when she woke up?" he asked, turning to Bellamy.

Bellamy scratched the back of his neck, "I, uh, I didn't really have a chance she-"

"What's this I hear about you going to destroy the radio tower?" I demanded, giving my brother a pointed look.

Finn turned to Bellamy in surprise. "Yeah," Bellamy muttered, "She figured it out."

My twin turned back to me, "Avs, I'll be fine."

I nodded as I pushed my hair out of my face, "I know you will

because I'm coming with you."

Finn gave a sideways look at Bellamy, who gave him a small shrug. "Avery, you're not coming. There's no discussion about this."

I scoffed, "You can't tell me what to do, Finn. If you guys are going, then so am I. I'm not losing either of you again."

"Finn's right." Clarke's voice cut into our conversation, "You're too weak right now, you'll only slow us down."

I look of offence covered my face, "I can be fast."

"No, you can't." Bellamy argued, "It's too dangerous out there, especially with the state you're in."

I looked between the three of them, "I'm going to be a mess when you guys are gone. What am I supposed to do, just sit here twiddling my thumbs until you guys get back?"

My brother and Bellamy shared a look, before nodding, "Pretty much." they said in unison.

It was at this point, Clarke got distracted by something else happening in camp and muttered a small, "We leave in five." to the boys before marching off.

I was staring at my brother, silently begging him not to leave me when Bellamy spoke, "I'm going to go find Octavia." he muttered, quickly leaving the two of us alone.

I felt like I was going to cry as I stared at my brother. I wasn't entirely sure why. What they were doing was a basic task, but with the threat of Mountain Men and Grounders, it was that much more dangerous.

"Just be safe." I whispered as I pulled him into a hug, admitting defeat in the argument of whether or not I could join. "Just-" what I wanted to say was "don't kill anyone else", but I stopped myself, "Just make sure you come home."

Finn gave me a soft smile as he tugged at my hair as a sign of

affection, "I always do. Now try to take it easy while I'm gone."

Smirking, I swatted his hand away, "I always do." I mimicked his words.

My brother gave me one last grin before heading off to presumably find Clarke. I took this as the chance to go find Bellamy. I hoped he didn't think he got away without saying goodbye to me. I (slowly) made my way through camp and found him sitting by himself, loading his gun.

I assumed he either didn't find Octavia or didn't even look for her at all.

"Hey." I muttered as I stopped in front of him.

Bellamy looked up from what he was doing and gave me a quick glance before going back to what he was doing, "If you're here to beg me to let you go, it's not going to work."

I rolled my eyes as I nudged his leg with my foot, "I'm not here to beg. I just wanted to talk to you before you went."

He paused what he was doing and looked back up at me, "Is everything okay?"

I nodded as I glanced around at the people milling about, "Yeah. Can we just go somewhere more private?"

Bellamy nodded as he stood up, "Follow me." he instructed as he led me through camp, pulling me to where our group of friends had met prior to them going out to search for Finn.

"What's up?" he asked once we were alone.

I leaned into my crutch as I looked up at him, "I want you to promise me you'll look out for Finn while you're out there."

Bellamy's eyes softened as he nodded, "Avery, of course I will."

I shook my head, "And I don't mean I just want you to make sure he stays alive, I want you to make sure he doesn't kill anyone else. He

can't handle anymore, he's already so different and it scares me Bell, so please just keep an eye on him."

"I'll look out for him, don't worry alright." he whispered.

As I stared up at him I felt my heart pound against my chest, and in a moment of pure shock to both of us, I did something I was not planning on doing at all.

I pushed myself up onto my tip toes, ignoring the pain in my leg, and grabbed Bellamy's face, pushing my lips to his. He seemed somewhat shocked at first, probably as shocked as I was, but after a split second he relaxed, brining his hands up to cup mine that were still resting on either side of his face.

Warmth flooded my body as I felt his lips against my own. After a few moments I pulled away, instantly being met with the surprised face of Bellamy.

I let out a shaky sigh as I dropped my hands from his face, "Be safe." I whispered before turning and walking away, leaving a stunned Bellamy Blake on his own.

-an-

omg guys they finally kissed!!! looks like the ship is truly starting to sail

60. reality

My whole body was buzzing as I slowly made my way back through camp. I was in utter shock that I had actually just kissed Bellamy Blake. I think I was mored shocked that he had kissed me back.

"Hey!"

I jumped at the sound of my best friend's voice. Quickly turning around I came face to face with Octavia jogging towards me. 'Have you seen Bell?" she asked, letting out of puff of air.

My heart rate sped up as I felt my mouth become dry. Did she know?

"I-uh-no-I-No. No I haven't. Why would I know where he is anyway?" I asked, clearly fumbling over my words.

Octavia gave me an odd stare, slowly reaching out place her hand on my forehead. "Are you feeling okay?"

I pushed her hand away, scrunching my face up, "What are you doing?"

Octavia retracted her hand, "You're being weird."

I shook my head, "I'm just saying I don't know where your brother is, I mean why would I, it's not like-"

"Avery!" Octavia cut me off, "Relax, I just thought you might know where he is because he was with you the last time I saw him."

I almost choked on my salvia, "When did you see him last?"

Octavia continued to give me an odd glare as she shrugged, "I don't know, you guys were walking through camp."

"Just walking?" I questioned

"Yes, just walking." she confirmed, "Now if you're done being weird, I have to get going."

I nodded as I felt myself begin to relax, "Right," I muttered, anxiety rising in the pit of my stomach once again when I remembered that they were all about to head out into danger, "Please be safe." I whispered, pulling her into a tight hug.

Octavia pulled away and gave me a concerned look, "Are you okay, Avs?"

I nodded as I bit my lip, trying to stop from crying, "I'm really worried about you guys going out there."

Octavia gave me a soft smile, "I know, but we have to do this, for our friends. We'll be safe, I promise."

I nodded as I let out a sigh, "You all better come back to me, I'm serious."

"We will."

With one final squeeze of my hand, I watched as she turned and made her way back to the centre of camp. I felt drained as I made my way back towards the Ark. I decided since I had nothing else to do, I would take this time as a chance to explore.

I walked around the Ark, taking in all the scenes that I had never seen before. I was never allowed in this station of the Ark (for obvious reasons), so everything was new to me. However, I quickly discovered that this part of the Ark looked pretty much the same as the others-the Sky Box, Medical Ward, everything.

"I thought Abby told you to take it easy?"

I spun around to see Jackson walking down the hall towards me. I gave him a sheepish smile as I leaned into my crutch, "I'm bored."

He laughed as he got closer to me, "You should be in bed still, or at least in your room."

I shrugged, "I'd rather be up, gives me a way to take my mind off of

things."

"Missing your boyfriend?" he asked as he readjusted the items in his hand, "They left already right?"

Staring back at him, I dropped my jaw slightly, "My boyfriend?" I echoed.

Jackson looked at me with a confused look,"Yeah, Bellamy, you two are..." he trailed off as he studied my face, "You're not-"

"No." I said with a sigh, "Bellamy and I are not-he is...he's my friend." I concluded. This was the second time in the last 2 weeks that I had referred to Bellamy as simply my friend and it killed me because I wanted him to be more, so much more.

It felt like a week since they left, but it had really only been a day. The next morning, I sat by one of the camp fires in camp, watching the hot embers as I anxiously awaited their return. Bellamy had told me that they weren't planning on being more than a day or so, so I expected their return within the next few hours-hopefully.

I watched the people mill around camp, studying each of their faces. These were the people who made my life a living hell up on the ark, the guards, the officials, and now I was living among them like nothing had ever happened.

I shook myself free of those thoughts as glanced down at my leg. It was already feeling much better than the previous day, hopefully meaning I would be able to actually do something besides sit around all day.

Just as I was about to get up and begin pacing around camp, someone from the front gates yelled. "They're back!"

I felt my heart rate speed up as I began making my way towards the front gates as quickly as I could. I was afraid that once I got there, not everyone would have returned. I pushed my way through the crowd, just in time to see Finn and Clarke followed by Abby, Raven and Chancellor Jaha. I decided to ignore the fact that the very man

who locked us up and sent us down here was suddenly back in camp, and instead focus on the fact that my brother was back in one piece.

I launched myself towards him, wrapping him in a tight hug as let out a sigh of relief, "Thank God." I breathed, pulling away to meet the smiling face of my twin.

"Told you I would come home." he muttered, cracking a small grin.

I lightly shoved his shoulder before turning to Clarke, giving her a quick hug before moving towards Raven. As I was pulling away from Raven, I realized two of the most important people weren't there.

"Where are Bellamy and Octavia?" I demanded in a panic, looking around hoping I had just missed them somehow.

Finn and the two girls shared a quick glance, Clarke being the one to speak,"They didn't come back with us, they-"

Shock covered my face, "What do you mean they didn't come back with you? You just left them?" I tried to keep myself from freaking out, but I was on the brink of a breakdown at this point.

"Avs, just let her finish." Finn mumbled.

I let out a puff of air as I turned back to Clarke, firmly crossing my arms over my chest as I awaited her explanation. She proceeded to explain that they had come across acid fog, which by the way was controlled by the Mount Weather people, and that they were separated from the Blake siblings due to the fact that the two of them were in search of a way into the Mountain . When they found Jaha, he had a message, one about the Grounder war, meaning they had to get back to camp right away, and hence, here they are.

I could feel my stress levels rising as I tried to calm my breathing, "So we don't even know if they're alive." I muttered, running my hand over my face.

"They're alive." Clarke promised.

"They better be."

61. (don't) fear the reaper

[image]

I stood beside Finn and Clarke amongst an anxious crowd as we awaited word from Abby. News had gotten out about the impending Grounder war, instantly putting people on edge. I had decided that if Bellamy and Octavia weren't back by tonight, I was going looking for them, Grounder war or not.

The crowd quieted as Abby emerged from the Ark, followed by Jaha. I clenched my teeth at the sight of him. I was well aware that who were were up there was not necessarily who we are down here, but I couldn't shake my distaste for him.

Abby began to speak about the threat of the war, but that no decisions had been made yet. She was quickly interrupted by Jaha who claimed that "just to be safe" we needed to pack and prepare to flee. I ignored every word he said. There was no way I was leaving this camp without Bellamy and Octavia, nor my 47 friends in Mount Weather. I was staying here even if it mean facing the Grounders-again.

I was shaken from my thoughts as Clarke's voice rose above the crowd. I looked over at her as she took a step forward, "If we leave here, what happens to our people in Mount Weather?"

Jaha stared back at Clarke, surprised she had challenged him, "As your mother said, that is a very difficult decision to make." When Clarke didn't press any further, Jaha continued, "But the time has come, for each and every one of us to ask; is this how the story of our people ends?"

My blood was boiling as he continued. He acted like he knew what was best for everyone, but he didn't, he never has and it is unlikely he ever will.

Once Jaha was done his ramble, Abby spoke once again. "No decision has been made. Please report to your station supervisor

and gather any emergency supplies."

Abby gave a final nod of her head to signal our dismissal. Everyone began to disperse, nervous mutters still floating around camp.

I rolled my eyes as I turned to Finn, "I'm not leaving without our friends."

Finn shook his head, "This is all my fault."

I looked at him with sad eyes, "Finn-"

"If I hadn't shot all those people we wouldn't be at war, I did this." His eyes were glossy as he looked at me, self hatred basically dripping from his every word.

I was at a loss for words, not knowing what to say to my brother at all. I wanted to tell him that he was wrong, that it wasn't all his fault, but iI couldn't form the words. Luckily, I didn't have to.

"Avery."

I spun around to see Bellamy standing behind me, a worried look on his face. I glared at him as I took a step closer, "Where the hell have you been?" I whispered, anger seeping through.

Bellamy shook his head slightly, dismissing my question, "I need you to come with me. Clarke's on her way too, she just went to get the med kit."

I glanced back at Finn who was watching us curiously, "What's going on? Where's Octavia?"

Bellamy grabbed my hand, "She's in the Drop Ship, now let's-"

"Is she okay?" I questioned, refusing to move until I had at least a bit of an idea of what was going on.

Sighing, Bellamy dropped my hand, "She's fine, will you please just come with me. She needs her best friend."

I looked back at Finn once again who gave me a small nod, "Go." he

mouthed. I gave him a sad smile as I turned back to Bellamy, allowing him to lead the way. We met up with Clarke at the front gate before making our way back to the place we had once called home.

We were all silent as we made our way through the forest. The memory of mine and Bellamy's kiss resurfaced in my brain as I watched him march slightly ahead of us, turning around every few minutes to make sure we were okay. I vowed to myself right then and there that I was not going to bring it up unless he did.

As we entered the drop ship, I could hear noises on the upper level. Clarke and I shared a looked of confusion. Bellamy didn't say anything as he led us to the ladder. He climbed up first, Clarke followed after him. I brought up the rear, slowly making my way up, careful not to put too much pressure on my leg. As I reached the top of the ladder, Bellamy stuck out his hand. I looked up at him, our eyes meeting for a brief moment before I took a hold of it.

He pulled me up into the upper level, and the minute he did I wish he hadn't. As I stood up, I almost fell back over as a loud yelled ripped through the air. I stared in shock at Lincoln who was chained off to the side of the room, similar to his position when he was held hostage after Finn was stabbed. He looked nothing like the Lincoln Octavia fell in love with. His eyes were red and wild, he was covered in blood and he was angry-very angry.

My eyes were wide as I looked over to Octavia who was sitting against the far wall, tears in her eyes as she stared straight ahead.

"It's okay," Bellamy whispered softly as I slowly shrunk back from Lincoln who was trying to lunge towards us, loud screams emitting from his mouth. "He's been restrained."

Clarke was just as shocked as I was, "I can't believe we're back here again"

Octavia finally spoke, "Can you help him?"

Another scream came from Lincoln as Clarke shook her head, "I don't know."

I took another step back as Clarke slowly began walking towards Lincoln. Bellamy had side stepped so he was in front of me, essentially blocking my view of Clarke and Lincoln, which quite frankly, I was thankful for.

"I knew Mount Weather was controlling the Reapers," Clarke whispered in shock, "I didn't know they were creating them too."

Bellamy took a step towards her, "If they can do that to Lincoln...then what are they doing to our friends?"

Octavia had managed to stand up and currently stood beside me, a flashlight in hand. Her shaky hand pointed the light at Lincoln's face as Clarke tried to determine what she could do.

I reached out and took the light from her, giving her a small smile as I held it up. Bellamy stood on the other side of me, a light in his hand as well.

Lincoln lunged at us once again before he stopped, his body shaking as his eyes seemed to roll back into his head. "He's convulsing." Clarke noted, her eyes scrunched slightly as she tried to figure out why.

"What does that mean?" Octavia asked.

Clarke shook her head as she looked Lincoln over, her eyes stopping on his leg. I followed her gaze with the light, noticing that his leg was bloodied.

"What happened to his leg?"

Octavia was staring at Lincoln's leg with her jaw clenched, "I shot him."

I glanced over at her quickly, wishing I could do something to help her.

Bellamy spoke for the first time since Clarke has begun to examine Lincoln, "He's lost a lot of blood."

Clarke remained silent as she began walking towards Lincoln who lunged and growled at her the closer she got.

I readjusted the light in my hands which were wet with sweat from the nerves. "Be careful." I warned.

Pausing just in front of Lincoln, Clarke turned her head to us slightly, "Can you shine the light on his neck?"

Bellamy and I both directed our lights at Lincoln's neck. He turned his head upon the contact of the light in his eyes, in doing so giving Clarke a better view.

She leaned forward a bit, letting out a small grunt, "Needle marks" she confirmed.

"You think he's being drugged?" Bellamy asked.

"Maybe." Clarke answered.

At that moment, Lincoln managed to break one of the restraints from the wall. He lunged at Clarke, pulling her towards him. Panic surged through me as I dropped my light and rushed forward, as did Octavia and Bellamy.

"Lincoln!" Octavia screamed, trying to pry Clarke from his grasp, only to be thrown against the wall.

Before I even had a chance to be any help at all, Bellamy stepped in front of me, shoving me back hard enough to fall backwards onto my back. "Bellamy!" I snapped in anger as I tried to push myself up in a hurry.

"Just stay back, Avery!" he yelled as he began hitting at the arm Lincoln had Clarke grasped in. Lincoln easily overpowered him, he drove his head into Bellamy's which sent the oldest Blake sibling onto the ground beside me.

Lincoln threw Clarke forward as he removed the remaining restraints from his upper body. The four of us began scrambling back as he tried to rush forward, only being stopped by the chains around his legs. He fell onto his stomach, instantly clawing at us.

Bellamy jumped to his feet, grabbing a hold of the electric prod that the guards from the Ark carried. I pushed myself up as I watched him rush at Lincoln who was back on his feet, trying to free himself from the bottom restraints.

As Bellamy tried to tase Lincoln, the bottom restraint finally came free. I watched in horror as Lincoln-or what used to be Lincoln-slammed Bellamy to the ground and began delivering punches to his face.

"Bellamy!" I screamed as I rushed towards them, trying to use all my body weight to tackle Lincoln off of him.

I had no such luck as Lincoln effortlessly sent me back to the ground. I let out a grunt as pain shot through my leg once again, as well as my forehead which I had smacked off of the metal ground. I was still slightly disoriented as Octavia grabbed a large object before whacking Lincoln across the back of the skull with it. After two hits, he was out cold.

I took this chance to pull myself up, hurrying over to Bellamy and Octavia. All you could hear was our heavy breathing as I knelt beside Bellamy. "Are you okay?" I asked, helping him sit up.

He winced as he gave me a slight nod, "I'm okay." he promised, before reaching out to lightly wipe the blood from the cut on my forehead, "Are you?"

I nodded, as I looked down at Lincoln, "Yeah," I whispered, "I'm fine."

-an-

protective bellamy is back ;)

and ps that song i linked is one of my favs and it always makes me think of the 100

62. healer

I pulled at one of the restraints for what felt like the fourth time, ensuring that there was no way he could break free this time. We had re-secured Lincoln, this time on laying on the ground, with extra restraints.

"We need to stop the bleeding and get the bullet out of his leg." Clarke announced as she examined the wound, "Hold his leg down."

Bellamy, who sat by Lincoln's feet, grabbed onto his leg, making sure Lincoln wouldn't move. I was just about to do the same when Bellamy stopped me, "Just back up." he pleaded.

"Bellamy," I warned, not in the mood to deal with him trying to be over protective, "I'm fine." I muttered.

Octavia was up by Lincoln's head, attempting to give him some water. As she slowly poured it into his mouth, he spit it all out before trying to snap at Octavia's fingers. She let out a small scream as she moved back. The remaining three of us looked to her with sad eyes. Being the stubborn girl she was, Octavia tried to hide her emotions as she stood up, "I'll go get some more."

"I'll come." I announced, shooting Bellamy a look as if to dare him to challenge me. He stood up after us, moving towards Octavia, "O, once the drug is out of his system he'll be okay."

Octavia gave him a sad smile, "You can't protect me from this one big brother."

As Octavia began climbing down the ladder, Bellamy grabbed my arm, "Be safe." he warned, "Please."

I gave him a small smile, "We will, we're just getting some water."

As I turned to the ladder, I saw Bellamy kneel back down beside Clarke, letting out a small sigh as he grabbed back onto Lincoln's

leg.

As I reached the lower level, Octavia was waiting for me. She looked exhausted, defeated.

"Hey." I whispered, giving her a sad smile as the two of us fell into step, making our way out into the cool night.

Octavia didn't look at me as she spoke, I could tell it was because she was about to cry, "I'm okay."

"No, you're not." I replied, grabbing her arm, causing her to stop, "You're not okay, and that's fine, it's expected."

She wasn't looking at me, but behind me. It seemed like something else had caught her attention, "Can you go get the water?" she muttered, shoving the canteen into my hand.

I took it in surprise as I spun around to try to find out what she was looking back. When I didn't see anything I spun back around, "What's going on? What are you-"

Octavia cut me off as she spun me towards the stream, "I'm fine, I just need a minute. I'll meet you back here in a few minutes."

I gave her a quizzical look as I slowly began towards the stream, "If you run off, Bellamy will kill me, Tavia, kill me!"

She cracked a small smile as she waved me off, "I'm not going anywhere, promise."

I shook my head with a small laugh as I walked deeper into the forest in search of water. I was slightly unnerved, I knew Grounders could be out here, but I wasn't going far...I would be fine. Well, that's what I told myself to calm my nerves.

As I found the stream, I instantly dropped to my knees, shoving the canteen into the frigid water. As it filled up, I looked around anxiously, afraid a Grounder was about to jump out of the trees. Luckily, the canteen filled and I began making my way back to the Drop Ship with no run-ins.

"Okay, got the water! Now, let's get back before Bellamy has a conniption and-" I stopped dead in my tracks at the sight of Octavia standing with a man, but not just any man, a Grounder.

"Octavia, what the hell!" I shrieked, trying to find something to defend myself with.

My best friend tried to calm me down, "Avs, he's a friend of Lincoln's, he's going to help."

I stared back at the man, gritting my teeth together. Crossing my arms over my chest, I looked back at her, "You trust him."

She nodded, "I do. He's our only hope right now."

I bit my lip before letting out a sigh, "Okay, well we better get back in there."

I walked in first, turning my head every few seconds to watch the Grounder and Octavia. Each time I turned around Octavia gave me a pointed look. As I climbed up the ladder, I prepared myself for the response we were about to get from Bellamy- I knew it wouldn't be good.

And, like most my gut feelings, this one was right. As the Grounder appeared at the top of the ladder, Bellamy's eyes grew wild. He wasted no time in rushing for his gun, pointing at the Grounder before he could take another step.

Octavia stepped in front of the man, "He's Lincoln's friend! And their healer."

At that moment, Lincoln began convulsing again, a white foam started leaking from his mouth. "He's seizing again!" Clarke announced, urgency in her voice.

Bellamy looked down at Lincoln before glancing back to the Grounder, giving him a slight nod of permission.

The Grounder approached Lincoln, dropping to his knees and pulling out an array of vials, similar to the ones we had used to save Finn's life after he had been poisoned.

As the Grounder sifted through the vials, Bellamy leaned into me, "Where did he come from?" he whispered, his eyes, and gun, still trained on the potential enemy.

I turned my head slightly, "I don't know. I came back from getting water and he was with her."

Bellamy nodded as he looked back at Lincoln who was still seizing vigorously. The Grounder had finally found the vial he was looking for and was currently hovering it over Lincoln's mouth.

"What is that?" Clarke inquired curiously.

The Grounder ignored her as he muttered a phrase that I couldn't understand, "Yu gonplei ste odon."

We were all watching as a drop of whatever was in the vial clung onto the bottle, the liquid about to drop into Lincoln's mouth. Just as it began to fall, Clarke stuck her hand out, "Wait!" she yelled, gears clearly turning in her head.

The Grounder instantly reached back, grabbing a knife out of his belt. Bellamy readjusted his gun, "Get back, right now!" he snapped, causing the Grounder to freeze.

Clarke repeated the sentence to herself before looking up at us,"Yu gonplei ste odon. It's what they say before death! He's not trying to save him...he's trying to kill him." she explained.

I looked with wide eyes from Octavia and then back to the Grounder, "I thought you said they were friends?"

Octavia glared at the Grounder, "They are," she said through clenched teeth, "Nyko is it true?"

The Grounder-Nyko- nodded slightly, "Yes. Death is the only way."

"Hold on," Clarke started, "There could be a way to bring him back."

"None that I've ever seen." Nyko argued.

Suddenly, another voice cut into the air, "We have to go!" My

brother announced, his head popping up from the ladder, "The camp's leaving, we have to-"

Nyko shot up faster than any of us had a chance to react, "You!" he shouted, lunging towards Finn, yelling another word in their language before pinning him against the wall.

"Get off him!" Bellamy yelled, pointing his gun at Nyko's head.

"Stop!" I screamed, watching as my brother struggled for air against Nyko's hold on his neck.

"You slaughtered my people. Elders, children, innocents!" Nyko growled.

I began looking for something to get him off of my brother with. He was huge, much larger than any of us, even Bellamy. There was no way I could simply over power him. As I continued searching frantically, I could hear Octavia begin yelling, " Nyko, stop, you're killing him!"

"Blood must have blood!"

Bellamy was still standing with his gun pointed at Nyko, "Get out of the way!" he snapped at Octavia.

She spun around, "Bellamy, you are not shooting him! No!"

"Move now!"

My head was spinning as they continued screaming at each other. The adrenaline was coursing through my veins as I finally found what I need. I quickly scooped it up from the ground, letting out a shaky sigh as I pressed the button that sent electricity shooting through the prod.

As I turned back to Finn, he looked almost lifeless. I knew I had to do this now. With one last vote of confidence I shoved the prod against Nyko's back. He let out a scream as the shocks came in contact with his body. He instantly fell to the ground, letting go of Finn.

Everyone fell silent as they stared at me in awe. I ignored them as I dropped to my knees in front of my brother. At the same time, Octavia was alerting everyone to the fact that Lincoln wasn't breathing.

I tuned whatever was going on with Lincoln out for a moment. Right now, it was about my brother, at least for me it was.

"You're okay." I promised as I helped him sit up.

He nodded as he struggled to catch his breath, "I am, I'm okay."

I pulled him into a tight hug before the two of us turned back to the scene behind us where Clarke had just resuscitated Lincoln, much to Nyko's surprise. When Clarke had questioned him on whether or not he had ever brought a Reaper back after they died, he told her it had never been done by them.

Clarke got a smile on her face, the one she got when she had some wild idea.

"What are you thinking?" I asked, my arm still wrapped around Finn.

Clarke looked over at me, "I'm thinking that I might know how to stop the war."

63. no apologies needed

[image]

My eyes were trained on Lincoln and Octavia as I aimlessly played with the zipper on my jacket. After Clarke revealed to us her plan to stop the war by offering the Grounders help with the Reapers, in terms of bringing them back to life, her and Finn had gone back to camp to speak with Abby about it.

I had opted to stay, and so, Nyko, Octavia, Lincoln, Bellamy and I were left in the Drop Ship. Night was approaching, meaning the exhaustion was setting in for everyone. Octavia was still seated next to Lincoln who had been passed out pretty much since Clarke left. Nyko sat on the far end of the room, staring at me.

Silence was the only thing that had filled the room until Nyko spoke. "Is he your brother?" he questioned, his words directed at me, "The murderer?" he added.

I felt a pang in my heart at those words. I knew what Finn did, and I knew it was horrible. But deep down I knew he was still my brother, the same boy who wouldn't hurt a fly.

I was in the process of replying when another voice cut into the air.

"Don't speak to her." Bellamy snapped coldly, as he readjusted the gun in his hands. I turned to him with a glare. I understood he wanted to look out for me, but he didn't need to, he had no obligation to do so.

"Bellamy?" I asked, standing up and turning to face him, "Can I please speak to you downstairs?"

Bellamy looked from me to Octavia, to Nyko and then back to me. Octavia noticed he hesitation and waved him on, "Bell, Im fine. Just go."

He gave one last stern look in Nyko's direction before standing up

and hesitantly following me down the ladder to the lower level. Once we reached the ground, I began walking away from the entrance to the upstairs, not wanting everyone to hear our conversation.

My back was still turned to Bellamy as I began speaking, "You have to stop." I announced with a sigh of frustration.

He was silent for a moment before replying, "Stop what?"

I spun around to face him. He was staring at me expectantly, his face filled with slight confusion.

"I can take care of myself." I began, as I started to pace back and forth, "I don't always need you to try and protect me."

Bellamy groaned, "Avery come on."

I continued pacing, "I already have Finn breathing down my neck every minute of the day, I don't need someone else doing it too. I know you're trying to look out for me or whatever, but just stop okay? You don't need to worry about me all the time."

"Avery-"

I finally stopped pacing as I stared back at Bellamy, "I get that I'm your sister's best friend, and you don't want anything to happen to me, but stop stressing yourself out over me, there are better things you could-"

I didn't have time to finish my sentence because before I knew it, Bellamy was grabbing me and pushing his lips against mine.

This kiss was better than the last. Warmth flooded my body once again as he pulled me close to him. One of his hands rested on my lower back as his other rested on the side of my face, his thumb rubbing my cheek softly as his lips moved against mine. I felt shivers run up my spine as he held me close.

When he pulled back, I looked at him with wide eyes, "What-"

His face hovered close to mine, so close I could feel his warm

breath, "Maybe there's a reason I'm so protective of you." he whispered, his voice low and deep.

I found it hard to breathe as I stared into his eyes. He stared back at me, waiting for me to say something, but I didn't have the chance.

"Avery, Bell! Get up here!" Octavia yelled in a panic from up above.

I pulled back from Bellamy quicker than he had expected. He gave me a look I couldn't quite decipher as I took another step back. I didn't say a word to him as I turned towards the ladder, "Coming!" I yelled to Octavia, my voice cracking.

I could hear Bellamy let out a sigh as he followed me up the ladder. It wasn't that I was ashamed of how I felt about Bellamy. It was the fact that Octavia had a lot going on right now, and I didn't need to put this on her plate too.

"What's going on?" I asked as Bellamy and I re-entered the upper level.

Octavia was seated beside Lincoln who was convulsing once again. "He's seizing again." she explained, her face covered in a pained expression, "When will Clarke be back?"

I shook my head as I took a seat beside her, "I'm not sure. Who knows how long it will take for her to sort things out."

Octavia's face fell at my words and I quickly tried to recover, "She'll come check on Lincoln though no matter what. It'll be okay, Tavia."

She accepted my words with a nod as she looked back down at Lincoln, wiping a wet cloth across his forehead which was drenched in sweat, "What do we do until she gets back."

My eyes hovered down to his leg, "We should change his bandages, he's bled through these ones. Besides that all we can do is make sure he is hydrated and wait it out." I explained, moving down to his leg, "Pass me that bag please." I muttered to Bellamy, briefly looking up at him before concentrating on removing the bloody bandages from Lincoln's leg.

Bellamy remained silent as he placed the bag in front of me. I dug through it, finding the last bandages left in the med kit Clarke had brought with us. Silence filled the air once again as I got to work changing dressing on Lincoln's wound.

My hands were already beginning to shake from the exhaustion setting in, so I tried to get the job done as quickly as possible. Blood was still leaking from the wound as I secured the material around his leg. Lincoln had stayed asleep the entire time which made the process much easier.

When I was done, I let out a small sigh, "Now we wait."

After I had finished changing Lincoln's bandages, and had managed to clean the blood off of my hands. I reassumed my seat beside Bellamy. Octavia had fallen asleep beside Lincoln, meanwhile Nyko still remained silent in the corner.

"I'm sorry." Bellamy mumbled, his voice hoarse.

I was almost asleep beside him, but at the sound of his voice my eyes reopened, "Sorry for what?" I questioned, turning to him in confusion.

Bellamy cleared his throat as he turned his head slightly to look at me, "Sorry for kissing you before."

I stared silently at him for a moment before speaking again, "You don't have to be sorry, Bellamy."

"You clearly didn't want it to happen. When you heard Octavia you freaked out." he had now turned his head and was staring down at his hands.

I sighed as I reached out and grabbed one of his large hands in my own, "I just didn't want her to have to deal with something else. She's hurting right now, and I want to be able to rely on us- separately. And besides," I started, "If I remember correctly, I'm actually the one who kissed you first, before you guys left the other day. Ring a bell?"

Bellamy cracked a smile as he squeezed my hand softly, "Oh, so you're finally going to mention it?"

I laughed quietly as I leaned into the side of him, laying my head on my chest. "I was just bitter I had to make the first move." I joked. I wasn't able to see his facial expression but I imagined he was rolling his eyes.

"Just go to sleep, Avery." he muttered softly, brining his arm up and wrapping it around my shoulders.

And so, I did.

-an-

and they have kissed again (yay!). looks like bellamy and avery's relationship is starting to take off!!

ps. what should their ship name be? comment below

comment your thoughts on this chapter or just this book in general!

love you all.

-maddy xoxo

64. revitalization

It was morning by the time I was awoken by Bellamy. He was crouched in front of me, lightly shaking my arm.

My eyes slowly opened, immediately being met with his. He gave me a smile as I rubbed my tired eyes, "What's going on?" I asked, sitting up and facing the centre of the room, seeing that everything was still okay with Lincoln.

Bellamy stood to his full height, nodding towards the hatch to the lower level, "I think they're back." he explained, referring to the footsteps that we could hear from down below.

I let out a small groan as I pushed myself up onto my feet just as the hatch opened, Finn's head poking through from the ladder. I let out a small sigh of relief at the sight of my brother. Having him with me always calmed me slightly.

"Thank God." Octavia breathed as Abby followed Finn up into the upper level. "Where's Clarke?" she questioned when the blonde headed girl didn't make an appearance.

Finn sighed as his eyes flickered towards Nyko for a moment, "Trying to stop a war."

My brother looked over at me, our eyes meeting for a brief moment before I tore mine away, placing them on Lincoln who was shivering uncontrollably, his body drenched in a cold sweat.

Abby stared down at him, a clear sense of being overwhelmed clouded her face. She didn't know what to do, and that scared me.

We all took a small step back as she knelt beside Lincoln, lifting her hand to peel open one of his eye lids.

She clearly didn't like what she saw, as her face fell into a frown, "Pupils are non responsive." she announced, causing all of us to

share worried glances.

"Tie off his arm," Abby instructed Octavia, who instantly began doing what she said, "Tight as you can."

Once Lincoln's arm was tied off, Abby reached into the bag of supplies she had brought with her, "Thanks to the supplies your brother found," she started as she pulled out a bottle of some kind of medicine and a syringe, "Lincoln might have a chance."

"What is that?" Octavia asked, as she watched Abby fill the syringe.

"It's to bring down his fever." She explained as she grabbed a hold of his arm, sticking the needle into it.

The minute it made contact with his skin, Lincoln began to thrash around.

"Hold him down!" Abby ordered. Finn, Octavia and I rushed to keep him steady as Abby attempted to insert the needle again. Lincoln's groans filled the air as she pumped whatever it was into his veins.

He let out a pained grunt before he went completely still. I let out a shaky breath as I looked back down at Lincoln, "What happened?" I questioned, noticing he wasn't moving at all.

"I thought you said that was supposed to help." Octavia exclaimed.

Abby reached forward, placing two of her fingers on Lincoln's neck. "He has no pulse."

Octavia's face fell as Abby began compressions. I stood up, beginning to pace the room as Abby gave instructions to Nyko on how to help. I knew that if we lost Lincoln, not only would Octavia be devastated, but we would have a war on our hands that we had no way to stop.

My pacing stopped when Octavia's voice cut into the quiet room, "You're stopping...what's wrong."

I turned to see that Abby, had indeed stopped compressions. A somber look covered her face as she sat back on her heels. "I'm

sorry," she whispered, not daring to meet Octavia's eyes, "He's gone."

Tears pooled in Octavia's eyes as she shook her head, "No, that's not possible. You're wrong!" she yelled as she pushed Abby aside, taking over compressions herself.

Bellamy and I shared a look of concern as we both approached Octavia. Bellamy knelt beside her as I stood behind him. Sadness coursing through my veins at the sight of my best friend in so much pain.

"Come on!" she pleaded through tears as she continued pumping his chest, "Please."

It was at that moment that the hatch door swung open, and Clarke climbed up the ladder. Upon her entrance, she instantly noticed the state Lincoln was in and fear covered her face. She met eyes with her mother who gave her a small shake of her head.

Octavia's sobs still filled the air as the Commander followed after Clarke, a few of her guards following behind her.

My heart rate sped up at the sight of the Grounders. Finn moved closer to me as several looks were exchanged within the room. No one said a word but they were all thinking the same thing.

Bellamy slowly reached for his gun that laid beside him, as the Grounders slowly reached for their swords.

The Commander gave a small nod to the woman beside her, some sort of signal because at that moment, the woman spoke, "Kill them all!"

In a split second, all weapons had been drawn and we were in the middle of a stand off. Finn pulled me close to him, as he took a small step back. We were outnumbered. Only Bellamy had a gun, and besides that, the only weapon we had was the electric prod in Abby's hand.

"Please." Clarke pleaded with the Grounders, "You don't have to do this."

"You lied." The Commanded spit through gritted teeth, "And you're out of time."

Abby's eyes were flickering nervously between the Commanded and Lincoln. Before I even had a chance to wonder what she was doing, she turned and quickly rammed the prod onto Lincoln's chest, sending an electric shock through his body.

My eyes were wide as I watched his body arch up upon the electricity coming in contact with his body. As the surge of electricity stopped, Clarke spoke. "Hit him again."

Abby did as her daughter said, pressing the prod to Lincoln's chest once more. As the second surge of electricity went through his body, his eyes sprung open and the sound of him gasping filled the room.

"Oh my God." I whispered as I took a few steps forward, "It worked."

The Grounders were in shock as the stared down at Lincoln.

Octavia scrambled to his side, letting out a small cry of happiness as he looked over at her. "Lincoln." she whispered.

After a brief moment, he spoke, "Octavia."

Relief flooded my body. He was alive, and he was Lincoln again. At this, the Grounders re-sheathed their weapons as the Commanded and Clarke shared a brief look.

I didn't know what this meant for sure, but all I could hope for at this moment was that it meant we weren't going to war.

65. hold on

[image]

Following the drama at the Drop Ship, most of us had returned to camp. Meanwhile, Clarke had left with the Grounders, in order to further solidify our truce with them. That being said, most of the camp was still on high alert. Guards were stationed at every possible entrance, and every single person nervously glanced towards the tree line every so often to ensure no Grounders were looming in the shadows.

I was no exception. As I sat with Finn by one of the camp fires, I found myself glancing past the gates every so often. Bellamy, who was patrolling the front gate caught my eyes, giving me a reassuring smile before turning back towards the forest.

"Do you think Clarke's okay?" Finn asked nervously.

Pulling my attention away from Bellamy, I gave my twin a reassuring nod, "I'm sure they just have a lot of stuff to sort out. She'll be back soon." I promised.

Finn let out a sigh as he stared into the embers of the fire, "I shouldn't have done it. What I did-it was horrible, Aves. I'm a horrible person." he whispered, looking over to me with tears in his eyes.

I felt my heart break for him as I took a hold of one of his hands, "You're not a horrible person, Finn, not at all."

He pulled his hand out of mine, shaking his head, "I killed all of those people, I'm a murderer."

I bit the inside of my cheek, trying to find the words to console him. "You did what you thought you had to do. You thought you were protecting Clarke-"

"-And you." he interjected, his brown eyes meeting my matching ones, "I never should have left you alone."

I gave him a warm smile, "You were saving Bellamy's ass." I reminded him.

Finn's eyes flickered over to where Bellamy was, "I was doing that for you too." I felt a blush rise on my cheeks as I looked down to try and hide it from my brother.

"You're the best person I know, Finn," I looked back up at him, "You always have been and you always will be. You're my brother and I'll love you no matter what."

Finn's face softened as he pulled me into his chest, "I love you little sis."

I rolled my eyes as I wrapped my arms around him, "You're two minutes older than me." I pointed out. He had held onto that two minutes our entire lives, always getting what he wanted because he was the "big brother."

"That's two more minutes that I have lived, that you haven't. A lot can happen in two minutes." He teased as we pulled apart.

I shook my head with a laugh, "Alright wise one."

He joined me in laughter, something I hadn't heard from him in what felt like whatever. As I watched his eyes light up with happiness, I felt a pang in my heart. Finn would always be my brother, the selfless boy I grew up with, but I knew that that day at the village had changed him, and it was a change that would stay with him forever.

"She's back! Open the gates."

I was snapped out of my thoughts at the sound of Bellamy yelling. Within seconds Finn was up and rushing towards the gates. I

jumped up after him, jogging towards the entrance of camp where Clarke was making her way through the gates.

There were a few Grounders on horses that had accompanied her on her trek back, making me slightly uneasy. What made me more uneasy, however, was the fact that the minute my brother approached Clarke, she demanded for the gates to be closed, fear in her voice.

I had stopped beside Bellamy, watching as Clarke grabbed Finn and turned him away from where the Grounders were. "You can't be out here." she muttered, pulling him further into camp.

I shared a nervous look with Bellamy, before both of us turned and began following after them. Bellamy kept his hand on the small of my back as we maneuvered our way through camp, trying to catch up to Clarke and Finn.

When we did, Clarke was embracing her mother. The news that Clarke had returned spread quickly, several people now gathering around us.

"What did she say?" Abby asked as her and Clarke pulled apart. "Is there a chance for a truce?"

Everyone waited in anticipation for Clarke's answer. However, when she delivered it, it was clear that something was off.

"Yes." She whispered, her eyes still full of something I couldn't quite decipher.

Finn noticed the same thing I did, being the first to question Clarke on it, "What's wrong."

I watched as she turned to my brother, and muttered a sentence that made me feel like I was going to be sick. "They want you." Everyone fell silent as several uneasy glances were sent around the camp. "If we want a truce, we have to give them Finn."

I wasted no time in protesting her words, "No." I exclaimed, shaking my head as I moved closer to my brother, "No way."

"What the hell are you talking about?" Raven questioned Clarke.

The blonde haired girl wouldn't look my brother in the eyes, desperately avoiding his glances, "That's their offer." she explained.

Raven shook her head, "That's not an offer."

Finn spoke for the first time since the news had been dropped, "It's a punishment...for what happened at the village. Blood for blood."

I grabbed onto Finn's arm, desperate to keep him close to me, "A punishment that we're not going through with." I announced, looking to Clarke for support, "There's no way we're even considering it, right?"

Bellamy agreed with me, "That's insane."

Mutters were beginning to fly around camp as Abby spoke, "If we refuse..."

"They attack." Clarke confirmed.

My eyes moved around the camp nervously, taking note of the people who were beginning to get agitated. "There has to be another way." I choked, tightening my grip on Finn.

The tensions in camp started to boil over as someone yelled from deep within, "I say we give him up!" This sent several other people into attack mode as they all began inching forward, "Get rid of him!"

Major Byrne tried to control the crowd, but to no avail. I moved to position myself in front of Finn as a large man that was standing close to us stepped forward "Give him to the Grounders." he growled.

Raven pushed herself forward, aggressively shoving the man back, "Back off!" she snapped. The man tried to jump at her, but Bellamy was there to get in the way.

I held my arms out down and behind me as if to lock Finn in, and block anyone who tried to grab him. Clarke grabbed a hold of

Raven and tried to calm her down, promising her that nothing would happen to Finn.

Another man stepped forward, "I'm not dying for him! Spacewalker burned three months worth of oxygen from the Ark. He should have floated a long time ago!"

"Get away from him!" I snapped, clenching my jaw as the man got closer.

"Throw him out!" he yelled, as he tried to shove me aside. Finn caught me, pulling him back to him as Raven swung at the man, "Back off!" she screamed, as he stumbled backwards, cupping his cheek.

Guards pounced on her, trying to pull her off of the man. When Major Byrne grabbed a hold of her, Raven turned around and sent her first into Byrne's face.

I winced as Raven was grabbed by two guards, and pulled off of the man. She was still struggling against them as she was pulled towards the Ark.

My worried eyes met Bellamy's as people began yelling about giving Finn to the Grounders. I knew it wasn't going to be an easy task, but I was hell bent on keeping my brother with me, whatever the cost.

66. the beginning of the end

[image]

When Finn and I were younger, we would read the same book every night before bed. It was a book from Earth, one that had been on the Ark for decades. It was called "Guess How Much I Love You" and had a famous line which read "I love you to the Moon and back."

Finn and I always found that line comical, as we were closer to the Moon than we were to Earth. We had changed the saying to "I love you to the Earth and back" and said it to each other every single night.

It was after we were done reading said book, that our parents would instruct me that it was time to hide. I cried every night when those words were spoken.

When we were 5, Finn had asked why it always had to be me who hid. My parents explained to him, that they had made a choice when we were born, and that it just had to be that way. I remember crying quietly to myself until a small figure appeared at the door to the cupboard where I stayed hidden.

Finn was standing there with his pillows and blankets. He didn't say a word as he laid them down on the ground. He reached his hand out to me and I grabbed onto it. He did that every night without fail until we were about twelve.

Thinking about that now, as hundreds of people called for retribution for his crime of slaughtering of a village of innocent people, I couldn't-I wouldn't believe it was the same boy who wanted to sacrifice himself for me, who laid with me every night,

who always put others before himself. Hell, he had even gotten himself arrested so Raven wouldn't get caught. The Finn I knew was the most selfless person I had ever known, and that made all of this 100 times harder.

"We'll get this figured out." Bellamy promised as he, Clarke and I made our way through camp in search of Finn. Once the crowds had died down, we instructed him to find a quiet part of camp and wait it out. Meanwhile, the three of us worked on fortifying the camp to ensure no Grounders were getting in.

I gave Bellamy a sad smile as we approached Finn who was sitting with Murphy, a somber look covering his face.

Upon our arrival, Finn stood, giving me a sad glance before focusing his attention on Bellamy who had begun speaking, informing him of our plan to reenforce all the defenses.

My brother nodded, "I'll see where they're thin."

Bellamy shut him down, "No, you should head inside. B corridor will be easier to defend...if it comes to that."

Finn stared back at the three of us, shaking his head slightly, "I'm not going to hide."

"Yes," I announced, giving my twin a stern glare, "You are."

Clarke chimed in in agreement, "Your sister's right. Right now we have to think about keeping you safe. I'm going to talk to Lincoln."

"Come on," Bellamy announced as the three of us turned, prepared to make our way inside.

When Finn didn't follow, I turned to him, "Let's go." I ordered, more forcefully than I had intended.

Finn let out a frustrated sigh as he fell into step with Bellamy and I. Clarke stayed behind, speaking with Murphy about who knows what. If it was any other day I might have been interest in what they were saying, but today I had bigger things to deal with.

"You're not going to get like this." Finn whispered to me as we made our way inside.

"Like what?" I muttered, not looking over at him.

He grabbed a hold of my arm, causing me to come to a halt. Bellamy paused as he looked back at the two of us. I let out a harsh exhale as I met eyes with Bellamy, "We'll be in in a second." I promised.

Once Bellamy had disappeared inside, Finn forced me to look at him, "You can't save me from this." he announced which caused me to bite down on my lip in frustration.

Crossing my arms over my chest, I stared back at him, "You're smart enough to know that I'm not just going to let you die, Finn. If these Grounders want a war, I'll give them a freaking war."

Finn shook his head in anger, "See, no. This is exactly what I'm talking about. You're irrational Avery, you have this idea in your head that you're invincible, and you're not! Remember our last war with the Grounder, how many of our friends died? Because I remember, I remember the dozens of kids we lost to these people. So, I am not just going to let you risk your life to save mine, got it?"

I was fuming as I spoke, "No, Finn. I don't got it . You can't stop me from doing this, okay? Knowing you're okay has been my biggest priority since we got down here and I'm not just going to throw caution to the wind because you think I should. I'm keeping you safe, Finn, whether you like it or not."

My brother stared back at me, his jaw clenched and his eyes clouded in anger, "You're impossible." he snapped, before marching off inside.

I was left standing alone, angry tears in my eyes as I let out a frustrated scream. Like I said, whatever the cost.

"Where is he?" I demanded as I finally made my way into the Ark where Bellamy was sitting, loading his gun.

He glanced up at me, "Said he was going to lie down in his tent." he answered, pausing to set his gun aside.

"Thanks." I grumbled, turning to leave. Before I could make it out of the room, Bellamy had a hold of my arm.

"Woah, just relax a second. What's going on?" he questioned as he pulled me towards where he was sitting.

I closed my eyes and let out a sigh, "He's being an idiot." I explained, feeling tears welling up in my eyes.

Bellamy was watching me with soft eyes as I took a seat beside him, "I think he's just scared and he doesn't want anything to happen to you."

This was when I broke. A cascade of tears came flooding down my cheeks as I let out a sob, "I'm scared!" I cried, burying my face in my hands, "He's my brother and I can't-I can't lose him, Bell."

Bellamy pulled me into his chest, "We're going to protect him." he promised, "He'll be okay."

I shook my head as I pulled away from him, "It won't ever stop. If we beat them in this war, they'll come back. Who knows when, but they will."

As if on cue, the sound of chants from beyond the gates of camp filled the air. My tear soaked eyes met with those of Bellamy.

"What is that?" I asked, my voice wavering in fear.

Bellamy grabbed his gun in one hand, my hand in the other, "Come on." he announced as he pulled me towards the exit of the ship.

We had only made it about halfway down the hall when Finn came rushing towards us. I put aside any anger I was harbouring towards him as I pulled my hand away from Bellamy to step in front of my brother. "What's going on?" I asked, glancing around him to see if I could see anything happening outside.

Finn looked over at Bellamy, giving him a nervous glance before

looking back at me, "They're here."

My heart dropped at his words as my adrenaline kicked in. "Okay," I whispered, trying to figure out my next move.

It turns out I didn't have to figure it out, as Bellamy made it for me, "Go with your brother." he instructed, "I'll come check on you in a bit."

I gave him a nod as I grabbed Finn's hand, "Be safe." I called to Bellamy as Finn and I made our way to the most fortified part of the ship.

When we entered B corridor, we both fell silent as we leaned up against the walls, awaiting word on what our next move would be.

"I'm sorry." he whispered, his voice full of sadness.

I looked over at my brother, "It's okay, Finn. I'm sorry too."

He cast his eyes down as he spoke, "Do you forgive me?"

I let out a small laugh, "It was just a stupid fight, it's not like we've never had them before."

With a shake of his head, Finn restated his question, "I don't mean for that," he let out a sigh, "I mean do you forgive me for what I did-to those people at the village."

I fell silent as I watched my brother. He wasn't looking at me, his eyes were locked on the ground in front of him.

"Of course I do." I whispered, heartbroken that he would even think I wouldn't, "Like I said, you're my brother Finn, my best friend. I am always going to be there for you."

He looked up at me now, giving me a sad smile, "Aves-"

He was cut off when Clarke entered the corridor, giving both of us a tight smile. I pushed myself up onto my feet, approaching her before she got too close. "Any news?" I whispered, trying to keep Finn from hearing.

Clarke glanced past me towards Finn, "The Grounders know we're not giving him up."

I bit down on my lip, "So now what?"

"Now we wait"

---

30 minutes later, Bellamy came marching towards the three of us, "Finn." he called, grabbing all of our attention, "You need to get out of here, now."

I stepped towards Bellamy, "Where would he go?"

Bellamy gave me reassuring look, "The Drop Ship." he explained as all 4 of us began walking down the corridor.

"No!" Clarke argued, "You know this is the safest place for him-"

Bellamy cut her off, "It isn't when they're turning on him."

Finn had remained silent the entire time, a stone cold expression covering his face.

"We can protect him at the Drop Ship," Bellamy continued, "Grab your gear and meet at Raven's gate in five. She's already working on cutting the power to the fence."

People were beginning to stare at us now as we marched through the halls. I subconsciously moved closer to Finn, so close that when he came to a halt I rammed into the back of him. I let out a small grunt as I moved around him, ignoring the looks from Clarke and Bellamy.

"Okay," Finn agreed, "But nobody's coming with me."

"Like hell." I argued, "Were you not present for our talk earlier today or...?"

Bellamy supported my argument, "It isn't up for discussion."

"We are surrounded by Grounders." Clarke said, stating our obvious road block to this plan.

"We split up, take the low ground, we'll make it through." Bellamy promised.

"And if they get us on the way?" I questioned, asking about the threat everyone was surely thinking about.

Bellamy nodded, "We don't let that happen." When no one said anything else, he gave us all final glance, "We meet at the Drop Ship. Avery, you're with me."

I glanced over at Finn, giving him a reassuring smile, "See you soon." I promised.

As Bellamy and I turned to leave, the same man Raven had hit before, came marching towards us, some sort of weapon in hand. "You're going to get us all killed!" he yelled, raising the object, attempting to strike Finn with it.

Bellamy stepped in between them, shoving the butt of his gun into the man's face, instantly knocking him unconscious. "Anyone else!" he yelled, eyeing up the rest of the men who had followed behind the other.

When none of them made a move, Bellamy lowered his gun. My heart was beating in my ears as I watched Finn and Clarke take off down the corridor. As I watched my brother go, I couldn't help but think that might be the last time I would see him.

-an-

guys, we are so close and I can't even tell you how sad I am. All I can say is get your tissues ready for the next few updates...

67. my brother's keeper

[image] [image]

"They should be here by now." I exclaimed as I paced back and forth within the Drop Ship. Bellamy, Raven and I had arrived over 20 minutes ago, and there was still no sign of my brother and Clarke, "They left before us, there's no reason they shouldn't be here." I was close to tears at this point, automatically assuming the worst.

Bellamy stepped out in front of me, stopping my pacing as he placed his hands on each of my shoulders, "They'll be here." he promised.

Raven watched the two of us, letting out a small sigh before she stood up, "I'm going to check again."

The minute she exited the ship, I took a seat, shoving my face into my hands, "I shouldn't have left him. They could be dead right now for all we know."

Raven reentered the ship a few moments later, "No sign of them."

Bellamy shook his head, "Where are they?" he wondered.

Raven mimicked my regret, "We never should have split up."

The minute the words left her mouth, the sound of footsteps could be heard coming towards the ship. I perked up, standing up and joining Raven and Bellamy.

"Someone's coming." Bellamy announced as he raised his gun, aiming it towards the entrance. I stood beside him, eagerly awaiting the arrival of whoever it was, hoping it was my brother.

When the curtain was pushed aside and the figure came into sight, I was utterly disappointed. "Murphy?" I questioned, confused as to why he was here.

Murphy held up his hands at the sight of Bellamy's gun, "Woah, woah."

Bellamy lowered his gun, giving Murphy the same confused look I was, "What are you doing here?"

Murphy let out a small laugh, "I believe I was invited..."

I scrunched up my face, "By who?"

"I thought we could use an extra gun." Raven explained, giving me a reassuring look.

Bellamy nodded, his eyes shifting from Murphy to Raven, "Might be a good idea."

Upon Bellamy's approval, Murphy made his way further into the Drop Ship. "Did you see Finn? They should have been right behind you." I questioned, turning to allow my eyes to follow him.

"Don't worry," he brushed off my concerns as he walked away from me, "Spacewalker will be fine."

I rolled my eyes as I turned back to the door, "Useless." I grumbled, focusing my attention back on the hopeful return of my brother. Raven stood beside me, the same worried expression on her face.

I looked over at her through the corner of my eye, eventually reaching down and taking her hand in mine. I gave it a small squeeze as she looked over to me with a small smile. Through everything, I knew I always had Raven. I felt like she was the one person who truly understood what I was going through when it came to Finn.

Another 10 minutes had passed by the time more footsteps were heard from outside of the Drop Ship. I instantly stood from when I had been sitting, making my way towards the door. In a hurry, Finn came rushing into the ship, an unconscious Clarke in his arms.

I let out a sigh of relief at the sight of my brother before instantly

turning my attention to Clarke. "What happened?" Bellamy asked, concern in his voice.

"Hit over the head by a Grounder." Finn explained.

"Here, put her here." Murphy mumbled as he moved some things aside to allow my brother to set Clarke down. I was surprised to see him helping for once.

As Finn set her down, I knelt beside her as did the others. My eyes moved to her head which was soaked in blood, "I need some sort of bandage, a rag or something." I instructed as I moved her hair out of the way.

"Got it!" Murphy exclaimed as he passed me a cloth. I reached out a took it from him, holding it firmly on her head.

Bellamy sat beside me, Clarke's head in his hands, "Clarke...Clarke can you hear me?"

At the sound of her voice being called, Clarke let out a small groan. Relief washed over me as she let out another groan. "She's conscious," I observed, "That's good."

Bellamy nodded as he leaned his face closer to Clarke's, "You're going to be alright," he promised, "You just need to rest."

Suddenly, Finn who had been in conversation with Raven, went storming out of the ship. "Finn!" I called, unable to follow after due to my task of holding the cloth to Clarke's head.

Raven went to follow after him, "I've got it, Avery." she promised before disappearing after my brother.

I let out a sad sigh as I brought one of my hands up to push the hair from my face, "He blames himself." I explained, already knowing why Finn was so upset.

Bellamy, and surprisingly Murphy, were both watching me with sad looks, "It'll be okay, Avery. We'll get everything figured out." Bellamy promised.

I put on a fake smile as I nodded, "Yeah, I'm sure you're right." But deep down, I knew that Bellamy wasn't right. I had a strong feeling that everything wasn't going to be okay.

Clarke had made no progress in the last little bit, and Raven had offered to take over sitting with her. I had decided to get some fresh air, and let Raven and Finn be alone for a while. So, now here I was, positioned outside of the Drop Ship with Murphy and Bellamy, a gun in my hand. I was still horrible at shooting, but it was better than being unarmed.

The perimeter of what used to be our home had been quiet since I had gotten out there, no sign of anyone. However, within 5 minutes of my scouring the tree line, something caught my eye.

"Do you guys see that?" I asked, my voice quiet as I stared through the scope of my gun, "Someone's out there."

Both of the boys followed my line of vision, however, that proved unnecessary as another figure came into view, and then another.

"They found us." I whispered, my voice lacing with fear.

Bellamy nodded as he turned his head towards the Drop Ship where the others were, "We have company! Get out here!"

Within seconds, Finn, Raven and Clarke, who must have just awoken, came running out of the Drop Ship, guns in hand. Fear was pumping through my body as my shaky hands held onto my gun.

"Get down." Bellamy quietly instructed the three of them, "Grounders." he explained.

I could feel my heart beating rapidly as I let out quick uneven breaths. The few Grounders had now turned into well over ten, and they were all over. Everywhere I looked there were Grounders.

"Okay," Bellamy announced, pushing himself up into a crouching position, "Everyone back in the Drop Ship, now."

No one argued as we all did as he said. One by one we stayed low, making our way back into the safety of the ship.

"What do we do now?" I asked once all of us had made it inside. Everyone was pacing back and forth with the exception of Murphy and Bellamy who were looking beyond the curtain to check what was happening outside.

"Well, they're not moving any closer." Murphy observed, bringing his head back inside.

Bellamy nodded, doing the same thing, "They're staying out of range...probably waiting until it's dark."

An exasperated sigh escaped my lips as I pressed the bottom of my hands into my eyes, "That doesn't make any of this any better."

"Well if we attack now, at least we'd take 'em by surprise." Murphy pointed out.

I removed my hands from my face as I shook my head, "There's only 6 of us, and we don't know how many of them are out there."

Murphy shook his head with a humourless laugh, "I'm not hearing any better ideas, Avery."

Raven, who had been mostly quiet for the last little while, spoke up, "We'll give them something."

"All they want is Finn." Bellamy countered.

Raven pursed her lips, an unnerving look coming to cover her face, "Finn wasn't the only one at the village."

The minute all of us clued into what she was insinuating, our eyes grew wide, "What are you talking about?" Clarke questioned.

Bellamy, who was never Murphy's biggest fan, instantly shut her down, "Raven hold on."

Murphy was in a state of shock, "Woah, woah, woah. Raven, I came here to protect him. You were the one who wanted me to come,

you-" he cut himself off as he clued into Raven's little plan. "That's why you wanted me to come isn't it?"

Raven had a stone cold expression on her face, "Enough Grounders saw him at the village, they'd believe he was the shooter."

I shook my head, giving Raven a disapproving look, "Raven, no. We're not doing this."

Murphy was sharing her down, "You sick bitch."

"You know what they do to people!" Bellamy reminded.

Raven ignored every word that was being said to her, "They want a murdered," she mumbled, pointing her gun towards Murphy, "We'll give them one...drop your gun!"

Now, as I have said before, I was far from Murphy's biggest fan, but there was no way I was going to let Raven go through with this.

"Raven," I snapped, stepping in between her and Murphy, "Put your gun down right now." I ordered.

She just stared back at me, tears in her eyes as she gritted her teeth, "Avery, move."

Murphy moved closer to me, lightly moving me aside so he could come face to face with Raven. He was so close, the barrel of her gun was pressed to his chest. "Go to hell Raven."

Clarke was watching the scene unfold, worry in her eyes. "Put the gun down right now, Raven. Like it or not he's one of us."

Raven pushed the gun further into Murphy's chest, "I said drop it." she growled.

"Stop!" Finn yelled, pushing Raven's gun away from Murphy. He stepped in between the two of them, "We're not doing this. They've got us surrounded. The only thing we can do is stay and defend this place. " he explained softly, looking around at each of us.

"I'm with you." Bellamy promised. Finn then looked to the rest of us

who simply nodded as a way to show we were on board with his plan.

Once Finn had this confirmation, he continued, "Murphy, go upstairs, watch the rear. I'll watch the lower level. You four," he said, looking at the rest of us, "take the front gate. That's the plan...alright?"

The remaining 5 of us nodded. The nerves were bubbling in my stomach as Murphy began to make his way towards the upper level. This was it, it was time to protect my brother at whatever cost necessary.

Soon enough, everyone else had positioned themselves at their posts except for me. I remained in the Drop Ship with Finn, wanting to spend a few more minutes with him before I potentially walked into my death by Grounders.

I was loading my gun, clearly stalling. If Finn noticed the fact that I was taking unusually long to load a mostly loaded gun, he didn't say anything about it.

"He loves you, you know that right?" Finn mumbled, breaking the silence.

I turned to him in confusion, 'What?"

Finn gave me a small smile, "Bellamy, he loves you. I can tell."

I felt my cheeks heat up as I shook my head, "Love is a strong word, Finn. Besides, you really don't have to talk about your sister's love life with her."

He nodded, deciding to ignore the latter part of my sentence, "I know, but the way he looks at you, the way he cares for you, he really loves you. So, let him love you okay? Don't push him away. Bellamy, Octavia, Raven, Clarke, they're all your family, and you need to let them help you sometimes."

I brushed him off, "You're my family."

He nodded, a look of sadness covering his face, "I am, and being your brother is the best thing that has ever happened to me, I just want you to know that. And I want you to realize how amazing and strong you are."

"Finn stop. Stop talking like you're going to die." I demanded, tears already filling my eyes. "We're going to protect you."

He ignored me as he kept going, "If anyone can conquer this world it's you Aves. You just have to keep fighting, no matter what happens, always keep going. Be the Avery that I've always admired, the person I always wanted to be-"

"Stop!" I cried, standing up and marching over to him, 'You're not dying okay?" I said, lowering my voice, "You don't need to say all of this stuff because you're not dying, do you understand me?"

Staring up at me for a moment, Finn finally nodded, "Yeah, you're right, I'm sorry." he stood up and pulled me into a tight hug, "I love you Avery, to the Earth and back."

I cracked a teary smile at his joke as I hugged him back, "I love you too, Finn."

Pulling away, I gave him a tight smile, "Now, I have to get out there. Don't worry okay? You'll be safe in here. Do not come out unless one of us comes to get you, got it?"

My brother gave me a small nod, before quickly pulling me back into a hug. Finn never hugged me this much, ever. It was always me torturing him with hugs, not the other way around.

"Okay, go." he muttered, shoving me lightly towards the door, "Be safe out there."

I gave him one last smile as I turned towards the exit, "I always am."

The tears were still fresh in my eyes as took my position outside beside Bellamy. The Grounders were still surrounding our walls, but were making no further efforts to move in, at least not yet.

"See anything?" Clarke questioned as we all looked around, trying to find something that would signal an attack.

All of us responded with small "noes" However, just seconds later, the sounds of movement was heard from the edge of the camp.

"Someone's coming." Raven announced.

All of our eyes moved towards where the noise had come from. I had expected to see Grounder coming towards us, or best case scenario an animal passing through. But what I didn't expect to see was my brother, standing in the open with his arms up in surrender.

My heart dropped to my stomach at the sight of him. My gun fell out of my hands as I sprung to my feet, as did Clarke, "Finn!" she screamed.

I felt like I was going to be sick as dozens of Grounders jumped on him.

"No!" I screamed, trying to rush forward after him. Bellamy bolted towards me, pulling me into his arms and back down onto the ground.

"Finn!" I screamed, trying to push against Bellamy, "Let me go!" tears were streaming down my face as Bellamy kept me pinned down.

It all made sense now. Why Finn had said all of those things to me only minutes ago. If I had been more intuitive, I would have known why he was acting like that. I should have know. If I had of just paid attention, I could have kept him safe. I let him down, and now he was going to die.

-an-

guys I cried writing the final interaction between the twins. I am honestly already so sad for the next chapter.

please vote/comment your thoughts on this chapter and how sad you already are on a scale of 1-10

ps. every time i hear the song I linked, I think of Finn and Avery for some reason and it makes me want to cry

okay bye

love you all

-maddy xoxo

68. empty

[image]

[image]

The sky was dark by the time we arrived back at camp. Everyone was standing by the front gates, watching as thousands of Grounders gathered in the field beyond the safety of our camp. They had tents set up with hundreds of torches lit. It was a celebration, they were excited for this.

My heart was in my throat as I stood amongst the rest of them, staring towards the field where they were planning on murdering my brother.

"What is that?" Raven asked, her eyes trained on a large wooden pole that the Grounders were hammering into the ground.

I lifted my eyes to look at what she was referring to. Even at the thought of my brother being out there made me feel like I was going to be sick.

Clarke let out a shaky breath, "It's for Finn. They want us to watch."

Another wave of nausea came over me. I closed my eyes for a moment as I attempted to steady myself, only opening my eyes again when Bellamy spoke, "We're going to get him."

I turned my head slightly, just as Bellamy directed his attention towards Kane, "We'll get in close and we'll hit them hard." he proposed.

Kane didn't take his gaze off of the scene in front of us as he spoke, "Son, there's thousands of them...even if we could kill hundreds, they'd still wipe out this camp, and your friend would still die."

"So we're just going to leave him?" I questioned. It was the first time I had spoken since we got back to camp. My voice was weak and

wavered with my every word.

Everyone turned to look at me, looks of sympathy in their eyes. "We have to try." Bellamy argued, his eyes lingering on me longer than the others.

Raven turned towards Clarke's mother with hopeful eyes, "Abby." When Abby didn't turn to look at her, Raven repeated her name in a more urgent manner, "Abby, we have to do something."

Abby finally looked over at Raven with sad eyes, "No, Raven."

A surge of anger went through my body as I clenched my jaw, turning to the adults, "I'm not just going to stand here and let my brother die." I snapped, not giving anyone a chance before I turned and marched off towards the main gates.

"Avery!" I could hear Bellamy running after me. I hadn't made it very far when he grabbed onto my upper arm, causing me to stop.

Tears were filling my eyes as I turned to look at him. He was staring at me with a soft expression, "Avery-"

I pulled my arm from his grasp, "I'm not just going to sit back and let him die, Bellamy! I have to do something."

"We're not just going sit back and let him die." Clarke announced, joining Bellamy and I by the gates.

I shifted my teary eyes to her, "What are you talking about?" I asked, my voice cracking.

She shoved her gun into Bellamy's hand, "I'm going to talk to the Commander."

Bellamy eyes flickered to me for a moment before back to her, "What else do you have to say."

Clarke exhaled sharply, "I don't know."

I could feel myself getting worked up as Raven slipped something into Clarke's hand, telling her that if the Commander didn't let Finn

go, to kill her. I kept my eyes down on the ground, focusing on calming my breathing before I tried to speak again.

"You have to let me come." I begged, my voice barely strong enough as I looked up towards Clarke.

She looked over at me, her face falling as her eyes met my pleading ones. "I can't." she answered sadly, "The Commander won't speak to me if I don't go alone."

"Clarke," I squeaked, "He's my brother."

She looked back to Bellamy, giving him a silent signal to take care of me, "I'm sorry, Avery." With that, she turned and left the safety of our gates. I tried to follow, but was instantly pulled into the grasp of Bellamy, "Just let her do this okay?" he whispered softly. His arms were wrapped around me from behind, holding me close to his body.

Tears were blurring my vision as I watched Clarke walk towards the Grounders, "He's my brother." I repeated quietly, to no one in particular.

Bellamy held me close as he, Raven and I walked back towards the fence, getting a better view of everything. I was partly convinced that the reason Bellamy was holding onto me so tight was because he was afraid I would try to run, which quite frankly he was right about. If his arms hadn't of been around me I might have tried to.

I seemed to zone in and out as I watched Clarke walk towards the Commanders tent. I wasn't sure how long they spent speaking, I wasn't really sure of much at this point. What caught my attention, however, was the sound of the Grounders yelling.

I focused my attention on whatever had them so fired up. It was my brother. Finn was being ushered out by close to half a dozen Grounders. His hands were tied in front of him, and he looked absolutely petrified, but other than that he looked okay, they hadn't hurt him.

Fresh tears pooled in my eyes as I felt myself begin to sway. I was

afraid I was going to pass out, all the emotions and exhaustion hitting me like a brick wall. Bellamy allowed me to lean into his chest, whispering to me that it was all going to get sorted out, that Clarke was going to figure it out. But I had heard that before. They all told me that Finn wouldn't get taken in the first place, yet here we were.

My brother looked terrified as they tied him to the post. More tears fell down my cheeks as I turned to Bellamy, "I have to go out there."

He let out a sigh as he held me tighter, "Avery, you can't."

I tried to shove him off of me, but his hold was too strong, "I have to be with him!"

Bellamy just held me tighter as Raven spoke, "Come on Clarke, do it." she growled, begging Clarke to kill the Commander

A few moments later Clarke stepped away from the Commander. I could tell, even from far away that her plan hadn't worked, furthermore, she hadn't followed Raven's plan of killing their leader. A feeling of nausea overcame me as I watched her walked towards my brother. Stopping in font of him, her back to us.

I felt numb as I watched Clarke approach my twin, the one person in this world that I knew I could trust no matter what. I wanted to be out there with him, that should have been me. I was praying with everything in me that she would get him out of this, that she would save my brother, and now any hope I had was beginning to fade.

I could barely see due to the tears in my eyes as she pressed her lips to his. They said a few things to each other, and after less than a minute of conversation, she moved to hug him, I wished so badly that that was me hugging my brother, not her. I wanted to be there for him, like he had always been there for me. Anytime I was scared Finn was right by my side making sure I was okay, and I knew for a fact that he was terrified in this moment and it killed me that I couldn't be there for him.

After a few seconds Clarke pulled away, taking a step back as she

dropped her hands to her sides. Her back was facing us but it was obvious she was crying by the way her shoulders shook. She was holding something in her hand, I couldn't tell from where I was at first, but when she slowly turned around I realized what had happened and in that moment my whole world came crashing down. I felt like I couldn't move, I couldn't breathe, I couldn't speak. The same numbness that I had felt only 3 times in my life returned once again, this time much worse than the others.

Clarke had driven the blade Raven had given her to kill the Commander, into Finn's torso, she had killed him. My brother was dead.

His body was slumped forward, a pool of blood beginning to stain his shirt.

I felt my breath catch in my throat as my legs gave out from under me. Bellamy was there to catch me, holding me close to his body.

Someone was screaming from beside me, I think it was Raven. I really didn't know. I think I might have been screaming too.

Chaos set in among the Grounders as they realized what Clarke had done, but I didn't care. I didn't care what they were about to do to her, I didn't care if they decided to wage immediate war on the rest of us, I didn't care about anything right now. The only thing I cared about was the fact that my brother was dead.

The one person I always turned to in life was gone and now, more than anything else, I wanted to be gone with him.

-an-

the chapter we have all been dreading is finally here.

I won't lie when I say I cried writing this. I truly loved Finn as a character and I loved his and Avery's relationship even more. I'm so sad that I will have to write Avery dealing without the most important person in her life, but this was something that needed to happen and a lot of changes will happen in Aves, some good, some bad.

anyway, I hope you guys liked this and didn't get too sad.

love you all

-maddy xxoxxo

69. a memory

[image] [image]

Pain. Devastation. Heartbreak.

That's all I could feel as I broke free from Bellamy's grasp. I could hear him call after me, but he didn't follow me, not right away at least.

Tears blurred my vision, so much so that as I ran the distance between our camp to where Finn was, I could barely see. No one tried to stop me, they were all too preoccupied with Clarke and subsequently what she had done . She had been whisked off into the Commander's tent as my brother was just left there-alone.

I practically stumbled through the field. The distance between the safety of camp and the place my brother had been murdered felt like an eternity.

When I finally reached him, he was still tied to the pole. Tears blurred my vision as I placed my hand on either side of his face, "You're okay." I cried, reaching around to try and untie his arms, "I've got you, I'm here."

Our parents always told Finn and I that we were different versions of the same person. We had the same coloured hair, the same eyes, the same little mole beneath our mouth. Our faces mimicked one another. However, as my face now hovered inches from his, I couldn't help but notice he lacked any resemblance of myself, or himself for that matter.

His skin was pale, his eyes were closed, barring me from seeing my eyes mirrored back at me. I knew that even if they were open they wouldn't look like they once did. There was always happiness behind his eyes, and now there was nothing.

Sadness ripped through me as I finally managed to untie the rope that had been holding my brother upwards. So once the knot had

been freed, Finn's limp body came crashing into me. The impact of his body against mine sent me tumbling backwards into the ground, causing me to let out a mangled sob as I used all my force to flip us over so he was laying on the ground and I was hovering overtop of him.

"Open your eyes, Finn." I begged, hoping that he was somehow still alive, "Look at me, you're alright."

When he remained still, I let out a small cry. Bringing my arm up to wipe my face, I let out a deep breath, tilting my head to look up at the night sky. My thoughts were flooded with the fact that the one person I cared about in this life more than anyone else, the person I knew was always on my side, the one who protected me our entire lives- was gone.

"I'm sorry," I whispered, my voice so weak it barely came out, "I'm sorry I wasn't there to protect you."

I sat beside him, pushing his hair out of his face as tears rolled down my cheeks faster than they ever had before, "I'm sorry." I cried again, collapsing against his still chest, "I should have done better, I should have—"

"Avery," a voice cut into the air and I knew it was Bellamy's, but I didn't look up at him, I couldn't.

I kept my face buried in Finn's chest, as I shook my head, "He's gone." I whispered, so quiet I wasn't sure if Bellamy even heard me.

I heard him sit down beside me, and moments later I felt his jacket being placed on my shoulders, "Avery look at me." he pleaded.

I waited a moment, trying to stop the tears before numbly lifting myself up, looking over at him. Bellamy's face fell as he pulled me towards him. I didn't let go of Finn's hand as Bellamy cradled me against himself. Quiet sobs racked my body as I buried my face into his chest.

We sat like that for what felt like hours, neither of us saying a word as I held onto Finn's hand, I couldn't leave him, not now.

Raven had joined us at some point, she didn't say anything, just sat with us. Not long after she had arrived, Clarke exited the Commander's tent. Raven got up to speak to her, but I didn't care what they were saying. I didn't care about a single thing anyone had to say anymore.

My eyes were basically swollen shut when, from somewhere behind me, two Grounders approached. Neither of them saying a word as they bent down, trying to pick up Finn's body. I still was draped overtop of him, making it difficult for them to move him, and I was not planning on moving anytime soon.

"What are you doing?" I demanded, holding onto his body tighter, "Don't touch him." I snapped.

"Avery," Bellamy whispered pulling me closer to him, 'They have to take his body."

"No," I cried, trying to pull free from Bellamy to grab onto Finn, "He's one of us, they can't," I was finding it hard to breath as I tried to speak, "They can't have my brother."

"They're taking him back to the village where the massacre took place. It's the only way to get our people out of Mount Weather." Clarke explained, her voice unnervingly calm.

I could hear Raven's sniffles as she spoke, "Then I'm coming too. And don't worry," she added, "I'll bring your damn radio!" she snapped before I heard the sound of her walking off.

Bellamy grabbed my hand, "You have to let him go."

I gave a small nod, signalling the fact that I would let the Grounders take my brother, no matter how badly I wanted him to stay. As they each grabbed onto his body, something caught my eye. "Wait." I demanded, shuffling over to grab a hold of Finn's wrist.

The Grounders paused as Bellamy watched me skeptically. I ignored their stares as I began untying the bracelet that had resided on my brother's wrist for the last 10 years. I had made it for him for our eighth birthdays and he had worn it ever since, with a few

modifications of course.

I remained silent as I wrapped the bracelet around my own wrist, keeping one last piece of my brother with me.

Once the Grounders were gone, and my tears had momentarily stopped, I spoke to Clarke for the first time since she killed my brother, "I'm going too." I announced, my voice shaking and weak. I didn't look at her when I said it, I couldn't.

A small sound of surprise left her lips, "What-"

I kept my eyes trained on the ground, "To the village for Finn's ceremony. I'm coming."

"Avery-" Bellamy started, but I cut him off with the shake of my head, the tears instantly starting again, "I'm not leaving him," I whispered, "Not now."

Bellamy let out a sad sigh as he pulled me into his chest, my tears soaking his shirt as he spoke, "It's okay," he soothed, running a hand through my hair, "It's going to be okay."

I shook my head against his chest, "It's never going to be okay."

-an-

still so sad over his death and I always will be ngl.

here is an edit that makes me cry everytime i watch :,(

I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter even though it was pretty heartbreaking :(

[There should be a GIF or video here. Update the app now to see it.]

70. broken

[image] [image]

I didn't sleep much that night.

After a lot of convincing, Bellamy had persuaded me to head back to the safety of our walls. As I walked back towards the camp, Bellamy's arm wrapped tightly around me, I couldn't help but notice the dozens of sympathetic stares I was met with. I did my best to ignore them. These were the people who tried to offer my brother up to the Grounders, and they now had the audacity to act like they were sorry.

When we made it back to mine and Octavia's tent, it was empty. I wasn't sure where she was, I assumed she was with Lincoln. For the first time in the last two years, I was happy to have the room to myself.

"Are you sure you don't want me to stay?" Bellamy asked as he watched me kick off my boots.

I nodded as I peeled his jacket off, handing it to him before sitting down on my bed, "I'm sure." I muttered, not bothering to look up at him.

He let out a sigh as he stared at me for a moment, wanting to say something, but it seemed he couldn't find the correct words. "Come get me if you need anything." he finally said, not waiting for a response from me before he left.

The minute he was gone, and I was alone in the tent, new emotions hit me. I was angry at the Grounders, at Clarke, at life. As anger consumed me, I allowed my eyes to travel down to the sleeves of my shirt-they were covered in blood.

I ripped off the shirt, firing it across the room, leaving me in only a tank top. Without the shirt, I could see the blood on my hands.

I pushed myself off my bed, not bothering to put my boots back on as I marched through camp towards our water basin. I received more stares as I stormed past everyone, ignoring their confused glances.

The minute I made it to the basin, I shoved my hands in the water, aggressively scrubbing them, trying to rid myself of my brother's blood . This was the second time I had cleaned my hands of his blood, but unlike the last time, I knew he wasn't going to be okay.

"Avery-"

"What?" I snapped harshly, spinning around to see a surprised looking Abby Griffin. She was at a loss for words as she saw the expression on my face. I took this as a chance to return to cleaning my hands.

The anger inside me continued to boil until I was at my complete and utter breaking point. So, when Abby spoke again, I broke.

"Sweetheart, just come inside. It's cold out here and-"

I spun back around to face her, to face everyone, "No. Stop acting like you care. All of you," I growled, my eyes travelling over the group of shocked camp members. "You all wanted my brother dead, you wanted to give him up to the Grounders. So, are you happy now? He was a kid and you did this to him. Instead of protecting him, you all just turned on him. So just cut it out!" I screamed, my eyes filling with tears as my face grew hotter and hotter, "Stop acting like you care, like you're sorry he's gone. Because, as far as I'm concerned he's dead because of all of you."

Everyone was speechless as they stared back at me. Some still wore sympathetic looks on their faces, other's looked at me like I was crazy. No one moved, except for a single individual making their way hastily through the crowd.

"Let's go." Bellamy whispered, grabbing a hold of me once he was close enough, "That's enough for tonight.

My jaw was clenched as I pulled my arm out of his grasp, quickly

bringing my hand up to my face to wipe the tears, "I'm fine." I muttered, refusing to look Bellamy in the eyes.

"No," he whispered, bringing his face close to mine as he grabbed either side of my shoulders, "You're not fine. You need to go to bed."

I finally looked up at him, my tired eyes meeting his own. My body broke down in sobs as I fell into him. He held me close as I cried, eventually lifting my feet off the ground, opting to carry me back to my tent.

As he set me down in my bed, he turned to leave. However, before he could go, I reached out and grabbed his hand. "Can you stay?" I whispered, "Please."

Bellamy gave me a soft nod as he laid down beside me. He pulled me close to him, allowing me to burry my head in his chest.

"Go to sleep Avery." he whispered, and so I did.

-an-

hey guys, sorry this update is short, and sorry for the lack of updates. I have had a very busy and hard month. I lost my grandma and the start of june and lost my aunt a days ago. I have been pretty down and not very motivated, but I felt like writing a little something tonight.

im sorry if updates are not frequent but i just need a bit of time to recoup.

love you guys xoxo

maddy

71. remembrance

The next time my eyes opened it was in a panic. My eyes shot open as I struggled to breath. Warm tears fell down my cheeks, landing on the pillow beneath me.

I had had a dream-a nightmare- about my brother. One minute he was there and the next he was gone.

I laid still for a moment, trying to convince myself that all of this had been a nightmare, that the events of the past few hours had been conjured up by my imagination. However, as I looked over at a sleeping Bellamy beside me, I knew it had all been real.

A shaky breath escaped my lips as I slowly sat up, wiping the tears from my face as I reached for my boots. I silently slipped them on, standing from the bed and heading for the exit, being sure not to wake Bellamy.

As I stepped outside I was met with silence. It was the middle of the night, everyone was asleep save for a handful of guards that patrolled the perimeter, still on edge due to the Grounder camp that was still stationed outside our walls. My brother might be dead, but that didn't mean we were safe from war.

A shiver ran through my body as I walked through camp, heading towards the part of the gate Raven had rigged so we could get in and out.

I could feel my heart breaking all over again as I caught sight of the pole where Finn had died-where he had been killed.

I quickly averted my eyes back to the ground as I rounded the corner of the Ark, putting me out of sight from everything. Pushing my back up against the cool metal, a sob escaped my lips. I couldn't do this. I couldn't walk through this camp every day and see the place my brother died-I knew sooner or later it would truly break me.

By the time the sun began to rise, I had barely moved. I had stayed, seated on the ground on the far side of camp, staring into the forest. I had planned on leaving camp, walking as far as I could into the dense woods, maybe never coming back. But I couldn't force myself to move at all. I was so drained that I had just sat there for hours, by myself, alone.

Camp was already bustling with activity when I heard my name being frantically called. I knew I should have gotten up, walked into the middle of camp and stopped the search, but once again I couldn't.

I stayed seated against the Ark, my eyes locked on the forest as the calling of my name continued. I recognized one of the voices as Bellamy, the others and Octavia and Raven. I knew they must have been worried, but I could not convince myself to care.

Whether I cared or not, I could not stop myself from being found. It was Octavia who found me. She rounded the corner, her eyes that were ablaze with concern instantly morphed into sympathy at the sight of me.

"Aves." She whispered, her voice dripping with sadness as she slid down the outside of the Ark so that she was seated beside me. I reminded me of the day when Finn had been stabbed and the two of us had sat together in the drop ship. I had told her how I couldn't lose him, that I didn't know what I would do if I did.

Now, I had to face the reality that he was gone, had to figure out what I was going to do.

Bellamy and Raven were still calling my name, however Octavia didn't alert them to where I was. Instead, she took a hold of my hand. "We were worried about you." she whispered. When I didn't respond, she continued, "Bellamy said he woke up and you were gone- we didn't know where you went."

This time I answered. My voice was hoarse from too many hours of crying, and not enough hours of sleep, "I couldn't sleep."

My best friend nodded, "I get that."

I opened my mouth to say more, but tears started flowing instead of words. Tears pooled in Octavia's eyes as she pulled me towards her, wrapping me in a hug, "It's okay, Aves. You don't have to say anything" she soothed.

We stayed like that for what felt like hours, but was really only a matter of minutes. We were only interrupted when the sound of footsteps approached us. Without even looking up, I knew who it was.

He didn't say anything for a moment, just looked down at the two of us. I could feel Octavia mouth something to her brother, and I assumed he mouthed something back. But without saying any audible words, I could hear his footsteps moving away from us. Soon after, Raven's calling of my name stopped.

It was then that Octavia shifted slightly, causing me to lift my head and look at her. She gave me a sad smile, "They're leaving soon." she whispered.

I nodded, slowly pushing myself up to my feet. My muscles ached as my bones cracked, sore from sitting for so long.

Octavia scrambled up after me, eager to stop me before I went any further, "You don't have to go Avery. Everyone will understand."

I swallowed the lump in my throat as I faced my best friend, "I have to-for Finn." I answered, brushing off the dirt from the pants. Octavia watched me intently, not saying anything right away.

When she did speak, her voice was soft, "Okay." she conceded, wrapping her arm around me as we walked back through camp, "I'll be with you the entire way."

---

30 minutes later, a group of us, along with several Grounders were headed towards the place my brother would be put to rest. I knew

this wasn't going to be how I wanted my brother to be put to peace, but this was the best I was going to get.

Grounders surrounded up from the front and the back. Some were on horses, others walking. My brother was being pulled on a trailer near the front. Raven sat on the trailer with his body, her face cast towards the ground.

Although I had sat with my brother's body for hours the previous evening, I could not bring myself to do so today. I stayed near the back, by Lincoln and Octavia, my eyes set forward as I tried to avoid the fact that the Commander's presence was looming behind me. She rode high on a horse, directly trailing me. As far as I was concerned, she was the root of all evil, the reason for my brother's death.

I watched with a set jaw as Clarke and Bellamy exchanged words. I know Clarke had her reasons, but it didn't make it any easier for me to see her after what she did.

Octavia noticed my stares as gave me a small smile, "You okay?' she asked, pulling my attention towards her instead. Lincoln looked over at me as well, his eyes cast with sympathy.

I nodded, kicking at a stone by my feet, "Yeah." I whispered, trying to avoid concerning my best friend, "I'm okay."

Abby and Kane who were walking ahead of us both turned slightly, giving me small smiles. I know that everyone was trying to show support, solidarity, but at the same time I remembered the fact that they had let my brother die. They hadn't fought for him. And now I had to live with that fact. I had to see them everyday and try to push aside the anger I felt. At the end of the day, they were still my people.

It wasn't going to be easy, accepting that these were the people I had to rely on, but it was something I knew I had to try and do.

72. now I lay me

Once night had begun to fall, we stopped and set up camp. There was a clear division between us and the Grounders within the small clearing in the woods which we would call base for the night. We had several tents sent up whereas they opted to sleep on the ground.

I sat by the fire on our side, watching as Clarke moved towards where the Grounders were. I narrowed my eyes as she began setting up her jacket as a makeshift pillow. I eavesdropped as Bellamy said something to her about coming to our side, how it was safer. Clarke simply responded that there were no sides anymore. I almost laughed out loud as a single thought cross my mind "Yeah, tell that to my brother".

I rolled my eyes and I stood from the fire, escaping into my tent to get away from the Grounders, and Clarke.

I had just gotten myself comfortable when Bellamy showed up at the door, "What are you doing?" he asked,

I stared back at him, "What does it look like I'm doing?"

Bellamy huffed as he fully entered the tent. It was my turn to ask him what he was doing.

"Sleeping in here." he answered, moving around to make himself comfortable. I didn't answer, just stared up at the roof of the tent, listening to the noises outside.

"Is Clarke still sleeping with the enemy?" I grumbled. I didn't turn to see Bellamy's face but I could picture his expression.

"Avery, come on." he whispered. I knew he was afraid of upsetting me, he clearly didn't want this to turn into a fight.

"It's their fault he's dead," my voice was lower now, it wavered as I

tried to hold back tears. "It's their fault Clarke killed him." I didn't want him to see me cry, even though it seems that is all I had done for the past day. I turned away from him, my eyes focusing on the wall of the tent.

Bellamy didn't say a word, the two of us just lay in silence as the minutes passed. The only sounds that could be heard was the forest moving around us, and the quiet murmurs of those still awake outside.

I was almost asleep when I felt him move closer to me, wrapping his arms around my waist and pulling me towards his warm body. I hesitated for a moment before flipping over and burying my head into his chest. We fell asleep like that, and for the first time since everything had happened, I felt somewhat content.

My state of content did not last long. It had been a few hours since we had fallen asleep, any noise from the others outside had since ceased.

It was my own screams that had woken me. I sat up, breaking free from Bellamy's grasp as I pushed hair out of my face, now clinging to my skin from a cold sweat.

The commotion had awoken Bellamy, along with others members of camp I assumed.

"What's going on?" Bellamy asked, sitting up in concern. I shook my head as I buried my head in my hands.

"Nothing" I whispered.

He gently removed my hands from over my face, "Was it a nightmare?" he asked as he took one of my hands into his own.

I sucked in a sharp breath as I looked over at him, "He was here."

Bellamy watched me with soft eyes, not proding me to continue, but I did so nonetheless. "He was here and then he was-" I paused, "There was blood everywhere and-and I couldn't save him. I didn't

save him."

"You did everything you could. We all know that, Avery. Finn knew that."

"Clearly my everything wasn't enough."

Bellamy let out a sad sigh as he laid back down, pulling me along with him, "Try to get some more rest." he whispered as he moved closer to me once again, his warmth providing me with comfort.

With Bellamy by my side, I felt calm enough, safe enough, to fall back into sleep.

Morning brought a whole new struggle. I knew this would be the last time Finn was just my brother-not some ritual that the Grounders performed.

I sat on the cart that carried his body this time. I didn't touch him, I didn't even look at him, but I sat near him, knowing that this would be the last time that I would physically be near my brother.

My body bounced as the cart went over numerous bumps in the dirt path that was leading to the village. Raven sat beside me, her hand gripping mine.

Not long after we had set out, we came to a halt in front of what looked like a makeshift wall. The Grounders up front yelled something, which was followed by the gates slowly opening.

A few more Grounders walked out from within the walls, one carrying a basket. The one with said basket began demanding all of our weapons. Raven and I shared a look as we dismounted the cart, heading up towards the front where the others were.

I watched with a clenched jaw as Bellamy took his gun off his shoulder, placing it in the basket. The others followed suit, but Raven and I remained still until Gustus approached us.

I glared up at him, waiting for him to speak, "Weapons." he

demanded, his eyes scanning my body for any sign of them.

"I don't have any." I spat, my voice cold.

He glanced back at the Commander before taking a step closer, "So you wouldn't mind if I searched you then?" Without waiting for a response, he reached into my jacket, searching through my pockets.

I jumped back, reaching up to shove him away, "Don't touch me!" I snapped.

He lunged forwards, just as Bellamy rushed to my side, placing his body in between the two of us, "Back off." he ordered, before turning to face me, "Avery, you have to let them search you," he whispered, his pleading eyes boring into mine.

I glanced at Bellamy and then over his shoulder to Gustus. With a deep breath and a locked jaw, I conceded, stretching my arms out so he could search for the weapons I did not carry.

"Fine."

73. final goodbye

[image] [image]

Walking through the gates of the Grounder village brought no more comfort than standing outside them did. It was obvious we were unwanted here, judging by the loud yelling of the members of the village.

I couldn't understand exactly what they were saying, but I could tell it wasn't friendly.

My eyes wandered the groups of people, the gut wrenching realization that my brother had killed their friends, their parents, their children, came creeping into my mind. I felt like I was going to be sick as tears prickled at my eyes.

A hand was placed on my lower back as someone leaned into me, "You okay?" Bellamy whispered, his eyes searching mine.

I gave him a tight smile and a nod, "Yeah," I responded, "Just overwhelmed."

Bellamy was in the midst of responding when one of the villagers stepped forwards, stopping the group of us in our tracks. It was a man, and he was angry. He began speaking in Trigedasleng. The only word I could pick out was "Skai Kru", which I assuming was us.

The man finished speaking and Gustus quickly responded, again in Trigedasleng, his voice more demanding. The man, however, seemed to ignore whatever Gustus said as he continued.

It was at this point that Bellamy pulled me closer to him, clearly afraid of what this man, and possibly the others were going to do to us. With no weapons, we were basically defenceless.

Suddenly, Gustus took a large step forward, not wasting anytime in delivering a punch to the man's face, which sent him to the ground. I felt myself cringe as he continued hitting the man, quickly

drawing blood.

I cast my eyes to the ground, growing uneasy as the scene continued to unfold. Clarke was clearly uncomfortable with it as well as she rushed towards the Commander, begging her to stop it so we would not be blamed.

It became evident that the Commander decided to listen to her as she gave Gustus an order which caused him to stop. She then turned to face us and the rest of the villagers, "The Sky People march with us now. Anyone who tries to stop that will pay with their life."

My eyes widened slightly at her threat, finding it somewhat severe. However, it seemed that no one was willing to challenge it, as when I looked around at the villagers, they all remained silent, watching their Commander with respect.

When Lexa was sure no one was going to argue with her proclamation, she turned and began advancing further into the village. Bellamy and I shared a look as the rest of us began to follow her.

He gave a slight shake of his head as we began to move, "Warm welcome." he muttered.

The time had come, it was time to say goodbye to my brother. The group of us, along with the villagers and the Commander and her people stood gather around. In front of us was my brother's wrapped body, along with those he had killed.

I stared straight ahead, tears slowly rolling from my eyes as the Commander spoke, her words quickly being translated for us by Lincoln. Her speech spoke word of "cleansing the pain of the past". I listened to her words, but I knew that nothing would cleanse the pain I was feeling. I also knew that the pain my brother had caused the village would not be so easily forgotten.

The woman beside the Commander, Indra was her name, handed a lit torch to Lexa, who took it into her grasp before pausing. She

looked at the pile of bodies before glancing back to us. Silently, she held the torch out, speaking once it was in front of a certain blonde, "Clarke".

Mumbles began fluttering through the crowd as Clarke stepped forward, taking the torch into her hand. I bit down on my lip as I watched her, my emotions starting to get the better of me. Bellamy seemed to notice my agitated state as he reached down and took my hand into his.

As Clarke stepped up onto the platform and held the torch close to the bodies, I could feel myself becoming evermore flustered. Clarke said a few words in Trigedasleng, ones I have learned mean "Your fight is over". After the words were off of her lips, she touched the torch to Finn's body, causing it to ignite.

It was now that I felt like I was going to be sick. I pulled my hand from Bellamy's grasp as I began pushing through the crowd. I was forced to hold my hand to my mouth as I pushed through people, afraid I might lose whatever food I had in my stomach.

I could feel people watching me as I struggled to break from the crowd, I could also hear Bellamy and Octavia quietly arguing over which one of them was going to follow me.

As I reached the outskirts of the village, I collapsed against one of the houses as the smell of burning flesh assaulted my nostrils. I resisted the urge to gag. Instead, I let out a mangled sob.

It was neither Bellamy or Octavia who came after me, surprisingly it was Raven. She didn't say anything to me at first, just stood over top of me, watching me with tears in her own eyes.

"I know what you're feeling." She finally said, taking a seat beside me, "And I agree. They killed him, and now we're here pretending like nothing is wrong, like we can trust them."

I brought my knees to my chest as I looked over at her with a shake of my head, "I know this alliance is what will get our friends out of Mount Weather...but I can't get on board with Clarke treating them like part of the group. These Grounders are not our friends."

Raven nodded, her face stained with tears as she pulled me into a hug, "It's hard, but I guess for now all we can do is put on a fake smile and go along with this." She whispered.

After mine and Raven's conversation, we decided to rejoin the group. The ceremony with the bodies was finished. Whatever was left of my brother was gone now. I no longer felt sad, numbness was all that consumed me as we all headed inside one of the buildings to have a feast. However, eating was the last thing I wanted to do right now.

As we walked through a small corridor leading to what would be the dining room, I felt a hand take hold of mine. I looked up from my feet to see Bellamy. He didn't look at me, just held onto my hand. A sense of comfort instantly came over me, just having him close eased some of the pain.

I stood next to Bellamy at the table, Kane immediately to my left. We weren't to be seated yet. instead we stood as Kane presented the Commander with a bottle of liquid that our people drank at "special occasions". Anger bubbled within me at the mention of this being a special occasion, to me, this was my brother's funeral, not an occasion that called for a celebratory toast.

I held my tongue, watching with dark eyes as the Commander thanked Kane. She then turned to Clarke, proposing that they drink together. My eyes flickered towards Clarke, who smiled at Lexa with a nod.

I bit down on my cheek, trying to hold in my emotions. Bellamy noticed my discomfort as he looked down at me, giving me a reassuring look when I met his eyes. My anger subsided only slightly with his gaze. Thousands of emotions flooded my body as Clarke took one of the chalice from Lexa, Gustus taking the other one, probably to ensure it was safe to drink before his Commander took a sip.

I watched as he raised the cup to his lips, taking a sip before lowering it. His eyes stayed locked with Clarke's as he handed the

cup back to Lexa. She took it with a small nod, holding it in her hand as she spoke, "Tonight we celebrate our newfound peace. Tomorrow, we plan our war. To those we've lost," she toasted, raising the chalice slightly, "and to those we shall soon find."

I shifted as a way to displace some of the frustration I was feeling as Lexa and Clarke began raising the cups to their lips. They were seconds away from taking a sip when Gustus collapsed onto the table, sputtering and groaning.

We all jumped back in surprise, my eyes going wide as I watched him wither in pain. Bellamy pulled me close as Gustus stumbled back against one of the walsl, muttering the word "poison" through laboured breaths. Bellamy pulled me along with him as he moved to knock the cup out of stunned Clarke's hand.

The Grounders instantly reacted, some tending to Gustus as the others pulled weapons, some even pushed the table so there was no longer a barrier between us. Bellamy shoved me into the grasp of Marcus Kane as he rushed to the front of the crowd, holding back a frantic Clarke who pleaded with Lexa, begging her to see that it was not us who did this.

Indra ordered something in Trigedasleng, which resulted in Grounders marching over to search us. Clarke continued to plead with Lexa as we were searched. I let out a small grunt as a Grounder took a hold of me, pulling me from Kane's grasp and shoving his hands into my jacket. I resisted the urge to put up a fight, knowing that it would only make things worse for all of us.

The minute he plunged his hand into one of my coat pockets, he paused. Fumbling around with something before pulling a small vile from within my pocket. I felt my heart drop. It wasn't mine, I didn't even know exactly what it was. Judging by the way he examined it, I had a feeling it was some kind of poison.

"Heda," he called, pulling her attention away from Clarke. He held up the vial, saying something else in Trigedasleng.

"That isn't mine!" I exclaimed, fear consuming me. Everyone was watching me now, causing me to feel like I was going to be sick,

"Please, I swear it's not mine."

Clarke looked from me and then to Lexa, she didn't say anything, but I could tell she was begging Lexa to believe me.

It did not seem that luck was not on our side today as Lexa's face clouded over with anger, "No Sky person leaves this room!"

hey guys! hope you enjoyed this chapter :) looks like some trouble for our girl aves

-maddy xoxo

74. innocence

[image] [image]

I sat with on the cold ground, my knees pulled to my chest as I buried my face in my hands. Everyone else sat silent as we awaited whatever fate was to come to us. I had told everyone that it wasn't me, begged them to believe me through watery eyes. It seemed that they all believed me and were ready to defend me at whatever means necessary, well most of them that is.

"Avery," Clarke whispered as she knelt down beside me. I looked up at her with a blank stare, not wanting to hear what she had to say, "I need you to me honest with me-" she began, her eyes searching mine.

Raven, who was sitting next to me cut in, "You better back up" she warned, anger in her voice.

Clarke ignored her as she kept her attention on me, "He was your brother, and I know how upset you are. If you did this just-"

She didn't get a chance to finish because in the blink of an eye Raven had sent her fist into Clarke's cheek. I scrambled up, my eyes wide as I rushed to hold Raven back, "The only murderer is you!" Raven yelled as she tried to push against my grasp.

Clarke was stunned, but she didn't say anything to Raven, instead she looked past us, starting to speak. She said something about "giving her no choice", asking "why did you turn yourself in". None of us had any idea who she was speaking to, to me it sounded like she was speaking to Finn.

I watched her with curious eyes as she marched off in a fluster, slumping down into one of the chairs.

Everyone was alert now, so I took this as my chance to speak. Regardless of whatever was going on with Clarke at the moment, I needed to say something. My feelings towards this whole situation

had changed in an instance.

"We need to stop this," I announced, finally letting go of Raven who had calmed down, "We can't fight with each other, we are not the enemy." I paused, taking in the expression on everyone's faces, making sure they were listening to what I said, "I didn't poison that cup, but they think I did and if they're going to kill me for it, you have to let them."

It was now that everyone began to speak all at once, everyone instantly protesting my words. Bellamy was now at my side, taking a hold of my arm, lowering his face to mine, "Don't be stupid, Avery."

I met his eyes for a moment, staring him down before pulling free, "They want blood for blood, they need someone to punish. They aren't going to believe that I didn't do it, Clarke's right, it makes the most sense that it was me. I'm not letting any of you get hurt over this. They can do what they want with me, it will be okay."

Octavia now came to my side as well, "We're not letting you do that Aves."

Kane nodded, "Octavia's right, we can prove your innocence, no one has to get hurt."

I shook my head, "How can we prove I didn't do it? They found that thing in my pocket, there's no getting around that!"

"We have to find out who did it, who would want her dead."

Lincoln spoke up for the first time in a while, "Too many to count. Forming an alliance with you was a risk, especially with what Finn did to this village."

Octavia nodded, "So it would have to be someone trying to break the alliance."

We didn't get a chance to get much further in our investigation as the sound of footsteps coming towards us echoed throughout the room. A group of Grounders approached the door, swinging it open with force. The sight of them coming towards us reminded me of

the small stint I spent as a prisoner of the Grounders, enduring days of pain. I could only imagine what they were going to do to me now.

Indra and a few other men now stood in front of us.

"How's Gustus?" Lincoln asked.

The man in front stared at him for a moment before giving a curt reply, "Gustus will live."

Indra now spoke, her words full of disdain, "Take her away".

Two men began marching towards me, all of my friends instantly springing into action by blocking their path. They were not listening to what I said, clearly ignoring what I said about letting whatever needed to happen, happen.

"She didn't poison anybody!" Bellamy yelled as he tried to stop one of the men from moving any further. One hand was held out in front of him while the other kept a firm grasp on one of my hands.

I remained silent, trying to calm my breathing and do what I needed to do.

"I argued for all of you to die, but the Commander is being merciful. She wants only one." Indra announced, her eyes meeting mine.

"She's innocent." Lincoln argued, his own body stepping in front of mine as well.

Indra began walking towards us, "I don't care." she growled, "They move they bleed."

The Grounders took this as the opportunity to take a hold of me, shoving Bellamy and Lincoln out of the way. My hand slipped from Bellamy's grasp as he stumbled to the side. I felt numb as the grabbed either side of my arms. Octavia tried to pry them off, "Let her go!" she yelled, but she too was pushed aside.

"Stop!" Bellamy yelled, trying to follow after us. I turned my head slightly, my eyes meeting his own. His eyes glossed over as he stood

there in defeat, there was nothing he could do, nothing any of us could do-I was going to die.

-an-

another quick little update for you guys! hope you enjoyed :) comment and let me know if you did

-maddy xoxo

75. surrender

[image] [image]

I couldn't quite explain the feeling that came over me as I was dragged away from my friends, towards my death. I was scared, there was no denying that, but along with that feeling, I also felt a sense of calm.

There was nothing I could do to stop this now. I was going to die, and as much as I wanted to stay here for Octavia, for Raven and for Bellamy, I knew that death meant I would be reunited with my brother.

I tried carried that sentiment with me as the Grounders carried me outside. I remained motionless as one of them all but tore my jacket off of me, leaving me in only a tank top. I felt myself shiver in response to both the cold air and the fear that was beginning to consume me. I was trying so hard to let the calming feeling prevail, but when faced with death it's difficult to convince your mind that it doesn't have to be scared.

No one spoke as they dragged me to a pole in the middle of the village. It was covered in dried blood, causing my stomach to churn. Closing my eyes, I didn't put up a fight as they pushed me against it, tying my arms above my head.

When I opened my eyes, they locked with Indra's who was watching me intently, "I didn't do this." I whispered, hoping perhaps I could convince her. I was aware I had told my friends to let me die, and that death meant perhaps getting to see Finn again, but the closer I got to it, the more frightened I was.

Indra ignored me as she turned away, just as more people gathered around. My friends had joined us outside now. It was obvious they all wanted to jump into action, hell Bellamy was basically being held back by Lincoln. But, we all knew they couldn't do anything, one wrong move meant death for all of us.

My eyes met Bellamy's and I gave him a sad smile, mouthing a quiet, "It's okay."

His eyes were watery as he shook his head, signalling that no, it was not in fact okay. With that action, I shouldn't have been surprised at what he did next. "Take me!" he yelled, stepping forward, "Kill me, not Avery." he begged.

"Bellamy, stop." I pleaded, tears now running down my cheeks.

Bellamy ignored me, "You don't have to hurt her. Please, just let me take her place."

"It doesn't work like that, " Lexa said as she joined us outside, "Avery committed the crime, and now she must pay."

I let out a shaky breath as she walked towards me, her eyes locking with mine as she pulled a blade from her sheath, "I take no joy in this, Avery. But this time, justice will be done."

I was shaking furiously at this point, beginning to regret my decision of trying to be brave. I should have fought back, fought for my innocence. Finn wouldn't want this. He told me to fight, and I had done the complete opposite.

I calmed my breathing enough to speak, "I didn't do it. It's not justice if I'm innocent." I whispered, my voice wavering in fear.

Lexa ignored me, pressing the cool blade of the knife onto my bare skin. I winced as she began applying pressure.

From the corner of my eye I could see Bellamy rush forward, only to be stopped by Kane. I closed my eyes, not being able to look at him any longer.

As Lexa slid the blade across the inside of my upper arm, I let out a small sob of pain. It only got worse as Indra stepped forward, taking the blade from Lexa and proceeding to lift my shirt. My body trembled as more of my bare skin was exposed to the cold.

A louder cry of pain fell from my lips as the blade tore open the flesh on my stomach, warm blood now cascading down my body.

The pain was already becoming too much, and I knew there was more pain I had to endure. It was at that moment I realized that this would have been my brother only a day before. It broke me thinking that I would have had to watch him go through this.

Again and again, each slice of my skin hurt more than the last. When I finally opened my droopy eyes, I saw Bellamy. He had tears in his eyes now, holding onto Octavia who wore the same expression as her brother. My heart ached for them. I didn't want to leave them, but now there was nothing I could do.

My vision began to blur as more and more blood flowed out of my body and onto my clothing, the pole, the ground-everywhere but where it was supposed to be.

Just when I thought I couldn't take anymore pain, we were thankfully interrupted by Clarke who came marching outside. Claiming that it wasn't one of us who tried to poison Lexa, but one of them.

I was too disoriented to hear or see everything that was going on, but I did manage to see Clarke take a big swig of the liquid that supposedly poisoned Gustus. When nothing happened to her, everyone wore a confused expression.

"Explain." Lexa demanded.

It was Bellamy who spoke next, "It was you." He snapped, his eyes landing on Gustus, "He tested the cup, he searched Avery."

Lexa shook her head, "Gustus would never hurt me."

"You weren't the target," Bellamy shot back, "the alliance was."

Everything that happened next was a blur. Lexa and Gustus had a brief exchange of words before she ordered for him to be put on the pole in place of me. As they cut the rope securing my arms free, I felt myself slump forward. A body caught me, pulling me close to their chest. It was Bellamy.

I let out a small sob as he held me close to him, allowing me to rest all of my weight against him. "You're okay." he promised, running a

soothing hand over my hair, "I've got you."

He moved slightly so he could scoop me into his arms. I pressed myself into his chest as I closed my eyes. It reminded me of the day he carried me away from the bridge after I had been returned to them from the Grounders. Finn had carried me until he couldn't any longer, that's when Bellamy stepped in.

I let that memory rest in my mind as I listened to Bellamy's heart beat against his chest. Octavia held onto one of my hands, walking beside us as Bellamy carried me away from the crowd. He sat me down against one of the houses, running his thumb across my cheek to wipe away the tears. I gave him a small smile as I reached up and put my hand over his own, bringing it down to my lap, "I'm okay." I whispered, noticing he still wore a worried expression.

He returned the smile as he nodded, "I know."

Abby joined us, wrapping a blanket around me as she began to bandage my wounds. I didn't let go of Bellamy's hand the entire time. Octavia watched us with knowing eyes, a small smile coming to her lips.

Bellamy and I stayed like that as they began executing Gustus. I didn't want to watch, I didn't think I would be able to. So, instead, I sat there, my head resting on Bellamy's shoulder. I told him he could go be with the others, but he had refused.

As much as I had convinced myself earlier that I was ready for death, to see my brother again, I was beyond happy that this wasn't my end. I had more life left in me, and a hell of a lot more fight to give.

-an-

anotha one

but omg poor aves :(also poor bell, almost lost the love of his life (even if he doesn't realize that that is what she is yet)

im just glad our babies are okay and are together...for now

-maddy xoxo

76. another goodbye

[image]

That night the group of us sat around a camp fire. We had set up camp again, deciding to rest for the night before we made the long trek back to our camp. I sat in between Bellamy's legs, my back resting against his chest. Octavia and Lincoln sat across from us, Raven was at one of the tents fiddling with the radio as Clarke and Lexa were in conversation off to the side.

"How'd you know it was Gustus?" Lincoln asked Bellamy, breaking the silence that had consumed us.

I could feel Bellamy shrug, "He'd do anything for her, to protect her. It just makes sense."

I turned my head slightly to give Bellamy a small smile. If it weren't for him and Clarke I would be dead right now.

Octavia looked down at the fire, a blank look on her face, "Look at the thanks he got."

We all fell into silence again, only being interrupted when Raven called out for us, standing up and marching over to the group, she held the radio out.

Bellamy jumped up, reaching down to help me up before turning to Raven, "What is it?"

"Listen to this" she instructed as she turned up the volume on the small device. Clarke and Lexa joined us now, curiosity in their eyes as well.

There was a voice that came out the radio, it said it was transmitting from Mount Weather. The voice said a name-it was Jasper.

My eyes were as they flickered around the group, everyone wore

the same expression, "Oh my God." I whispered.

"Talk to him! Say something." Clarke ordered.

Raven shook her head, her face falling slightly, "It's repeating," she announced, before adding, with a small sigh of relief, "They're alive."

"We need to do this now. We've got the alliance, now is the time to use it." Bellamy announced, turning his head to look at Clarke. He was right-we did- but were we really prepared to go to war with Mount Weather. We may have the Grounders on our side but the Mountain Men had an arsenal of weapons much larger than ours.

Clarke looked like she was having an internal battle with herself as she spoke, "First we need an inside man," she looked to Bellamy, "You were right. Without someone on the inside to lower their defences, turn off the acid fog... the army's useless. You should go."

I felt my heart drop and my stomach flipped at her words, I spun towards Bellamy, my eyes a blaze, "What?" I demanded, this being the first I had heard of Bellamy wanting to go into Mount Weather.

Bellamy met my eyes briefly before looking back to Clarke, "I thought you hated that plan, that I would get myself killed?"

Clarke nodded, "I was being weak...it's worth the risk."

I shook my head, trying to find words amidst my anger, "No." I argued, looking back and forth between the two, "You're not going in there Bellamy. If you get caught-if they find you, they will kill you."

Clarke began digging through her jacket, pulling out a piece of paper, she handed it to Bellamy, "My map of Mount Weather. Find a way to get on that radio and talk to us."

I stared at her incredulously, "Is no one listening to me?" I demanded, "Bellamy is not going in there!"

Clarke met my gaze, "If it was anyone else you wouldn't have this problem."

"You're right! But it isn't anyone else, it's Bellamy, Clarke!" I was at a loss for words, not believing that she was so willing to send him to what could potentially be his death. "Clarke, you and I know better than anyone else what it's like in there...what they'll do to him if he gets caught."

She wore a stone cold expression as she looked behind me to Bellamy, "Good luck." she muttered before turning and leaving the rest of us standing there in shock.

My blood was boiling. In that moment I hated Clarke Griffin, the same way I hated her when she murdered my brother. I didn't care if I was being unreasonable. I knew we had to get our friends out, but this wasn't the way it needed to be done.

Octavia wore a similar expression as myself, as she spoke, her voice wobbling, "Bell, how are you going to get-"

Lincoln cut her off, "I can get you through the tunnels."

The youngest Blake sibling shook her head, "You can't go back there-not yet."

As they began disputing about whether or not Lincoln could go back, Raven spoke up, instructing Bellamy to follow her so she could show him what to look for.

I was left standing there alone, in utter shock. I wanted to cry, to scream. This mission could mean death for Bellamy, and I couldn't lose him too.

I was back in the tent by the time Raven had finished showing Bellamy how to work the radios. He entered silently, laying down and reaching out for my hand.

I pulled away, without looking at him I spoke, "Don't." I whispered.

I could hear Bellamy sigh, "Avery, please-"

I sat up, turning to look at him now, "Why didn't you tell me this

was something you wanted to do?" I demanded.

Bellamy sat up as well. The light from the campfire outside leaked through our tent, illuminating some of his face, he was upset. "Because I knew you would react like how you are right now."

I bit down on my cheek as I shook my head, "You can't blame me for not wanting to lose you. You would feel the same if this was me offering to do this."

Bellamy reached out for me again, however I retreated further into the wall of the tent, "If you do this," I began, my eyes locking with his, "I'll never speak to you again."

Bellamy's face fell, "Avery please." he begged, pleading for me to understand, "Please understand I have to do this."

He had made his choice, and so I had to make mine. I grabbed my jacket wordlessly as I pulled on my boots.

"Where are you going?" He questioned, his voice full of defeat.

I ignored him as I exited the tent, making my way towards Raven's. As I opened the zipper, she looked up at me in surprise. Her face then relaxed as she moved over, allowing me to lay down.

This wasn't what I wanted. I never wanted to hurt Bellamy, or pretend I didn't care. But there was no way I could just sit back and let him potentially kill himself. He was one of the only people I needed in this world, and he was so willing to give it all up.

I went to sleep that night with tears in my eyes, knowing that come morning Bellamy would be gone, and I may not ever see him again.

77. changes

[image]

The next day brought with it a flurry of emotions. Bellamy was gone. He had come into Raven's tent early this morning. I had woken up upon his entrance, but I didn't open my eyes. He stood still for a moment before whispering a quiet, "I'm sorry."

He left soon after that.

Part of me hated myself for not getting up, for not pulling him into a hug and never letting go. But the other part of me hated him, hated him for leaving me.

We had made it back to camp in good time. Clarke had stayed back at the Grounder village while the rest of us had returned home. We were met with curious mumbles at what had happened out there? Where as Bellamy? Why was I covered in bandages? I ignored everyone's stares as I made my way to the outskirts of camp, where I had gone the night Finn died when I couldn't sleep.

This time I actually planned to leave the camp. Just as I was ducking underneath the part of the fence Raven had deactivated, a voice called out to me, "Where are you going?"

I paused, turning slowly to meet the gaze of John Murphy. I rolled my eyes as I proceeded to the other side of the fence, "For a walk."

Murphy didn't break eye contact, "The Grounders are on their way here. Kane wanted all of us in the Ark in 30 minutes."

"Good for him." I muttered, turning toward the forest.

"Come on Avery!" Murphy called from behind me, "You have to be there."

I rolled my eyes as I turned and faced him, "Relax, John. I'll be there. I just need some time alone okay?"

For one of the first times since I had known him, John Murphy did something nice, "I'll cover for you until you get back."

A small smile came to my lips as I nodded, "Thank you."

"Be careful!" he called as I disappeared into the forest.

A sense of calm came over me as I walked through the trees. I missed the smell of the trees, the sound of the leaves rustling in the wind. Our new camp was in an opening, it wasn't far from the forest but it didn't feel like it did at the drop ship-our original home.

I found a small stream, and sat by it for the next 30 minutes or so. I though about Finn, about Bellamy and I thought about myself. I had never been me without Finn. Even when we weren't physically together, he was always there. However, now he wasn't, I had to be me on my own.

I decided that I shouldn't be gone too long, afraid someone might realize I was missing. So, after I felt somewhat at peace, I returned to camp.

When I got back, the Grounders were already there and were inside the Ark. I slipped in wordlessly, moving to stand beside Murphy who was seated, a drink in his hand.

He turned to me just as Kane started speaking, "Octavia was looking for you." he whispered, taking another swig of whatever was in his cup.

My eyes roamed the room until they landed on my best friend, "What did you tell her?" I asked, my eyes still on Octavia.

Murphy shrugged, "Told her you were in the bathroom."

It was now that I looked over at him, my jaw slacking, "For 30 minutes?"

He chuckled, "When you gotta go, you gotta go."

I narrowed my eyes at him as I crossed my arms over my chest, leaning against the wall as I began listening to Kane, "You suck,

Muprhy." I muttered, shooting him a small smile as a way of saying thanks.

The two of us fell into silence as Kane spoke. He was trying to glorify this alliance we had with the Grounders, make it seem like it was the greatest thing to happen to us. I knew it wasn't.

Just as I was thinking about how dangerous of a meeting this was, having us and the Grounders in a small space, one of them walked up to Murphy and I. He was probably around our age, maybe a bit older, and he wore a dark expression.

I shifted uncomfortably as he stopped in front of us, his eyes locked on Murphy.

Murphy didn't cower at the Grounder's stares, instead he smirked, "You got a problem?"

The Grounder began speaking in Trigedasleng. His voice was low, but it was full of anger.

Murphy and I shared a quick look before he let out a small laugh, "I'm sorry man, I don't speak Grounder."

The man responded by knocking the cup from Murphy's hand, sending liquid flying everywhere, including all over my face. I let out a gasp as I wiped my face, "Hey!" I yelled, just as Murphy shoved the man back.

This gathered the attention of everyone else in the room.

"Mr. Murphy!" Kane called out as Murphy and the man had what could only be described as a stare down, "Apologize to that man right now."

Murphy didn't take his eyes off the Grounder, "For what?" he spat, "He was the one who came at me."

"Two days work detail." Kane snapped, giving Murphy a repercussion for doing nothing wrong.

My head snapped towards Kane as I scoffed, "Murphy didn't do

anything." I argued, earning a piercing glare from Kane. I wasn't Murphy's best friend but there was no way I was going to let him get in trouble for sticking up for himself against a Grounder.

"Miss Collins, I suggest you don't get yourself involved in this." He warned.

Murphy was just as upset as I was, "Work detail?" he deadpanned, "I just told you I didn't do anything-"

"Care to make it three?" Kane's voice boomed against the walls as he began taking a few steps closer to us.

I stepped out from where I was standing behind Murphy and the Grounder so Kane could see me, "That's bullshit." I snapped, "Murphy didn't do a single thing wrong."

Octavia sent me a confused look from where she was standing, she was begging me to stop before I got myself in trouble.

Kane stared me down for a moment before turning his back on me. I knew he was trying to go easy on me, after what I had been through. But I didn't want his sympathy, I didn't want anyone's for that matter.

Rolling my eyes, I turned back towards Murphy who finally broke his stare with the Grounder. Just as he turned away, the Grounder whispered something that made my blood boil, "You're going to burn just like your friend".

Clearly, it hit a nerve with Murphy as well, as this was the moment all hell broke loose. Murphy spun back around, sending his fist into the man's face. Several other people followed suit, Grounders and Sky people began shoving, hitting and yelling at one another.

Usually, I would have been one of the first to try and break up the fight, but today all I did was take a step back. My eyes met Kane's as he frantically tried to stop the quarrels. I rose my brows slightly as if to say "Look what you did."

I knew we were stronger with the Grounders, but I also knew they couldn't all be trusted, and this right here, was a prime example

why.

78. down

I spent the rest of the day hidden away with Raven in the tech room. The rest of the camp, along with the Grounders were outside training, but I had no interest in that. Instead, I opted to contribute by watching Raven work, and trying to help whenever I could. Mostly, I just stared at the radio, waiting for Bellamy to call.

Raven looked up from what she was doing, glancing at me before turning back to her work, "Haven't you ever heard the saying 'a watched pot never boils'?"

I huffed as I sat back from intently staring at the small device, "Why hasn't he radioed yet?" I wondered. I had been a ball of anxiety awaiting his call. It hadn't even been a day, but it felt far too long.

"They probably aren't even in yet." Raven reassured. She fell silent for a moment before she stopped working, "You really care about him don't you?"

I felt a small blush rise to my cheeks as I looked down at my hands, "Yeah," I whispered, "I really do."

She walked over to me, pulling me into a bone crushing hug, "I love you, Avery. You know you're my little sister, right? Forever."

I smiled as I wrapped my arms around her in return, "I know. And I love you too, and will always be your annoying little sister."

We both broke into laughter, it was the first time I had laughed since Finn.

The remainder of the day was spent laughing with Raven, recalling memories we had from when we were younger, memories about Finn.

I felt better than I had earlier in the day as I made my way to bed that night. There was still the looming worry that Bellamy wasn't

okay, but I felt somewhat less stressed after spending the day with Raven.

My stress returned, however, as I walked into mine and Octavia's shared tent. She was sitting on her cot, her head was down, but even then I could see the bruises that littered her face and upper body.

I rushed towards her, my heart dropping, "Tavia, what the hell happened to you?" I demanded, sitting down beside her.

She looked over at me, "Nothing," she muttered.

I scrunched up my face in confusion, "What do you mean nothing? You're covered in bruises. Who did this to you? Because I swear to-"

She let out a small sigh, "Aves, I'm fine! It was part of training. I-I wanted to prove myself to Indra, to the Grounders and I met my match...that's all."

I froze as I stared back at her, "You wanted to prove yourself to them?" I felt myself getting angry again, "Why would you need to prove yourself to them?"

Octavia stared back at me in shock, "Avery, come on. You can't seriously be getting mad at me for this."

I stood from the bed throwing my hands up, "They killed my brother Octavia, they tied me up and tortured me for something I didn't do, they-"

She cut me off, her eyes darkening at my words, "Your brother killed a whole village of their people."

My face fell as I felt my emotions getting the better of me, "Guess I know who's side you're on." I whispered, tears filling in my eyes, "Have fun with your new friends."

With that I turned on my heel and marched off down the hall. I could hear Octavia calling after me but I didn't stop. I knew deep down that I was being irrational, however I couldn't force myself to see Octavia's side of things, not now at least.

The next morning I was back with Raven as she worked away. I had spent the night in one of the common rooms, not wanting to spend the night with Octavia. The longer I went without speaking to her, the worse I felt about how I had treated her. However, I wanted to give her her space, so I decided to wait it out just a bit longer.

"What's going with you?" Raven asked, her eyes boring into mine.

I glanced over at her, taking my eyes off the radio I had once again been staring at, "Nothing." I muttered.

Raven nodded, but she wasn't convinced, "Well then why are you acting like this?"

"Like what?" I questioned.

Raven paused her work completely, letting out a small sigh, "You're never like this. You're always positive little Avery, and now, you're telling us you want to die for something you didn't do, getting in fights with your best friend-"

I looked up suddenly, "Octavia told you?"

She shook her head, "She didn't have to, I can tell by the fact that you're not sleeping in your tent, and the fact that you're a little extra mopey today."

I felt embarrassed at her words. I knew that I had been feeling different, I just didn't know it was so obvious to everyone else.

But, I didn't want to let her know that anything was wrong. I could handle my emotions on my own, I didn't need to bring anyone down with me, "I'm fine." I finally said, putting on a fake smile, "Totally fine."

Halfway through the day, Clarke entered the room, a small device in her hand. I watched her with dark eyes as she handed it to Raven, asking her if it was possible to replicate it.

Raven switched the thing on, and for such a tiny item, it sure made a lot of noise. It was a high frequency ringing that made me want to cover my ears. Raven winced as she nodded, "Yeah, I can totally replicate this frequency."

"Good. If we can neutralize the Reapers, the tunnels are an option," Clarke explained, before adding, "Get on it."

Raven rolled her eyes as she turned towards the blonde, "You don't have to give me orders Clarke.. I got this" she snapped, bitterness in her words.

It was at that point that I could hear Octavia's voice from down the hall, "Raven!"

I wanted to be a coward and hide, not ready to face my best friend who I had treated so terribly, but instead I stayed where I was. Octavia barely even looked at me when she entered the room. Her bruises looked worse today, they made my stomach churn.

"Any word from Bellamy?" she asked hopefully.

Raven shook her head, "Nothing yet."

Octavia visibly deflated, "Lincoln's still missing too...he should be back by now!" she was getting worked up, and for good reason.

This would usually be the point where I would step in to console her, but I remained silent. Clarke took my spot, reaching out to comfort Octavia, "They'll be okay."

Raven looked down at the device in her hand with a small humourless laugh, "They better be...the whole plan rests on Bellamy getting in."

An angry look shifted onto Clarke's face as she moved to look at Raven, "He will."

For the first time since Clarke had entered the room, I spoke, "Or he won't."

Her head snapped to me, surprised I was speaking to her. "He'll be

okay, Avery."

I shook my head as I stood up, "You don't know that Clarke, for all you know, you just sent him to his death."

"Avery-" She was cut off by the sound of her name being called over the intercome. I was assuming it had something to do with the Mount Weather guard she was currently holding hostage.

Clarke listened to the announcement before looking back at me, "Can I talk to you for a minute?"

I pointed towards the ceiling where the speaker was, "Didn't they just call you?" I asked, not really in the mood to have a heart to heart.

Clarke shrugged, "I can walk and talk."

I weighed my options for a moment, before giving in, "Fine."

We were silent for the first few moments as we walked down the corridors. I was waiting for Clarke to say something, but when she didn't I spoke up, "What do you want?" I muttered, not looking over at her.

Clarke grabbed my arm, causing me to stop walking. I inspected the hold she had on me before meeting her gaze, "I thought we were walking and talking?"

She let out a frustrated sigh, "Will you please just let me explain?"

I took a step back, "Explain what? How you killed my brother or how you sent the man I love to his potential death."

Clarke's eyes widened slightly at my revelation about Bellamy, and truth be told so did mine. It was the first time I had admitted out loud how I felt about him, and I was less than thrilled that it was to Clarke.

Nonetheless, Clarke kept speaking, choosing the glaze over the latter part of my sentence, "Avery, you have to understand why I did what I did."

Shaking my head I tried to fight back the tears of frustration that were ready to flow, "I can't!" I yelled, gathering the attention of some passersby "You killed my brother, Clarke. You knew what you were going to do and you didn't even warn me. You took away the most important person in my life and you didn't even tell me! "

Clarke was staring at me with sad eyes as she spoke, "Avery, they were going to kill him in a much more painful way. You felt only part of the pain he was going to endure ... I wanted to stop his suffering-"

"I don't care what they were going to do! This is about what you did." I was crying as I met her gaze, "Why couldn't you have let me gone with you. I should have been there for him, I should have figured out a way to stop all of this. I failed my brother and now he's dead."

I looked up to the sky to try and stop the rapid flow of tears that were streaming down my cheeks, "I let him down, and I don't think I can ever forgive myself."

Clarke was silent as she stepped forward to pull me into a hug, "This is not on you, Avery. Finn loved you more than anything and he knows, he knows that you loved him too."

I was limp against her for a moment, the tears falling down my cheeks, but eventually I wrapped my arms back around her. I needed to learn to forgive. Clarke did what she did to protect Finn, and I needed to stop projecting my guilt onto her. My feelings had done a complete 180, but I knew that forgiving Clarke was something I needed to do.

"And I'm sorry," she whispered pulling back, "About letting Bellamy go. But I wouldn't have sent him in if I didn't think he could do it."

I gave her a small nod, letting her know that I understood, "You're a good leader, Clarke." I mumbled.

She gave me a warm smile before turning towards the direction of the prisoner, "I've got to get going. I'll talk to you later, okay?"

"Yeah," I muttered, "See you later."

-an-

okay so poor aves is really struggling here :(but at least she has come to peace with clarke! next task is an octavery apology (yes i just gave them a ship name). i hated having the two besties fight but i feel like that best shows what kind of place avery is in right now.

anywho, please vote and comment if you enjoyed!!

-maddy xoxo

79. loud and clear

After my talk with Clarke, I had to make my next amends. I found Octavia sitting outside, sharpening some kind of weapon. I took a seat beside her, then proceeding to tell her how sorry I was, that I was being a horrible friend and that she did nothing wrong.

She told me that she knew where I was coming from, why I felt the way I did.

We hugged each other so tight I'm sure her injuries were screaming in pain, as were mine.

Once I was done speaking with Octavia, I felt lighter. There was nothing more than I hated than arguing with the people I cared about.

It seemed like the universe was acknowledging my attempts to make amends, to get rid of grudges, as something happened that made my heart want to burst when I rejoined Raven.

I entered the tech room, already beginning to tell Raven about how I had made up with both Clarke and Octavia. I knew she would be happy to hear that my terrible mood will now be somewhat better.

However, as I entered, she looked over to me, her eyes wide with a mixture of excitement and anxiety. I stared back at her for a moment, cutting myself off as I noticed the radio in her hand. She was in mid sentence when I walked in, her hand held down on the button.

I froze, my eyes shifting between the radio and her, "Raven-" I started, trying to keep my voice from wavering as emotions overwhelmed me.

She released the button, and not even a second later a voice came through the other end, "Raven, is that her?"

It was Bellamy. I felt like I was going to collapse in relief. All of my worrying the past few days faded away at the sound of his voice. I knew that just because he had reached the radio did not mean he was safe indefinitely, but it meant he was safe for now.

Raven gave me a grin as she held out the radio, "I think he wants to talk to you."

I was hesitant to take it. I wanted to talk to him more than anything, but at the same time I was still hurt at his decision to leave.

Raven gave me a confused look as she tilted her head, "Aves?"

I looked up from where I had been staring at my feet, "When did he call?" I whispered, my heart thumping against my ribcage.

Raven dropped her hand slightly as Bellamy's voice came through again, "Avery?" he asked, his voice mixed with a certain urgency.

We both ignored him as Raven spoke, "About five minutes ago."

I nodded as I took a seat beside her, my eyes locking on the small radio on the desk, "Does Clarke know?"

"They already spoke, figured out a plan."

I played with the ends of my hair as I kept my gaze on the device, "And he's okay?" I confirmed.

Raven shoved the radio into my hand, "Talk to him." she whispered, "You'll regret it if you don't."

With that, she turned and left the room, leaving me alone with the radio in my hand. I contemplated getting up and following after her, leaving Bellamy. But there was no way I could truly convince myself to do so. I knew if I didn't talk to him now, there was a chance I never would.

So, I slowly raised the speaker to my mouth, letting it waver there for a moment before I spoke. "I told you I wasn't going to speak to you again." my voice came out as a whisper, even if I did not mean

it to.

Bellamy's voice responded within seconds, it sounded like a sigh of relief, "I'm sorry."

I nodded, forgetting that he could not see me, "I know." After a brief moment I spoke again, "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine." he promised, "Are you?"

I readjusted the speaker in my hand, "Yeah, I'm okay. I wish you were here though."

"I wish I was too-but this is going to work, and when it does I will come back to you. I promise, Avery."

I wanted to tell him that he could not promise anything- promises meant nothing at this point. How many times had Finn promised me he wouldn't get hurt, that he would always be there. Look what happened to him.

I kept those emotions in, instead opting for another response, "Looking forward to it." I whispered, dropping the speaker from my lips, allowing myself to regain my composure, "I should get going, I'll let you talk to Raven."

He sounded defeated from the other end, "Okay," he sighed, "See you soon."

A small smile fell on my lips, "Be safe." I pleaded.

I was out of the room before he could respond. It wasn't that I didn't want to keep talking to him, I would all day if I could. It was the fact that I still couldn't get over the fact that he put himself in danger like that. I needed him and he wasn't here.

I knew I was being selfish, there were a lot of people who needed someone, and no matter who it was that went in they would have been leaving someone behind. I just wish it didn't have to be me.

Raven was leaning against the hallway wall when I walked out. She pushed herself up in surprise, "Done already?"

I nodded as I shoved my hands into my pocket, "Yeah." I muttered, giving her a small smile as I walked by, "Gonna go lay down for a bit, I'll catch up with you later."

Raven opened her mouth to say something, but decided against it. Instead, she turned and disappeared.

I resisted the urge to turn around and follow after her, to sit in that damn tech room all day and just listen to Bellamy's voice. But I didn't.

80. directions

It was the next morning by the time I finally pulled myself towards the tech room. Overnight, Clarke had released the Mount Weather prisoner, sending him with a message for his people. Beyond that, she had apparently been keeping tabs on Bellamy, having him check in with them every three hours.

I hadn't spoken to him since yesterday afternoon, but I decided to stop pouting and go help Raven and him work to disarm the acid fog. Raven had apparently had some guy named Wick helping her out, but I had yet to meet him.

When I entered the room, Raven glanced up at me from what she was doing, "Look who it is." she grinned, giving me a playful shove as I sat next to her.

I let out a small laugh as I looked over at the radio, then analyzing the maps of Mount Weather she had drawn and the equipment she had built, "Look at you go" I commented, my eyes still travelling around the room.

Raven shrugged, "I've had some time to kill."

That made me look over at her in slight worry, "Has he called?"

She nodded, continuing to work, "Called a few minutes ago. We're making him mobile, so we can talk to him at anytime."

I let out a sigh of relief I didn't know I was holding, lightening up slightly at being able to speak to Bellamy whenever. "Is everything good?"

Raven's hands stopped moving, signalling that something was wrong. I sat up straighter as I looked over at her, "What happened?" I demanded.

She let out a shaky breath, "Bellamy said they're starting to take our

friends one by one. He isn't sure where, neither is Maya, they were taken to a restricted area."

I let out a curse as I slammed my hand against the table, "We can't let anything happen to them. If we don't get in there soon and they don't come out-" I cut myself off, not wanting to say what came next in that sentence.

Luckily, Raven didn't make me, "I know," she whispered, resuming her work, "That's why we're going to get them out."

I looked over at her, tears trying to fall from my eyes. If we didn't get our friends out of there, I knew what would happen to them, and there was no way we could let that happen.

Twenty minutes later, I stood in front of Raven's map, radio in hand as I directed Bellamy through the air ducts. Clarke had joined us, opting to stay here instead of making the trek to Tondc.

"Okay, where are you now?" I asked, my eyes scanning the layout on the board in front of me.

"At an intersection...which way?" Bellamy questioned, his breathing heavy.

Raven gestured towards her drawings, "He just passed the air filtration system on this floor, which puts him about...here." she announced, pointing to the map.

I nodded as I pressed down on the button, "Bell, we think you're close. The lab should be up ahead."

Bellamy was quiet for a moment before he radioed back, "Any chance you can be more specific?"

The other two girls and I shared confused looks as we all examined the map, trying to find a way to further help Bellamy.

Before we had a chance to try and figure something out, an odd noise flooded from the speaker. Bellamy let out a small grunt,

"Never mind, I've got this."

"Bellamy, be careful." I pleaded quietly, my hands shaking on the radio as I listened to his laboured breathing. The sound of the drills was getting louder, meaning he was getting closer.

He must have been right outside the lab at this point, as the noise was now louder and clearer than ever.

"Is that a drill?" Raven asked, her face scrunching up in confusion.

Clarke's jaw dropped slightly as the realization hit her, "Bone marrow extraction."

My face paled as I stared down at the radio in my hand, the noise still filling our ears. I felt like I was going to be sick as the noise stopped, followed by Dr. Tsing's voice. She was telling someone that it would be the last treatment they ever needed- meaning this bone marrow treatment was a permanent solution for prevention against radiation-unlike our blood which was only temporary.

When the man responded, Clarke's eyes grew wide, "Emerson." she whispered.

I glanced over at her, "The guy you let go?" I asked in clarification.

She nodded, all of us listening as another voice came into play, I recognized it as Cage Wallace's. He was asking Emerson about what he learned from his little stint here, questioning him about some secret army Clarke claimed to have.

The next few minutes went by in a blur. There was mention of window of extraction after death, of Mount Weather finishing the job, and of an attack on a village where a war meeting was being held tonight- Tondc. Finally, the world missile was spoken, and I felt like I was going to pass out.

All of our eyes were wide as we listened, fear seeping onto our faces.

"Please tell me you heard all that." Bellamy mumbled as he seemingly moved away from the lab, the sound of him shimmying

through the vents coming through the radio.

I rose a shaky hand to my lips, radio in hand, "Yeah." I whispered, almost wishing we hadn't.

"We have to warn them." Raven announced.

"Did Kane take a radio?" Clarke questioned.

Raven shook her head, "No, this is the only unjammed frequency- we have to leave it open for Bellamy."

We all stood in silence for a moment, waiting for an idea to come to us, and finally one did, "I'll go." I announced, surprising all of us.

I was immediately met with opposition from all ends, "No way, Avery." Bellamy argued from the radio, Raven and Clarke mirrored his reaction.

Clarke pushed further with her argument, "You're still too slow with your leg, you won't make it, and if you do it will be just in time to get blown up. And besides, Raven needs you here." she stared at me for a moment, waiting for me to oppose, but this time I didn't, "I'll go." she finally decided.

I heard Bellamy let out a small sigh from the other end, I couldn't tell if it was one of relief or frustration.

"When I get back, I want to know that our friends are safe and that the acid fog is down. Can you handle that?" she asked, looking between Raven and I.

We both nodded, "Yeah, we've got this. Now go." Raven instructed.

Before Clarke had a chance to leave, Bellamy spoke, "Clarke, Octavia was in Tondc when I left is she..."

Clarke kept her eyes locked on me as she took the radio from my hand and spoke, "She's here, she's safe."

Raven shook her head after Clarke's hand was off of the button, "Octavia's in Tondc for the meeting...why did you lie?"

"Bellamy can't be distracted right now." she answered, "It helps no one."

With that, she turned to leave, only stopping when Raven surprisingly pulled her into a hug. I sat back, my hand clutched on the radio as I met eyes with Clarke, "Be safe." I ordered, hoping for her safe return. She nodded as she left the room, and what for what felt like the hundredth time, I feared it would be the last time I would see one of my friends.

81. breach

"Where are we at?" I asked, entering the room with two plates of food in my hand. I set one down, sliding it across to Raven as she examined the map of Mount Weather.

Letting out an exasperate sigh, she picked up a piece of food, shoving it into her mouth, "Bellamy knows that Octavia is in Tondc" she mumbled.

I dropped my head slightly, "How did he find out?" I asked, knowing that Bellamy will now be completely distracted. I had faith that he could still get the job done, his mind would just be elsewhere.

A sheepish grin adorned her face, "I kind of told him..."

I playfully rolled my eyes as I took a bite of my dinner, "He'll still get it done." I promised, trying to ease Raven's guilt.

Raven nodded, "He had just finished talking to President- sorry ex-President Wallace the last I spoke to him. He gave Bellamy some coordinates on how to buy our friends some more time."

I felt worry flood my body, still not fully trusting Wallace. I knew that Cage had imprisoned his father, taking control of the Mountain, but that didn't mean that he was to be trusted.

"And how is he going to do that?" I asked, pushing my plate away from me, no longer hungry.

Raven smirked slightly, "Containment breach."

Five minutes later, Bellamy's voice came through the radio, "Okay," he panted, "I'm here."

I perked up as Raven took hold of the radio, "What do you see?"

Bellamy was quiet for a moment, presumably looking at his

surroundings, "There's a control panel." he finally announced.

I nervously chewed at my fingernails as Raven responded, telling Bellamy exactly what to do in terms of what wires to pull and what ones to leave alone, "You have to pull the outside air in to reverse the air filtration system."

Bellamy let out a sigh, the sound of wires being tugged filled the radio, "How do we even know if it's working?"

He barely had the words out of his mouth when a loud alarm began blaring from his end of the radio, the automated voice saying the words we all wanted to hear, "Containment breach."

Raven and I shared a grin as she lifted the radio, "I'd say it's working."

"Thank you, Mr. President." Bellamy muttered.

A huge smile spread onto my face at the prospect of our friends potentially breaking free from the prison they were being held in. I knew this was only the start of getting them completely out of the mountain, but it was a start.

A similar expression covered Raven's face, she pulled me into a quick hug, "He did it." she whispered.

I nodded, "Now he just has to stay alive long enough to get everything else done." It was a grim statement- but it was true.

Raven let out a sigh, "Yeah, well on that happy note, I'm going to go get a couple hours of sleep...can you watch the radio?"

"Of course," I answered, taking the speaker from her hand, "Don't worry, I've got it covered."

I knew that she had barely been sleeping since Finn, truth be told neither had I. But now that she had accomplished one of the tasks on her long list of jobs, as given by Clarke, I was glad Raven was taking some time to rest.

Once she was gone, I lifted the radio to my lips, "Bell, it's me." I

mumbled, my eyes already scanning the map of Mount Weather, trying to devise a plan on how to get our friends off of level 5.

"I'm here," he mumbled, sounding like he was already on the move.

I sat down on one of the stools, "What's you plan now?" I questioned. More than anything I wished that this was all already over, that I would get to see him within a matter of hours, but I knew that wasn't a reality.

Bellamy's voice came through immediately, "I'm going to meet back up with Maya, try to figure out a way to get them off of floor 5."

I nodded, looking at the board in front of me, "I'm working on that on our end too. Keep me updated okay? Let me know what's going on."

The sound of an elevator dinging filled my ears, "I'll talk to you in a bit okay?"

"Yeah," I whispered, already dreading not hearing his voice anymore, "Promise me you'll be safe."

"I promise."

That's the tough thing about promises, they aren't always kept. Five hours later, I had heard nothing from Bellamy- radio silence if you will.

Raven had now rejoined me, and both of us were anxiously awaiting another call from Bellamy. I tried to keep myself busy, helping Raven with the tone generators, but I couldn't keep my hands from shaking. "He should have called by now." I whispered, fear eating at my every word.

Raven glanced up at me, "I'm sure he just caught up in something." she reassured.

"For five hours?"

Raven let out a sigh in succession, she knew this wasn't good either.

Another hour had passed by the time Bellamy's voice finally came through. My eyes grew wide as I snatched the radio before Raven even had a chance to think about it. "Where the hell have you been!" I demanded, trying to convince myself not to completely lose it on him.

Bellamy let out a sigh from the other end, his breathing was heavy, sounding like he was running, "They have Maya."

I froze for a moment before pressing the button, "What do you mean they have Maya?" I demanded, my heart rate speeding up.

"Cage, he knows she's working with us. He put her in a suit with only twenty minutes worth of oxygen and sent her up to the fifth floor. They've blocked all exits-"

"And how many minutes has she been up there?" I asked, already fearing the answer.

"Fifteen."

I felt my heart drop completely, "So what are you going to do? Bellamy, we can't let her die." I whispered. Without Maya, we would not be anywhere close to getting our friends out, and on top of that, Bellamy would probably be dead.

"I know," he panted, "That's why you're going to help me get up there."

Confusion clouded over both Raven and I, "But I thought-"

Bellamy wasted no time in letting me finish, "There's trash chutes on all floors, no radiation alarms. They've all had airlocks installed into them. If I can get up to the fifth floor through one, I can get Maya. Her dad's on his way to help, but I can't wait for him. I need you to direct me."

Raven and I immediately jumped into action, pulling the map closer to us, I responded to Bellamy, "I need you to tell me where you are exactly."

Bellamy did just that, he gave us precise enough instructions, allowing us to pinpoint his exact location.

"Okay, left." I said into the radio, Raven following Bellamy's path with her finger on the map. Bellamy's breathing was heavy, he was sprinting down the halls now. "Right." I ordered, trying to keep my voice from breaking in worry, "It should be straight ahead."

Bellamy let out what sounded like a sigh of relief, "We did it." he mumbled.

"Good, now go get her. I'll talk to you later."

I didn't get a response from Bellamy, and I didn't expect one, hoping that he was already half way up that damn garbage chute.

A new sense of worry overwhelmed me. If Cage knew Maya was with us, then I was worried he would soon catch on that we had another operative inside their walls- Bellamy.

82. gameplan

[image]

A day later, and everything was falling into place. Raven had informed me that her and Wick, her new "friend", had made contact with Bellamy again, and had figured out how to disengage the acid fog.

So now, our plans were being set in place. We had begun to formulate teams, each one having a specific job to carry out. Half of our force along with the Grounders were already halfway to Mount Weather, the rest of us were to meet them there.

I hadn't technically been assigned a team yet, so I was putting myself on one.

"I'm coming with you." I announced, barging into the tech room. Both Raven and Wick turned to me in surprise.

Raven instantly shook her head, shooting down my proposal, "It's too dangerous."

I scoffed, crossing my arms over my chest "So? If you're going then so am I."

"No, you're not." She fired back.

"I know the way there and the way in, I've been there, I know who and what we're up against." I argued, not backing down. "Besides," I added with a small shrug, "It's dangerous no matter where I am. This is war, Raven."

"Yeah, everyone knows what we're up against, Avery. Clarke can find you another job, just not this one. I'm not sure if you fully understand how dangerous this one is."

Wick looked utterly confused. He glanced at me, opening his mouth to say something and then clamping it shut, once again opening it,

"Am I missing something here."

Raven rolled her eyes as she turned back to whatever she was doing, "Wick, this is Avery."

A look of realization dawned on Wick's face as he pointed at me, cluing in who I was, "You're Bellamy's girl."

I nodded slightly, arms still crossed, "Sure" I muttered, not really liking his choice of words.

His face fell slightly as he muttered out his next words, "And Finn was your-"

I could see Raven tense as I let out a sigh, cutting Wick off, "Yeah, Finn was my brother, and now he's dead." I hated the looks of sympathy, especially from people who didn't know a single thing about me.

"Sorry." Wick muttered, dropping his head slightly.

I gave him a small smile, instantly feeling bad for being so cold towards him, "It's fine."

I quickly turned my attention back to Raven who was still fiddling with something at her work bench, "I'm coming, Raven. I'm not asking, I'm telling you."

Raven slammed her tools down as she turned to look at me, "Are you trying to get yourself killed?" she questioned, tears in her eyes.

I remained silent as I stared back at her, biting down on my lip, "I just want to help, okay? Bellamy is in there, our friends are in there. I can be helpful if I just come with you guys, so let me, Raven, please."

Wick was shifting his glare between Raven and I, "Just let the girl come."

Raven shot him a glare before looking back over at me, "Fine. Be ready to leave when we get word. If you're not by the front gates by the time I get there you will be left behind."

I rolled my eyes at her, "Aye, aye captain."

As I turned to leave, I caught Raven cracking a small grin at my words. I knew that going with Raven and Wick could potentially be a death sentence, but I also knew it needed to be done. I was an asset to them, and if I wanted to get Bellamy and the others out of there, I had to do whatever necessary.

Twenty minutes later I stood by the front gate waiting for Raven and Wick. We had just gotten word that all squads were to mobilize, on track to meet up with the rest of our forces outside of Mount Weather. In addition, I had been told that we had lost contact with Bellamy. This only fuelled my desire to march into that mountain, even if it potentially meant death.

My nerves were buzzing as I gripped the gun in my hand. It was all or nothing now.

Wick was the first to arrive, giving me a small grin, "Beat her here." he observed, looking for Raven, "Guess she can't leave without you."

I returned the tiniest of smiles, "Guess so." I mumbled, readjusting the weapon in my hand. Wick was watching me intently.

I turned my head, catching his eye, "Is something wrong?"

His eyes widened slightly, caught in the act, "No , I was just thinking about..." he trailed off.

I was pretty sure I already knew what his answer was, but I still decided to push, "About what?"

Wick pressed his lips into a firm line before speaking, "Your brother."

I dipped my head, my eyes moving down to the ground, "Right." I whispered, kicking at a pebble before looking up, "Everyone always is."

"Okay," Raven announced, oblivious to the conversation she was

interrupting, "Everyone is moving out now."

I let out a sigh as I picked up the bag that was sitting at my feet, "Let's go to war."

The walk reminded me too much of the one I had made alone from Mount Weather after our escape. This time I wasn't alone, there were Sky People and Grounders all around me, but I felt alone.

I thought about what Finn would think of all this. If he was the Finn I knew before he changed. Would he be beside me, ready to go blow up some dams? Would he be leading the charge with Clarke, making orders and trying to keep everything as peaceful as possible? I went with the latter.

Raven and Wick walked a few paces ahead of me. Neither of them said much, but even from where I was standing I could sense the tension. I made myself a mental note to mention it to Raven.

Each step I took felt heavier and heavier. I was weighed down by my worry about our friends, and about Bellamy. I had no idea if any of them were alive anymore. If I lost the rest of my friends, and if I lost Bellamy, there was no way I could do it anymore. I couldn't be alone.

On top of all of that, I was absolutely exhausted. I hadn't had a good night's sleep since I lost my brother. And without Bellamy here, I had no one to soothe me back to sleep when I woke in the middle of the night from a nightmare.

I shook those thought from my head, turning to look at the Grounder walking closest to me. He was younger, probably around my age, but the confidence, the determination that covered his face made him look older.

He caught my stares, and I fully expected him to ignore me, or tell me off, but instead he offered me a nod.

The tiniest of smiles came to my face, as I tilted my chin downwards slightly, returning his nod.

The Grounder gave me a final look before turning up front again. I kept stealing glances in his direction, slowly starting to realize that these Grounders, the people that had killed my brother weren't as bad as I painted them to be.

They did what they needed to do for their people, and no matter how much I hated them for it, I really couldn't blame them.

"Aves," Raven called, pulling my attention toward her, "Come up here."

I did as she asked, and once I joined her and Wick, she pointed towards the forest, "This is where we break off from the group."

A wave of nerves passed through my body, my stomach filling with anxious butterflies. "Okay," I whispered, my heart beating so loud I was almost sure they would be able to hear it.

"Dam team!" She called, gathering the attention of a few Grounders around us, "This is our break off."

There weren't many of us, maybe about half a dozen or so. The plan was to have as many people in group four as possible, as they were the ones attacking the door to Mount Weather. Technically, our job was really only a two man job, Wick and Raven, but the rest of us were there for backup.

As we broke from the rest of the group and made our way into the forest, Raven handed me the map, "You're in charge now."

I managed to get us to the Mountain in good time, vaguely remembering the route I had taken away from there upon my escape. By nightfall, we were already passed the dam and into the mechanical room.

We were all as silent as could be as we inched our way into the room, trying to scope out the scene. I had only taken a few steps when someone pulled me back. I spun in confusion to see the same Grounder as before staring back at me. He was silent as he pointed to my gun, quickly shaking his head.

"Wh-"

He cut me off, "Too loud." he whispered, "They'll hear us."

He was right. The minute I fired that gun, the rest of the guards would hear it and come running, blowing our entire plan.

He must have noticed my conflicted look as he reached back, shoving a bow and arrow in my direction. I couldn't help but frown at the sight of it, sad reminders of the night of our first battle with the Grounders coming to mind, the night I almost lost both Finn and Bellamy at once.

"I don't really know how to use this." I admitted quietly, watching as he loaded another one. I wasn't really sure why or how he had two, but I decided this was not the time for questions.

"You'll learn." he promised before turning and walking a head of me.

I let out a shaky sigh as I followed after. The group of us making our way across a catwalk that overlooked the rest of the room.

"One down there." Raven whispered, pointing to a lone guard who paced the length of the room.

"Your shot." The Grounder whispered to me, motioning towards the Mountain Man.

My eyes grew wide for a moment, before I realized he was serious and wasn't going to give it up. So, I shakily loaded the bow, aiming towards the guard. I knew if I missed, it would only draw attention to us, so I had to make this.

Without giving it too much thought, I fired.

I didn't miss, I'll give myself that. However, my shot wasn't a kill shot. I hit him in the shoulder, causing him to stager backwards. A gasp flew from my lips as I realized what I just did.

Before I even had a chance to try and fire again, the Grounder set an arrow into the skull of the man, sending his body to the floor.

Through laboured breathing, I glanced over at him, "Thanks."

With the guard out of our way, it was go time.

"Avery, down here with us!" Raven whispered, waving me along with her, "The rest of you watch the door." she instructed as her, Wick and I began making our way downstairs towards the vats.

"You better learn how to use that thing." Wick whispered, nodding towards the bow.

I rolled my eyes, "Yeah, working on it."

Once we reached the bottom level, I was immediately overwhelmed. There were so many different machines, tanks, buttons. I was just thankful Wick was here and it wasn't me helping Raven on my own.

"I'll watch the door down here" I announced, very well knowing I was no help when it came to blowing the power.

Raven nodded as she dropped her pack, pulling out the necessary tools, "Stay close. I might need your help."

I gave her a small "okay" before jogging over to the nearest door, pressing myself up against in order to hear if anyone was coming. My gun still hung off my shoulder, the bow in my hands. I knew if guards flooded in here, there was almost zero chance I was going to be using the bow, but it was a nice backup.

Five minutes had passed when I finally turned back towards Wick and Raven. I had been trying to tune them out, knowing that they were talking about personal matters. However I was now getting nervous.

"Guys, is everything okay?" I called, craning my neck to see what was going on from where I was standing.

Instead of hearing one of their voices, a woman's voice came through on a radio, a voice I did not recognize.

My eyes grew wide as I took a few steps to the side, my eyes

landing on Wick a couple of yards away, his expression mimicking mine, "Where did that come from?" he asked, frozen in place.

I scanned the room, finally stopping on a radio that sat on a small ledge a few feet away from Wick, "There."

Raven popped up from behind one of the tanks, "Who's is it?"

Neither Wick nor I had the chance to reply before a person in a hazmat suit came into view, heading right towards Wick.

"Wick!" I yelled, trying to get his attention. It didn't work and the man went flying into Wick, taking him to the ground.

They wrestled on the floor for a moment, giving me time to pick up my gun. There was no way I was using that bow.

"Aves, no!" Raven screamed, "They'll hear!"

I let out a small curse as I went over the options, shoot and they hear us, shoot the arrow and potentially kill Wick by mistake, find another way to kill this bastard, stand here and do nothing.

I was about to go with the third option when Wick managed to get to his feet, spinning and grabbing a large wrench from the wall behind him. He wasted no time in smacking the man over the head with it. But it was too late, the guard had already radioed in...and they were sending backup.

We all stood frozen in awe for a moment before Raven spoke, "Okay, Avery. Get ready to use your gun."

She then turned to Wick, her eyes softening slightly at his expression. He was in shock.

"Welcome to the ground." she muttered, taking the wrench from his shaking hands. "Give me the last bomb." Her voice was almost emotionless.

Wick's wide eyes travelled across the floor, landing on what I presumed was the last bomb. Now, I was no expert, but I was pretty sure it was not supposed to look like what it did. Pink liquid seeped

from inside it, all over the floor beneath.

Wick's breathing was increasingly getting louder as his stress rose, "What happens if we only blow four out of the five?"

Raven shook her head slightly, "Power stays on. Door stays locked. Everyone we care about dies."

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83. now or never

[image]

You know that cheesy saying "one moment can change everything"? Yeah, turns out it's true. Because in the one moment that our last bomb was destroyed, the entire fate of all of our friends was altered.

The three of us were at a loss for words, everyone trying to think of a plan. I stood closest to the door, my gun still in hand. We all knew that within a matter of minutes the place would be swarmed by dozens of Mountain Men. So we either needed to think of something right away, or we were all done for.

Wick paced behind me, Raven sitting on the steps in front of us, no one saying anything. That is until Raven spoke, "Wick, stop!" she demanded, not looking back at him.

He paused, giving her an incredulous look that she couldn't see but I could, "I'm not doing anything!" he argued.

Raven spun around, her eyes shooting dagger in his direction as she fired back, "Exactly."

The two continued to argue back and forth, each of them blaming the other. I remained on watch, waiting for our impending fate. I did my best to think of some kind of solution, but I knew anything I suggested, Wick or Raven would have already thought of it and discredited it.

It was only when Raven yelled a word that I barely recognized that hope was struck, "Redundancy!"

I spun around to face her, "What?" I questioned, watching as she began pulling wires from the control panel in front of her. Wick stood over Raven's shoulder, watching her every move.

Raven didn't take her eyes off the task at hand as she answered me,

"They built more wind turbines than they needed. We blow the other four, this won't take the load. Surge protectors will ramp it down to keep it running-"

"--To keep it from blowing up!" Wick interjected.

"Yeah. We need to blow this turbine, Wick."

Raven turned back to him with a smile, one in which Wick returned with a shocked look, "Catastrophic failure...that's your plan?"

Raven's face fell, "Okay well when you say it like that it doesn't sound like such a good idea..."

Wick, knowing we really had no other options, gave in, "I'll set the detonators."

I tightened my grip on my gun, "I still have no idea what any of this means so I am just going to keep watch." I announced, motioning toward the door.

"Stay close," Raven instructed, "When these things blow the three of us have to get as far as we can as fast as we can."

My heart was pounding in my ears as Raven and Wick put the plan into motion. My hands were covered in a nervous sweat, my eyes locked on the door. It felt like it had been too long, they would be here soon.

Another couple of minutes passed, still no Mountain Men, the turbines still running.

One more minute passed, now I could hear voices from within the corridors, "Guys!" I yelled over my shoulder, "They're here!"

"Avery, get over here!" Raven called, summoning me to where she was crouched half hidden behind a wall.

I wasted no time in rushing over to her just as Wick was doing the same. "Press the damn button, Raven!" he screamed, his voice being mixed with those of the Mountain Men.

And so she did.

Four explosions went off behind me just as Wick and I ducked down beside Raven. All three of us looked up in anticipation, waiting to see if Raven's plan was going to work.

Raven's eyes were wide as she looked on, "We're too close." she exclaimed, grabbing Wick and I, pulling us along with her. We were stopped after only taking a few steps.

"Hands up!" They were here.

We all paused, we were still far too close, we had to keep moving.

"Gun down, now!"

I did as they said, slowly dropping my gun, throwing my hands up in surrender, "What do we do?" I whispered, looking to Wick and Raven for help.

Wick, who had his hands up and a forced smile on his face, looked at me from the corner of his eye, "Just keep backing up".

"Stop moving. Right now!"

"We're still too close." Raven whispered, confirming my worries.

Wick nodded, "Not as close as they are."

But it didn't really seem to matter. As the turbine began spinning at an alarming speed, all we could do was take another few steps back before an explosion shook the entire room, if not the entire mountain.

I hadn't managed to get as far as Wick and Raven had, so the minute that turbine went into overdrive and exploded, I was sent flying.

The last thing I remembered was the noise, and then everything was black.

When I opened my eyes, I was no longer in the room with the turbines, but another room in Mount Weather. As my eyes adjusted, and I moved past the severe pain in my head, I was soon able to realize that I was in the dorms.

The next thing I noticed aside from the room and the pain in my head was the fact that I couldn't move. I was strapped down to some kind of table. Next sense to come to me was sound. My ears were ringing but I could hear people talking, several people.

As I looked to either side of me I could see people, their hands were chained above their heads as they leaned against the walls. But they weren't just any people...they were my people. My friends who had been left here and more from the Ark, ones from Clarke's army meaning something had gone wrong. Raven was here too, she was slumped against one of the walls, unconscious and bleeding from her leg. It didn't take much for me to know what they had done to her while I was out, and I knew they were about to do it to me too.

Before I had a chance to speak, a voice came from beside me, "Welcome back."

The voice sent chills down my spine as a pang of recognition struck in my brain. It was a voice I hoped to never hear again.

"Landen." My voice was weak and scratchy, signalling the trauma my body had endured. "Why?" I questioned, tears pooling in my eyes as he moved so he was standing directly over me, "Why are you doing this."

Landen smirked as he reached to push a piece of hair out of my face. I shuddered at his touch.

"If you had just stayed here, listened to me, I could have kept you safe. I promised you Avery, didn't I?" His voice was causing my stomach to churn as I tried my move my face away from his hand. I didn't want him anywhere near me.

Anger seeped through my body as I gained enough confidence to spit towards him, "Screw you, Landen." I snapped, venom in my every word.

His face fell as he took a step back, wiping his face with his sleeve. The smirk that had been residing on his face was now replaced with an angry sneer, "Go ahead." he muttered to someone behind him, stepping away so he was out of my sight. I was partly thankful for that. Even if what I was about to go through was hell, at least I didn't have to look at Landen.

Even though I knew what was coming, I felt my heart drop as the sound of a drill starting up filled the room. The feeling of nausea washed over me as I tried to push against the restraints, "No." I pleaded, my voice still too weak to really leave an impact.

Tears began pooling in my eyes as someone spoke from beside me, the voice was far enough to indicate that they were chained to the wall, "Avery,"

I felt a small amount of relief wash over me. "Abby?" I called, recognizing the voice as hers.

"It's going to hurt." she warned, not doing much to ease my anxiety, "But we're here with you, alright, sweetie?"

I let out a few deep breaths as I could hear the drill getting closer, and closer. I could feel the pressure of a hand on my leg. Her words were meant to be comforting, but they really weren't. Whether they were here with me or not, I knew that this was going to hurt.

"You don't have to do this. Please, stop." that voice belonged to Kane.

His words fell on deaf ears, as whoever was holding the drill now hovered it above my leg. I clamped my eyes shut and prepared for the pain I was about to endure.

Any hope I had of the rest of our people on the outside, of Bellamy, somehow stopping them was pulled from beneath me as the drill came into contact with my skin. Within seconds, I was plunged into unimaginable pain. The metal pierced through my skin, slowly making its way through my muscle, down to my bone. Each second hurt more than the last, the tool tearing up my flesh and bone as it dug deeper and deeper. I tried to contain my screams as the sharp

metal drove through my leg, but seconds after they had begun, my loud screams filled the air.

Less than a minute in and I could already feel my eyes beginning to droop- I was going to pass out. I tried to stay awake, worried that I might not wake up if my eyes closed again. My body had endured too much in the past hour and I was afraid this would be the straw that broke the camel's back.

In the last few seconds before I slipped into darkness once again, another man's voice filled my ears. Cage Wallace. He instructed the man to take me off the table and put someone else on. I couldn't stay awake long enough to find out who the next victim of their horrible procedure was going to be and maybe that was for the best.

84. safety

[image] [image]

The drill, voices, talking, yelling,

Dozens of noises filled my head as I drifted in out and out of consciousness. My leg was in excruciating pain and it felt like every ounce of energy had been ripped from my body. I had been thrown to the side onto another table, clearly posing no threat in the condition I was in. Abby had been placed on the table instead of me, and I could hear Kane begging Cage to stop all of this.

My head felt like it was being crushed by a boulder meanwhile the rest of my body ached like I had been repeatedly been thrown off a cliff. I wasn't entirely sure what death felt like, but I thought I might be close.

I struggled to open my eyes, desperate to know what was going on. Were the rest of our people here? We were winning? Was it over?

It was only when a loud alarm filled the room that I forced myself to open my eyes. Nausea washed over me as the bright lights assaulted my vision.

Get up.

Those two words repeated in my head over and over as I managed to roll to my side slightly, and push myself up onto one elbow in order to see what was happening.

My people had done it, we'd won, but in a way that I'd never imagined. As I looked around the room, almost every Mount Weather person began gasping for air, their bodies quickly becoming covered in blisters. Radiation poisoning.

The sense of nausea I had felt moment before came again, but this time even worse. These people were all dying right in front of me and it was because of my people. I knew that what Cage and his

men were doing were horrible, but I also knew that if the people in this room were exposed, it almost certainly meant that the rest of the level and a portion of the population had been exposed as well. My heart dropped at the thought of children, and innocent people, people who had helped us dying this horrible death.

I was ripped from my thoughts as someone came stumbling toward me. I felt myself jump as I looked up to see Landen, his entire body covered in angry red blisters, staggering at me. I let out a small cry as I pushed myself as far back on the table as I could, my entire body screaming in pain as I did so.

Landen reached out to me, trying to say something, but before he had the chance he had collapsed into a heap on the floor.

It was then that I fell back against the table, my body too exhausted from trying to hold myself up. The cool metal of the table pressed against my skin as my eyelids became heavy. I had to stay awake, afraid of what would happen if I let my eyes close.

"Aves!"

I all but pried my eyelids open, my vision being overtaken by the face of Octavia Blake. She wasted no time in helping me up into a sitting position, pulling me into a hug, "You're okay." she promised, "I've got you."

I let my head rest on her shoulder, fatigue washing over me once again, I was afraid I was going to pass out as I spoke "Is he-"

I didn't have a chance to finish my sentence as someone else called my name. It was him.

Octavia had barely managed to take a step away from me before Bellamy had me in his arms. Tears of both joy and sadness sprung to my eyes as I collapsed into him, shoving my face into his chest as my body racked with sobs.

"I'm here." he promised, "You're safe."

The walk back home was a haze. Bellamy had carried me, like he had done that day after the attack on the bridge. However, now my body was so weak I was unable to keep my eyes open long enough to get out of Mount Weather. The minute Bellamy had taken me into his arms, I had slipped into unconsciousness, my head pressed against his chest.

When I had awoken, I was back in Bellamy's tent, my leg and wounds covering the rest of my body were bandaged, a blanket laid overtop of me.

Bellamy was there too. He was seated at the end of the bed, his head in his hands.

I winced as I pushed myself up slightly, "Bell?"

He turned to me in a hurry, his eyes widening slightly, "Are you okay? What's hurting?" he questioned, moving so he was closer to me.

I gave him a small smile as I shook my head, "I'm okay." I promised, taking a hold of his hand, "Are you?"

Bellamy sighed as he studied my face, seemingly deciding whether or not he wanted to tell me what was going on. When it seemed like he had finally decided, his grip on my hand tightened slightly, "Clarke's gone."

I felt my heart drop, automatically assuming the worst when I heard the word gone. I didn't think I had been out for long, but maybe I missed something.

Bellamy noticed my panic and shook his head, "Not like that," he assured, "She left."

My worry subsided somewhat, but I was still in shock, "Where did she go?" I questioned. We couldn't do this without Clarke, we needed her.

Shaking his head slightly, Bellamy let out a low sigh, "I honestly don't know."

I remained silent for a moment as I watch Bellamy's face. He was hurt, upset, conflicted and it was obvious.

"What happened in there?" I asked quietly. I almost knew what happened, but maybe having Bellamy say it out loud would alleviate some of the guilt he was harbouring.

Bellamy stared down at our interlocked hands, his voice coming out as almost a whisper, "We tried to find another way but-" he cut himself off, his eyes coming up to meet mine, "When I saw that they had you, and that they had gotten Octavia too, there was no way I was going to let anything else happen to either of you." His eyes were full of a mixture of regret and anger.

He glanced down at my leg, "But look what they did to you anyway. I promised him I would protect you, and then I let them do something like that to you."

"You promised who?" I questioned, shifting slightly so I was more comfortable.

Bellamy lightly rubbed his thumb over the top of my hand, "Your brother. That day in the dropship, he asked me to look out for you if anything were to happen to him. But he didn't need to... that's what I had set out to do since I met you, Avery. I don't want anything bad to ever happen to you, I'm serious." he paused, trying to read my expression, "That's why I hate seeing you like this, I wish I could have been there, I should have-"

I leaned forward pressing my lips to his, "Stop," I whispered, my face still hovering near his, "I'm okay, we're here now, and we're both okay."

Bellamy stared back at me for a moment, his eyes holding an expression I couldn't quite decipher. The words that he spoke next made my heart stop momentarily as my breath caught in my throat. Words I had longed to hear my entire life.

"I love you, Avery".

-an-

oop there it is. the words we have all known were there the entire time were FINALLY spoken. we are officially done season 2! what a crazy ride that was.

I just want to thank you guys for all the support on this story so far. I know updates are always sporadic and I have lost a lot of readers over time but thanks to the ones who have stuck by, love you all.

also, I made a playlist for this book and will link it below or you can search my profile name on there-paradiseearth :) comment any songs that make you think of this story and or bellamy

-maddy xoxo

https://open.spotify.com/playlist/3ekoyCWWdu9SYTMwZxRb5y?si=jgYOwfEWSQijlm55A5kTiw

85. three simple words

I felt my whole body tense up as the words left Bellamy's mouth. They were words I have always wanted to hear, but had convinced myself I never would. So, hearing them come from Bellamy Blake made my heart skip a beat and my stomach immediately twist in nervous knots.

I wanted to say it back right away, but something held me back. I loved him too, I knew that and I had for a while, but something about saying it out loud scared me. It was like I was afraid of being too vulnerable, of letting myself get hurt.

But despite all of my fears, another voice filled my thoughts, Finn.

"Let him love you okay? Don't push him away."

The day he had died, my brother had told me to let Bellamy love me, to let him be there for me. I had brushed off what he said at the time, believing that I would always have Finn and that having him would be enough.

But now he was gone, and Bellamy was here, like he had been since we got down to Earth. Without Bellamy it would be likely that I wouldn't be here, he had saved me in more ways than one, several times.

So, with Finn's words resounding in my head, I looked up at Bellamy, giving him one of the few real smiles I was able to muster these days, "I love you too." I whispered.

A smile covered Bellamy's faced as he pulled me into his chest, "We're going to be okay, Aves." he whispered.

And I sure hoped he was right. We may have saved our people from Mount Weather, but I knew there was still more to come for us. Earth had truly sent us through the wringer, and I was kind of terrified to see what it had for us next.

-an-

okay very very short chapter just to fully finish up season 2 and to start getting us ready for season 3...i am nervous hehehe

-maddy xoxo

86. coping

My footsteps echoed against the metal of the dropship floor as I stepped out onto the ramp, letting the warm sun that was leaking through the treetops warm my skin.

For three months since Mount Weather I had been coming to what we once called our home, taking it as a chance to escape all that was Arkadia. I spent my mornings helping in the medical ward, the rest of the days I usually spent here. I took my time away from camp as a chance to improve my skills. Lincoln had given me a bow and arrow, so each day I worked on mastering my shot.

I had grown tired of guns, knowing we would eventually run out of ammo. And besides, bows were more fun. Whereas the others trained together back at home, I opted to do so on my own out here.

Bellamy hated me coming out here alone, he always begged me to just stay at camp or at least let him come with me, but I liked the quietness of it all so I usually turned down his offers.

Most days I was able to go without interruption, but on some days, like today, we had another task we needed to take on. So, when the rover pulled up, I wasn't very surprised.

I let out a low sigh as I shoved my bow into the spot I kept it on the ship. On days like today when we were headed out in search of Clarke, I decided to use a gun, knowing it was more practical in this sense.

Just as I stood up and turned around, I ran into the chest of my ever so over-protective boyfriend. "Bell," I breathed, taking a step back, "I was coming, you didn't have to get out."

Bellamy shook his head, totally ignoring my statement, "Why do you come out here?" he asked, glancing around as if he was going to find some secret incentive for being out here that I was hiding, "I

hate you being-"

I cut him off with an exasperated groan, this was a question he asked me almost everyday, "You hate me being alone- I know, Bellamy. But I'm fine out here, I can clear my head, work on my shot, it's good for me."

Bellamy took a small step closer to me, brushing a piece of hair from my face, "I know, but I just worry about you. You've been distant lately, you barely talk to anyone and you're up at least once a night with nightmares."

I felt my face redden at the mention of my nightmares. Since Finn died, I had been plagued with them almost every night. Bellamy was usually able to soothe me back to sleep, but that didn't erase the fact that I woke up in tears most nights.

I took a hold of his hand as I reached up on my tip toes to press my lips against his, "I love you, and I'm glad you care enough to worry, but I'm okay, Bellamy. I promise." I mumbled once we pulled apart.

Bellamy let out one more small sigh before nodding, "Okay, as long as you're alright."

I smiled, satisfied that he was going to drop it- for now-. "So," I asked as we excited the ship and made our way toward the rover, "Where to today?"

"Sector seven" Bellamy answered as neared the vehicle containing the rest of our friends. All of us had made it our mission to find Clarke, and after three months of nothing, we were all getting discouraged.

Sector seven was dangerous and I knew it. It was right on the border of the Ice Nation and despite them being apart of Lexa's coalition, it did not mean they were willing to abide by the cease fire. Despite the danger, I lacked the usual sense of fear I felt going into situations like this. I was ready to do what was needed.

"There she is!" A voice called from in front of us. I looked up to see Octavia seated atop one of our horses, a grin on her face.

I let out a laugh as I waved, "Hey Tavia!"

The two of us didn't get to see each other as much as usual-Octavia spending her time training or with Lincoln, me spending most of mine out at the dropship or with Bellamy.

"How's the shot coming?" she questioned as we got closer.

I gave her a thumbs up in response, "Got a rabbit today...first try."

Bellamy looked over at me with an incredulous look as his sister cheered, "You killed a rabbit?" he questioned in shock.

I shrugged as we finally approached the rover, "Yeah, so?"

Bellamy grabbed my arm causing me to pause, "A few months ago you refused to kill anything. Remember our hunting trip with Charlotte?"

I gave my boyfriend a sad looked as I reached for the door handle, "That was months ago Bellamy, I'm not the same person anymore."

Luckily, he decided to drop it as we entered the vehicle, all eyes turning to us immediately.

Jasper, who was sitting in the front with Raven, and was still clearly drunk like usual, was the first to speak, "You guys were in there a while, what were you doing?" he questioned, suggestively quirking his brows.

I rolled my eyes as I settled into my seat beside Bellamy, "Shut up." I muttered.

Raven let out a small laugh as she started the rover up, "How did you land Aves anyway Bellamy? She's way too good for you."

No one was really surprised when Bellamy and I finally told everyone we were officially together, but they often liked to tease us about it.

I let out a laugh as I grinned at Bellamy, "Yeah, Bell, how did you do it?"

It was his turn to roll his eyes, "Shut it." he grumbled, trying to fight back a smile.

"Careful," Jasper muttered, not bothering to look back at us, "Monty might melt her."

The smile dropped from my face as Monty tried to lunge at Jasper, only being pulled back by Miller. Maya's death hit Jasper harder than any of us had expected and in the few months since it happened, he had done a complete 180. His head was shaved, he drank all the time and I don't think I have seen him smile in weeks.

"Enough!" Bellamy snapped, the joking tone falling from his voice as well, "Let's get on the road."

And so we did. Raven pulled us out of the small clearing and back onto the road, Octavia leading the way- right towards sector seven.

87. add it up

[image]

"Is it a person?" I questioned, narrowing my eyes as I glanced around the Rover.

Nathan and I had come up with a game to keep ourselves busy during the long drives. We took turns thinking of something in and or around the Rover, and then had to ask the other person a series of questions until we could guess it. It wasn't much, but it kept us occupied.

Miller shook his head, "Nope."

We went back and forth for the next few minutes until I was finally able to guess that it was Monty's shoe. Don't ask me why Miller picked that.

I clapped my hands together as I looked around the vehicle, "Okay...my turn!". I scoped out my options, finally landing on what I wanted to choose, "Okay I'm ready."

Miller bit down on his bottom lip as he thought, "Is it an animal?

I shook my head.

"A person?"

I grinned as a nodded, "A very grumpy one." I teased, turning to my boyfriend, pinching his cheek to further tick him off.

"It's Bellamy!" Raven called excitedly from the front, glancing at us through the rear-view mirror.

Bellamy knocked my hand away from his face as I cheered, "Ding, ding, ding we have a winner!"

I let out a laugh as I leaned into Bellamy, moving so I could press a kiss to his cheek, "Lighten up." I instructed, causing him to crack a

small grin.

We fell into a comfortable silence after that, the only noises being the sound of the Rover and the muffled sound of the music Jasper was listening to through his headphones. We all slowly turned our heads, watching him as he sang along in a horribly pitched manner, sadness dripping from his every word.

After a few more seconds of Jasper's excruciating singing, Monty leaned forward, "No way," he muttered, pulling the headphones from Japser's ears, "If you're going to ride shotgun you can't just disappear."

Jasper didn't hesitate as he unplugged his headphones, instead plugging his MP3 player into the audio jack, filling the whole Rover with music.

Monty went to reach for the radio to turn it off, but Bellamy stuck out his hand, "Hey, it's okay. It's going to be a long ride".

As the music began to ramp up, Monty sat back with a defeated look on his face, meanwhile Miller began to play the air drums. I joined in, taking a shot a playing the air guitar.

Miller let out a laugh as the two of us played along, bopping our heads to the music. Raven and Jasper began singing along from the front while Bellamy sat still, his eyes focused on the road ahead.

It then became my mission to make him smile, and so the obnoxious singing started.

"Believe me I know what to do!" All of us were singing along now with the exception of Bellamy and Monty.

Miller took care of making Monty smile as we all sang the next lyrics by leaning into him, "But something won't let me make love to you!"

I did the same to Bellamy, grabbing his face and turning it toward me as I dramatically sang the lyrics. A smile appeared on his face as he looked down at his feet, shaking his head.

"Day after dayyyyyy, I get angry-" I paused my singing to yell at my boyfriend, "Sing, Bell, come on!" I pleaded, letting out a laugh as he shot me a look.

Jasper turned around, getting up from his seat and joining us in the back, not missing a single lyric. He stood up, shoving his head out of the top of the Rover which was meant for a gunman. I broke into a fit of laughter as he began cheering from outside of the vehicle.

I leaned into Bellamy as the laughter shook my body, I hadn't laughed like that in what felt like months. Bellamy grinned down at me, clearly amused with my humour.

Our moment was short lived however as something started beeping from the front, Raven turned off the music, reaching for the small device making the noise.

"Tracking beacon from the Ark." Monty announced, moving so he was in the front.

Jasper ducked back into the Rover, his face falling as the vehicle stopped, "Hey, that was the best part."

Bellamy was attentively watching the device now, "Who is it?"

Monty began typing something onto the keyboard just as something popped up on the bottom of the screen, "Farm station." he said in disbelief.

Farm station had come down as part of the Ark, but had been separated from the rest of the stations during entry into the atmosphere, we hadn't heard anything from them since.

Miller leaned forward, shaking his head, "After four months..h-how?"

Bellamy turned back to Monty, "We'll find out. Where are they?"

Monty started to try and pinpoint their location just as the rear doors to the Rover opened. "Don't tell me I missed the party?" Octavia muttered.

Everyone ignored her mocking as Monty spoke again, answering Bellamy's question, "Sector eight."

"Ice Nation." I concluded.

Octavia scrunched her face in confusion, "What about it?"

Raven spoke from the driver's seat, "Protocol says we go home, let the Chancellor decide what to do."

Bellamy quickly disagreed, "Screw protocol. The Chancellor isn't from Farm Station, Monty is and so is Miller's boyfriend. It's your call." he announced, looking between the two boys.

Miller and Monty shared a look before Monty spoke, "Let's do this."

We all then turned to Miller who let out a small laugh, "Do you even have to ask?"

Bellamy looked back to his sister with a small grin, "Try to keep up."

88. azgeda

[image]

The ride was fast but quiet. All of us seemingly on edge for what we could potentially find in sector 8.

The only time someone spoke was when Monty yelled out how close we were getting, his eyes trained on the tracking device in his hand.

By the time we arrived, my heart was pounding in my chest. I was terrified that this was all a set up, and we were all walking into our death.

"Relax." Bellamy whispered, placing his hand over mine as the rover came to a stop.

I looked up to him with a tight smile, giving him a small nod as I picked up my gun, following everyone out of the vehicle.

As soon as my feet hit the ground, Bellamy and Octavia were discussing the fact that we were currently on the border of Ice Nation, and that their territories stretched for miles, hence why there was no ice present.

"Good thing we only have to go 200 metres." Monty explained, his eyes locked on the tracking device as he began marching forward.

Bellamy stuck his arm out, causing Monty to stop, "Slow down." he instructed, his eyes scanning the forest. "Remember, rules of engagement are non-lethal force." He adjusted the gun in his hand, his eyes falling to me for a moment.

Bellamy hated me coming along to these things. I knew it made him nervous, but I also knew I was more than capable of handling myself.

"Tight formation on my command. Raven, you stay in the rover." he

ordered, turning to look at Raven who had just joined us.

She let out an airy laugh, "Yeah, right."

Octavia sided with Raven, "We need every gun we've got."

I gave Bellamy a look, signalling that I agreed with the other two girls. We had no idea what was about to come out of that forest and we needed to be prepared.

"They're coming." Monty announced, "120 metres"

My heart rate sped up as I stared out into the woods, my hands beginning to sweat as I gripped the gun.

"110."

Monty attempted to take another step forward, but Bellamy pulled him back once again. This time he rose his gun, pointing into the forest as voices filled the air.

Monty shot him a look, "They're our people. What are you doing?" he snapped.

Bellamy looked over at him, "We hope they're our people."

We all took this as our cue to get into position. Octavia unsheathed her sword while the rest of us held up our guns, spreading out.

"On my command." Bellamy ordered.

I stood on the right side of Bellamy, Miller to my other side, as I pointed my gun toward the entrance of the woods. Not even a minute passed when people came into view. However they weren't our people. They were perched on white horses, speaking a language unlike ours.

You could almost hear the anxiety that coursed through all of us at that moment.

"Ice Nation?" Bellamy whispered, his gun still raised.

Octavia nodded as she clenched her jaw, "Yes. White war paint." She then proceeded to re-sheathed her sword as she raised her arms in the air as surrender, "Stay calm." she instructed our group as she took a small step forward.

I kept my gun raised, ensuring none of them tried anything as they came to a stop in front of us.

One of them men on the horses bit out something in their language, his voice harsh and angry.

"Skaikru!" Octavia replied, leading me to believe he had asked who were were. She then said something else which caused them to mutter amongst themselves.

Octavia didn't turn around as she spoke to us, "They think we're looking for Wanheda."

Bellamy was the first to express our confusion, "Who's that."

"I don't know." she muttered, her voice coming through clenched teeth as one of the Ice Nation men dismounted his horse, making his way toward us.

Bellamy looked at me briefly, "Stay close." he instructed.

I nodded, taking a small step closer to him, my eyes not leaving the Azgeda member.

Monty pulled our eyes to something on the man's belt, "The light." he announced, "That's the beacon."

None of us were willing to make a move, too afraid of the outcome. Well, that is except for Jasper.

He was the only one of us unarmed, none of us trusting him enough to let him have a weapon, so when he began walking forward my heart dropped.

"Get back here!" Bellamy snapped, anger seeping through his words.

Jasper ignored him, continuing to make his way toward the Ice

Nation.

"Jasper!" I snapped, sounding like I was scolding a child, quite frankly I was at this point, "Stop!" I ordered, but to no avail. The others in the group relayed similar messages.

Octavia tried to reach out and grab him as he sauntered by her, "Jasper!" she snapped as he pulled out of her grasp.

"It's okay," he muttered, "I've got this."

My heart was in my throat as he got closer. He may not have been armed but he was a threat to them nonetheless.

Fear was present in Bellamy's voice as he spoke to Octavia, "Tell them we observe the Commander's truce. Do it now." He pleaded.

Octavia rushed out the sentence, clearly as worried as the rest of us.

Jasper stopped in front of the man, not even hesitating for a moment as he reached out and grabbed the beacon, "This belongs to us." he mumbled before turning back towards us.

My eyes were wide as the Ice Nation man grabbed Jasper before he could even take two steps, instantly pulling a knife and placing it to Jasper's throat.

All of our guns went up in a millisecond, pointed right at the Ice Nation.

The man yelled something in their language as the rest of his people pointed their arrows at us.

"Let him go!" Bellamy yelled in trigedasleng.

"We can help each other!" Octavia yelled, trying to diffuse the situation.

However, Jasper being Jasper, just had to make things difficult on the rest of us. As we all scrambled to save him, he had the nerve to let out a small laugh.

All of us paused, lowering our guns slightly. The Azgeda man looked down at Jasper, gritting out something I couldn't understand. I understood what he did next however. In once quick movement he ran the blade across Jasper's neck, drawing blood.

That was all it took for the rest of us to start firing. Bellamy shot the man holding Jasper, causing him to fall backwards, meanwhile Raven and I took care of the other two men on the horses.

"Hold your fire!" Bellamy screamed, causing all of us to stop instantly. Our eyes ablaze with adrenaline.

In a split second, the man who had been holding Jasper began to push himself off the ground, a blade in hand.

"Jasper, get down!" Octavia yelled, which caused Jasper to duck. The minute he was out of the way, Octavia flung her sword into the man's chest.

There was no time to relax as Kane's voice came through the radio, calling for Bellamy. I let out a breath as I rushed to Jasper, Octavia right beside me.

"I had him." Jasper grunted, holding his hand over the wound on his neck.

I glared at him as I wrapped my arm around him, Octavia grabbing her sword before doing the same on his other side.

"What the hell were you thinking?" Miller snapped.

Jasper voice was becoming slurred as he spoke, "I got the beacon didn't I?"

Monty looked at the device in his hands, "Yeah, but where did they get it?"

Octavia and I approached the Rover, Jasper in tow.

"He needs to get to medical." I stated as Bellamy explained what had just happened to Kane over the radio.

"Stay still." I snapped at Jasper as I pressed a bandage to his neck from the medical kit that Miller had grabbed.

Bellamy stomped over to us, clearly overwhelmed with what was going on. I hadn't really been paying attention, but I heard something about Kane wanting Bellamy to meet him at Sector 4. I had no idea what he was doing out there, but I had no time to worry about that.

"Get him home!" Bellamy yelled, as he rounded our side of the rover.

Jasper's head bobbed as he continued to lose blood, his eyes beginning to drop, "I'm fine, thanks for asking." he mumbled.

I shot him a look as I continued to wrap a bandage around his neck, securing the wound.

Bellamy ignored Jasper, instead looking to Miller, "Miller, grab one of their horses. Raven since you can't ride you're on the back." He then looked to me, contemplating the order he was about to give me.

"I can ride on my own." I assured, already making my way to one of the white animals.

Bellamy nodded, his face full of uncertainty as he looked to Monty, "Monty, you're with me."

We all jumped into action. I helped Jasper onto the back of Octavia's horse before mounting my own. "Okay," I called, looking to the rest of my friends, "Let's go."

89. fresh start

[image]

We had make it back to Arkadia in good time, getting Jasper to med ward as soon as we could. We had left him in the hands of Abby and Jackson, thankful that we had made it on time.

Later that night, I stood in front of one of the few mirrors we had on the Ark. I was supposed to be heading down to the mess hall to meet Raven, but something had distracted me before I could make it out the door. It was my reflection. However it didn't feel like me.

I let out a tired sigh as I picked up the ends of my hair, holding them in front of my face. It had grown long in the months we had been down here and I had grown tired of it. I glanced down at the scissors sitting on the edge of the sink. I needed a change, like I said to Bellamy, I wasn't the same person I once was.

I took a hold of the tool, grabbing a chunk of my hair just above my shoulder and without hesitation I cut it.

I knew it was just hair, it didn't really mean much. But to me it felt like a fresh start. I wasn't the same Avery I was when we had gotten down here, too much had happened to me since then. So as I watched my locks fall into the sink, I felt like I was washing away demons hidden within them. It was time to change who I was, and this was the first step.

Twenty minutes later when I entered the mess hall, I felt refreshed. It was something so minor, but to me I made the difference.

Raven was working on something as I slid into the seat across from her. She glanced up at me for a moment, "Nice of you to join me." she mumbled, clearly annoyed with me being almost thirty minutes late.

I let out a small laugh, "Sorry I-"

It was then that her head shot back up, "Your hair!" she exclaimed, leaning across the table to lightly grab a strand of it.

I gave her a small smile as I nodded, "I just needed a change." I explained.

Raven sat back down, giving me a soft smile, "You look more like him now."

Him.

She didn't need to say his name. She was talking about Finn. I felt my heart clench at the mention of his name. But she was right, I did look more like him than ever. I had thought the exact same thing as I stared at myself after taking the scissors to my locks.

I forced a smile as I glanced down at what she was doing, attempting to change the conversation, "What are you working on?"

She shrugged as she picked up another tool, "Just messing around."

I laughed as I turned, grabbing a bucket of things for myself to work on. Since Mount Weather, everything in Arkadia had become a collective effort. I had been assigned medical as my job, but besides that we were all expected to chip in helping with inventory. That's why the mess hall had also turned into a warehouse. All supplies from Mount Weather being congregated in here, waiting to be sifted through, organized and eventually purchased or traded.

"Have you seen Jasper?" I asked, as I began going through the bin.

Raven let out a small sigh as she nodded, "Yeah" she answered, "Abby released him."

I paused, just as a boy joined us, instantly going through one of the bins sitting on the table.

"He had a knife to his throat." I whispered, trying to avoid the boy listening in, "He had a knife to his throat and he smile and he's free to walk around."

Raven nodded in agreement, "I tried, but Abby didn't seem too concerned."

I folded up one of the blankets I pulled out, "I'll try to find him later." I decided.

It was then that Gina, one of our new friends from Arkadia joined us, "Hey," she smiled, setting drinks down in front of Raven and I.

"Thanks," I grinned, bringing the glass to my lips.

It was then that the boy beside us, Macallan was his name, caught all of our attention. He picked up a bracelet, attempting to sneak it into his pocket.

Raven's arm shot out before he could get any further, "Not so fast." she muttered, finally turning to look at him.

Gina wore an intense look, one unlike her usually happy demeanour, "I say we float him"

I contained a giggle as the boy's face fell as he instantly began pleading, "Come on, what do you guys want for it?"

The other two girls and I shared a look. "One song." Raven answered, very well knowing this kid had one of the best voices of anyone in the camp.

He nodded, giving us all small smiles before walking over to the piano, bracelet in hand. As he started singing, the room naturally quieted down. He was singing the song we had listened to in the Rover earlier today. The song I had belted out, annoying Bellamy in the process. It sounded much different now.

I continued doing what I was doing, only looking up when Abby sat down beside Raven. I could tell by the look on her face that she wanted to speak to Raven in private. I wordlessly moved away, joining Gina as she poured some more drinks.

She smiled at me as I began helping her, "You guys find anything today?" she asked, handing me a full glass to set on the tray.

I shook my head, not yet wanting to share our run-in with Ice Nation, "Nothing really."

Gina nodded, "Where's Bellamy?"

I looked over at her, "He and Monty met up with Kane. Not really sure what it's about." I answered, and that was the truth. I truly had no idea where Bellamy was for sure, which worried me.

Gina looked like she was about to say something, but if she did I didn't hear it. Instead, my eyes focused on a figure entering the room. It was Jasper. His neck had been bandaged and he looked okay, but his face told other story.

Raven and I shared a worried look as we both stood, watching as he quickly moved through the room, his eyes falling on all the Mount Weather belongings.

"Hey," I muttered, both Raven and I standing to try and block his path.

"Relax." Raven instructed him, reaching out to try and hold him back,

Jasper shoved past both of us, heading for a man who was holding a pile of clothes. He ripped them from the man's grasp, "These belong to people." he snapped before shoving them back into the man's chest.

Raven and I were now by his side, trying to calm him down. It was no use, Jasper was so upset nothing would sway him.

His eyes then landed on Macallan playing the piano, his face darkening, "So did that piano." he gritted out, wasting no time in charging towards it.

"Jasper!" I yelled, trying to grab him before he could make it any further. He slipped from my grasp, sending his body into Macallan's. "Grave robbers!" he yelled, as he and the other boy went flying to the ground.

Screams of surprise rang out across the room as the two boys

wrestled on the ground. People crowded around, attempting to break up the dispute.

I pushed through the people, coming to the front of the crowd, "Jasper, stop!" I snapped, becoming increasingly angered.

Macallan managed to push Jasper off of him, but when Jasper came back for more, the younger boy struck him across the face. I took this as my chance to step in. Just as a man grabbed a hold of Jasper, I grabbed Macallan's arm, pulling him away.

"Stop." I whispered, looking at him with pleading eyes. He looked back at me, his eyes wild and his breaths laboured, but nonetheless he nodded.

"Enough!" Abby yelled, causing everyone in the room to quiet.

In the moment of calm, I stepped away from Macallan, marching towards Jasper, "Let's go!" I snapped, grabbing him by the arm and yanking him out of the room.

"Get him to medical!" Abby called after me, "I'll be in soon."

I didn't reply, I was too angry to do so. But I did pull him right to medical, anger seeping through me. Jasper didn't say a word the whole walked, but as sat him down on one of the beds he let out a small laugh.

I resisted the urge to snap at him, and instead focused on preparing a new bandage for his wound. I rummaged through the drawers, grabbing the supplies so Abby could asses him when she got here.

"You can't keep acting like this." I muttered, quickly glancing up at him as I began cutting the gauze.

Jasper stared back at me, "Like what?" he asked, clearly playing dumb.

I cleared my throat as I tried to prepare what I wanted to say next, without sounding like insensitive , "We've all lost people, Jasper. And I know that you loved Maya, but you can't let this ruin you."

He let out a humourless laugh, "You don't know what it's like, none of you do."

My hands paused as I looked up at him, trying to find a hint of humour on his face, he had to be joking with me.

"I know better than anyone." I finally said, my eyes casting back down toward my task, "I know how it feels, and I know that it changes a person but-"

"What would you do if you lost Bellamy?" he asked, his eyes set straight ahead, not even looking at me.

I looked up, wanting him to meet my eyes, "I wouldn't act like this. I wouldn't put my friends in danger chasing some sort of thrill." I answered without hesitation.

Jasper now turned to look at me, a taunting smile now covering his face, "You don't know that."

I shook my head as I began cutting pieces of medical tape, "I do know that."

He laughed again before changing the course of the conversation, "I'm jealous of your brother."

I felt my body tense as I entirely stopped what I was doing, my hands beginning to tremble slightly, afraid of where this conversation was going. "My brother is dead, Jasper." I replied, my voice cold and sheltered.

A chuckle flew from his lips, "Exactly."

I finally looked up at him, my angry eyes meeting those of his.

"He'd be ashamed of what happened of Mount Weather, of what your boyfriend and Clarke did." Jasper now wore a disgusted look.

I threw down the roll of tape in my hand, flinching slightly at the sound of the metal tray reverberating throughout the room, "Enough!" I snapped, my voice cracking, "Just stop."

It was then that Abby entered the room, her eyes flicking between the two of us, trying to gage what was going on. I quickly brought my hand up to wipe the single tear that had fallen down my face, "Everything's ready." I muttered, not wasting anymore time as I brushed past her, trying to escape the room, to escape Jasper.

As I rushed down the hall, back to my room, I couldn't help but grieve. Not over my brother, but over the Jasper I once knew. Finn's death had changed me, but I knew, or at least hoped, that deep down I was still me. I didn't think that with Jasper. The selfless, fun-loving, goggle wearing boy was gone. Instead replaced by a broken shell of a man who had no will to live.

90. forgiven

[image] [image]

I was almost back to my room, the anger from my conversation with Jasper not yet subsided, when someone called my name.

I stopped abruptly, turning to see Octavia running toward me.

"I don't want to talk right now, Tav." I muttered, beginning to turn back toward where I was headed.

Octavia grabbed my arm, not allowing me to move any further. She let out a ragged breath as she pointed back towards the med ward, "Abby needs you."

By the look on my best friend's face, I could tell something was wrong. "What's going on?" I asked, already beginning to follow her back down the hall.

"It's Nyko." she explained, her eyes full of worry, "He was attacked by Ice Nation and the only way Abby can save him is by taking him to Mount Weather. She wants you to come."

I looked over at her, quickening my pace, "Mount Weather? I thought we weren't-"

Octavia nodded, "He needs a blood transfusion, RH Null, and apparently no one here has it. It's our only option."

A shaky sigh escaped my lips as I quickened my pace, the thought of going back to Mount Weather sending a shiver down my spine. I hadn't been back since the day of our attack, and I wasn't sure I was prepared for the demons those walls held.

Octavia noticed my discomfort and reached out to squeeze my hand as we arrived at the med ward, "It'll be okay, Aves. There's nothing there that can hurt you now."

I looked over at her, forcing a smile onto my face as I nodded, "I'm

ready."

My eyes found themselves travelling throughout the back of the Rover, landing on Jackson, and Abby before finally settling on Jasper. I watched as his body bobbed around with every bump that Lincoln hit, his eyes closed and his head tilted back.

I kept my eyes locked on him, yearning to see a piece of the boy I once knew, but there was nothing left.

"We're almost there!" Octavia yelled from the front, causing me to rip my eyes away from Jasper and instead focus on Nyko. His breathing was becoming heavy, his wound continuing to bleed. I was worried he wouldn't make it into the mountain.

Luckily, the Rover came to an abrupt stop, signalling that we had arrived. No one said anything as we all jumped into action, rushing to get Nyko into the Mount Weather hospital. I gave directions as we wheeled the gurney through the corridors, each turn sent memories flashing through the head. I pushed them out, deciding now was not the time to focus on the past.

The minute we had Nyko set up in one of the beds, it was time to try to save his life.

"I'll get the blood!" I announced, my voice rushed as I began making my way through the medical wing, ignoring the shiver that ran through my body as I began searching for the bags of blood, the same ones taken from the Grounders by the Mountain Men.

The blood bags weren't hard to find, and there was an abundance of them to be found as well. "Here." I panted, rushing to hang the blood bag. Abby gave me a small smile of acknowledgment as she took it from my hands, instantly hanging it.

I took a small step back, moving out of the way as there was little to be done now that the blood was beginning to flow into Nyko's body. My breathing was heavy as my eyes darted around the room, taking in the worried faces of Octavia and Lincoln, and the

concentrated looks of Abby and Jackson. The room was missing one face, a face that I desperately needed to speak to.

Once I was ensured there was nothing else that I needed to do, I quietly excused myself.

The halls of Mount Weather were quiet, empty, but with each step I took, memories filled my mind, loud enough to make it seem like the bunker was full of life. I turned down the hallway Landen and I had played soccer in, and my heart hurt. It hurt for who I was then, how naive I was. Finn was still alive, and it had been my priority to find him and Bellamy. But now my brother was gone, and so was the boy I had learned to trust in this mountain. Trusting Landen had been my own mistake, but I had learned from it. I now knew to question, to wonder, to hold my own.

The sound of something smashing in one of the storage rooms caused me to pause. I turned slightly, shaking the other thoughts from my head as I approached the door. With a shaky breath, I pushed it open.

He was sitting on the ground by the time I got in there, smashed paintings and sculptures scattering the ground around him. His face was red, a sheen layer of sweat covering it. My eyes pulled to the bandage on his neck, ensuring there was no bleeding from his wound, luckily there wasn't.

I took a small step into the room, awaiting him to tell me to leave, but it never came. I took this as a chance to take a seat next to him, not saying a word.

Jasper didn't look at me as he spoke, his eyes locked on a painting propped up in front of us, "This was her favourite."

My eyes travelled to the piece of art. It was rather unsettling, but nonetheless it was gorgeous.

"It represents the second circle of hell," Jasper explained, his voice low, "Pretty ironic if you think about it."

I remained silent, my eyes shifting from my friend and the painting

he was referring to.

The sadness in his voice almost broke me, "I told her I liked it but--I don't know."

He shook his head as his lip began to quiver, a single tear beginning to roll down his cheek, "I miss her." he finally whispered.

I nodded as I pulled him toward me in a hug, placing my head lightly on his shoulder, "I know." I mumbled softly, "I know that it hurts, but it will get better."

Fast tears were now streaming down his face, "Wh-when."

Tears filled my own eyes as I held him tighter, "It takes time," I whispered, "But you have to let it get better. You don't deserve to feel the way you're feeling, Jasper."

He shook his head, "I'm sorry." he cried, turning slightly so he could look at me, "For what I said earlier, I shouldn't have--

I cut him off, reaching down with my free hand to grab one of his own, "You don't have to be sorry," I answered, pulling back slightly so I could look him in the eyes, "You can always talk to me, Jasper. I'm here for you, okay?"

With teary eyes, he nodded, now laying his head on my shoulder instead. "Thank you, Avery." he mumbled, a shaky breath leaving his lips.

I nodded as I placed my head on top of his, "I've got you."

Night had fallen by the time we arrived back at Arkadia. Nyko had made a fast recovery, being deemed stable enough to leave the Mountain.

I was thankful to be leaving the bunker, but there had been talks of using the empty compound for more than just supplies, so I had a feeling I would be back sooner than I wished.

The whole ride back, one person had been on my mind- Bellamy. It had been over a day since he and Monty left to meet Kane, and my worries for his safety had intensified.

To my pure luck and satisfaction, Raven approached me as I exited the Rover, a knowing smile on her face, "They're back."

A smile sprung to my face and before I even had a chance to ask, she was already alerting me as to where Bellamy was, "He's in medical," she explained, hurriedly finishing her sentence before I became panicked, "He's okay, just a stab wound to the leg."

I felt myself relax somewhat, but nerves still bubbled in me at the prospect of Bellamy being hurt at all. I quickly thanked Raven before taking off toward the med ward, desperate to see my boyfriend.

I burst into the medical ward, ignoring the stares of some curious patients as I scanned the room for Bellamy. I found him instantly, sitting in one of the beds, his leg propped and bandaged. He caught my eye, and grinned as I rushed toward him.

"Bell," I breathed, letting my body collapse into his. He let out a sigh of relief as he wrapped his arms around me. "Thank God you're okay." I whispered, pulling back to get a good look at him.

A smile spread across his lips as he reached up to push a stray piece of hair from my face, "You cut your hair." He observed, grinning down at me.

I let out a small laugh as I nodded, "I thought a change would be nice."

Bellamy's smile remained on his face, "You look beautiful."

A blush rose to my cheeks as I looked to change the topic, "How's your leg?" I asked, my eyes landing on his left leg, "Raven told me you were stabbed."

He brushed off my concern, "It'll heal."

I pushed a stray curl from his hair as I looked at him, worry in my

eyes, "What happened out there."

Bellamy cleared his throat as he stared back at me, his eyes darkening slightly. Wordlessly, he moved over slightly, allowing me to sit down beside him. Once I did, he told me everything.

He explained that they had found Farm Station, that two-thirds of the survivors that had made it down here were left, due to conflicts with Azgeda. He also told me that they had found Clarke, and he had gone after her, that's where the stab wound came from. Finally, he told me that Clarke had decided to stay in Polis with Lexa, in order to solidify our relations with the Grounders, to ensure the coalition stayed intact.

I was quiet for a moment, before speaking up, "She's doing what she thinks is best." I observed. I didn't necessarily agree with Clarke's decision, especially considering how long we searched for her, how much work Bellamy put in to finding her. But nonetheless, I knew why she was doing it.

I was about to say something else, but before I had the chance, Abby arrived at our side. "Avery, can I speak to you for a moment?"

I looked over to Bellamy, who gave me a small nod, "I'll see you in a bit." he promised with a small smile.

Turning back to Abby, I gave her a nod, "Yeah." I whispered, following her as she led me out into the hallway.

It was then that I realized she was holding something, a small canister. Abby noticed my stares and shifted slightly, he grip tightening on the object, "I've been holding onto this for a few months now," she paused, her eyes casting up to meet mine, "I selfishly was saving them for Clarke, but I know it's not my place to do that."

I stared back at her, realization starting to kick in.

"He was your brother," she whispered, extending the canister toward me, "You deserve to do what you like with these."

I stayed frozen for a moment, looking down at what I now knew

were my brother's ashes. I hadn't known that they had been kept, let alone that they had been in Arkadia for the past three months. I felt a surge of anger course through me, knowing Abby was going to give them to Clarke without even so much as asking me. But, at the same time, as I my shaky hands reached out to take them, I knew that I wasn't going to do anything with them, not without Clarke.

Once they were in my grasp, I looked up at Abby, "Thank you." I whispered, not letting her get another word in as I turned and quickly made my way back to mine and Bellamy's quarters. The canister in my hand felt like a hundred pounds as I carried it close to me. I know that having a piece of my brother near me was meant to bring peace, but in reality I knew it was only going to bring more pain.

Later that night, I sat in mine and Bellamy's quarters, the canister of ashes gripped in my hands. I felt nauseous as I stared down at what used to be my brother. My living, breathing, talking, loving brother was now reduced to a pile of soot.

My dull eyes caught something else as I looked down at the object in my hands. The bracelet on my wrist, the one I had taken off of Finn's body the day he died. My hand then flew up to the small necklace that always hung around my neck. Finn had made it for me. It was unlike the one he had made for Raven-smaller, more subtle. But the meaning behind it was the same, he was always with me.

"Avery?" Bellamy's voice called me to jump. I hadn't even heard him enter the room, let alone approach the bed.

I looked up at him, my eyes full of sadness. No matter how hard I tried to hide it, he could read me like a book, "What is that?" he questioned, his eyes flickering to the canister clutched tightly in my grasp.

I cast my eyes downward, knowing if I looked up at him I would break, "Abby gave it to me," I explained, needing a few more seconds to prepare myself to say the words out loud, "It's-" I paused, letting out a quiet sniffle, "They're Finn's ashes."

Bellamy remained silent, sitting down next to me and placing a comforting hand on my thigh, "Are you okay?" he whispered.

I looked over to him with a forced smile, "Yeah, it's just-" I shook my head, "It's hard." I whispered.

He nodded, pulling me close to him, "I know," he soothed.

And it was hard, it was so hard that night as I drifted off, knowing my brother's ashes were resting mere feet from where I slept.

That night, I woke with one of the worst nightmares I had had yet. My body was soaked in a cold sweat as tears streamed by face. I struggled to catch my breath as my wide eyes scanned the room, catching on one thing, the canister of ashes.

"Avery!" Bellamy called, his face suddenly hovering right above mine. I sat up abruptly, almost smacking Bellamy in the head with my own as I scrambled out of bed.

I could hear Bellamy struggling to chase after me, following me as I all but ran outside, letting the cool air calm me down.

"Avery," he panted, grabbing my arm and spinning me to face him, "What's going on?"

"I'm fine." I whispered, shivering as a gust of wind flew through the camp. I had nightmares almost nightly, and Bellamy always managed to calm me down from the comfort of our own bed, but tonight was different. It was much worse.

There were certain times when everything became too much, and this was one of those times.

"You don't look fine." he countered, his worried eyes watching me.

I glanced over at him through teary eyes, "I'm okay."

Bellamy let out a small sigh, "Avery, you're not-"

It was then that I burst, all the emotion inside of me flowing like a river through a broken dam,

"Okay! I'm not fine, Bellamy!" my sudden outburst surprised us both, and soon enough tears were falling again, "I know I say that I am, but I'm not," my voice had fallen now, almost to a whisper. "That day Finn died, a part of me died too and I don't-" I let out a shaky breath as I wiped the tears that were rapidly streaming down my face, "I don't know If I can get it back. And it haunts me every damn day, and now his ashes are in our room, Bell! The fact that he's gone, it's something that will never be okay."

Bellamy stared back at me, his eyes full of sadness as he watched me crumble. I hated who I had become, I hated feeling weak. How could I preach to Jasper not the let Maya's death break him, when I was breaking more and more everyday without my brother.

"So maybe that makes me broken" I cried, "and I'm sorry. I'm sorry if I'm not the person you fell in love with, or the person you want to be with now. I never wanted to pull you down with me, you deserve better than this."

"Stop." Bellamy demanded, quickly pulling me into a bone crushing hug. He ran one hand over the back of my head as the other gripped around my waist, "You're not broken, Avery, you're grieving. You went through a loss beyond compare and that took something from you- but there is nothing wrong with you do you hear me?"

He was waiting for a response and I knew that, so I numbly nodded my head, "Yes." I whispered, my voice muffled by his shirt.

"I'm not going anywhere," he continued, "I'm here for you, Avery- I will always be here for you."

-an-

okay so a lot happened in this chapter, but I still loved it. I

loved the moment between Jasper and Avery, because I feel like the two of them can understand each other the best out of everyone.

poor aves is having to deal with more emotions over her brother, but of course bell is there for her like always.

please vote and COMMENT if you liked this chapter! getting feedback in the form of votes and comments lets me know that you guys are enjoying this story, and that I should continue it :)

-maddy xxoxo

91. back again

[image]

The next morning came with its own set of struggles...we were going back to Mount Weather.

Abby had decide to prepare to open it up, coming to the realization that it could be very beneficial to our people. We knew it was risky, especially to our coalition but it was something that could greatly help our camp. And so, a group of us were headed out there today to deliver some supplies and fix the power that had been damaged in the explosion of the dam.

I was nervous to go back-again-but I knew I needed to face my demons.

"You don't have to come." Bellamy whispered as the two of us loaded the Rover. He was watching me intently, trying to gage my current emotional state.

I gave him a small smile, "I'll be fine," I promised, now studying his face, "Will you?"

I knew that what happened in Mount Weather took a toll on Bellamy, it would be impossible not to have had. However, he hated talking about it no matter how much I told him it was okay to let it all out. He kept all the guilt bottled up inside and I knew it was only a matter of time before he burst.

Instead of giving me an answer, he quickly pressed a kiss to my lips before pulling himself into the Rover, "Let's go," he called to the rest of our group.

I stared him down for a moment before another voice tore my attention away, "Aves, can you take this?"

I turned towards Raven who was handing a bag in my direction. I grabbed a hold of it, giving her a grin as I climbed into the back of

the Rover. Bellamy turned to me from the front, "Where are the others?" he grumbled, always micromanaging.

"They're coming." I promised as Raven flopped down in the front seat letting out a sigh.

At that moment, Octavia and Gina rounded the corner, each of them carrying a bag. "Let's go!" I yelled, a playful tone in my voice, "Bellamy will have a conniption if we don't stay on schedule."

Raven let out a laugh as Bellamy scoffed from the front. I grinned as I pulled myself forward, pressing my lips to his cheek, "I love your micromanaging." I whispered, so low that only he could hear.

Bellamy turned his head slightly, giving me a small grin before averting his eyes towards his sister and Gina, "Is that everything?" he called as the two girls pulled themselves into the Rover.

Gina nodded as I took one of the bags from her, a small sigh escaping her lips, "I think so."

"Good," Bellamy mumbled, looking over to Raven, "Let's get going."

The ride to the Mountain was rather quiet. The girls and I held a few conversations, before each of us fell into our own thoughts, no one saying much. Bellamy remained silent for most of the trip, only speaking once to give us some instructions as to what we were expected to do once we got there.

The sun was high in the sky by the time the Rover stopped outside the east entrance to the Mountain. Much like yesterday, a small shiver ran through my body as I gathered some of the bags and jumped out of the vehicle. Octavia followed behind me, letting out a grunt and mumbling about how she should have taken her horse instead.

I playfully rolled my eyes at her as I reached in for more of the supplies. As I turned away from the Rover, my eyes caught on Bellamy who was standing, his back to me and his eyes focused outwards from the Mountain.

"Hey," I softly called, readjusting one of the bags in my hand. Bellamy turned to me, his mind clearly elsewhere, "The summit delegation will be fine." I assured, automatically pinpointing the source of my boyfriend's stress.

Abby, Kane, along with other members of Arkadia were headed to Polis to meet with Clarke, the Commander and other Grounder representatives in order to sort out the fine details of our coalition, and to formally acknowledge it. Kane had forced Bellamy to stay back, stating that it was due to his injured leg but we both knew there were underlying reasons behind his motives.

Bellamy sighed, "I should be there."

I nodded, my eyes looking out toward the forest, "But you're not, you're here with me. So why don't you take this-" I grunted, passing a bag to him, "-And stop beating yourself up over something you can't control."

As Bellamy took the bag from me, signalling succession, Raven addressed the entire group, "You guys," she called, closing the doors to the Rover, "Did I ever tell you about the time I saved Sinclair's ass on the Ark."

Octavia rolled her eyes as she began toward the entrance, "Please don't." she muttered.

A laugh escaped my lips as I followed after her, Bellamy at my side as the sound of Gina feeding into Raven's exaggerated story filled my ears. As much as I hated being back here, I was happy it was with these people.

Raven and Gina's conversation hummed in my ears as I walked with the two Blake siblings, the other two girls following behind us. Bellamy stayed close to me, sensing my unease in the place that was once my prison- even if I hadn't known it at the time.

I looked over to him, giving a small nod to let him know I was okay. I could handle this- there was no one here that could hurt me now.

Much to my surprise, as we neared the dining hall, new sounds filled my ears, ones that struck confusion in all of us. It was music, talking and laughing.

Octavia and I shared a look as we rounded the corner, being face with at least 30 people seated at the tables, the same ones hundreds of Mount Weather people had died at just months earlier.

At the sight of us, one of the men stood. I briefly recognized him, but couldn't decipher where I had seen him before, "Welcome!" he called, as if we were entering their home.

I resisted the urge to let my face contort in anger, instead I gritted my teeth.

"Looks like someone's made themselves at home." Raven muttered from behind me.

"There has to be at least 30 of them," Octavia added, her dark eyes scanning the room.

The man had approached us now, a grin on his face, "36, but the more the merrier," he corrected, a small laugh coming from his lips as he reached out to shake Bellamy's hand.

I narrowed my eyes as I spoke, "36, wow" I mused, hesitant of the true motives here.

Octavia mirrored my discomfort, "The Grounders are going to think we moved in." She was stating the obvious, but nonetheless received a glare from her older brother.

The man brushed off Octavia's comment with a small chuckle, "Well there was no room at the inn."

Octavia didn't budge, "And this was your only option?"

Bellamy turned his head, "O-" he warned, his eyes begging her to back down.

Octavia looked to me for a moment, her jaw clenched, "I'm out of here." she muttered, handing me the bags she was holding before

stalking off. I watched her go as I struggled with the weight of the bags. The man mumbled something about Octavia to which Bellamy let out a small laugh.

I watched the man, tried to read his expression, but I couldn't crack him, not yet at least.

"Reyes!" Sinclair yelled, marching towards us. I watched as Raven outwardly winced, as he began barking orders at her.

Gina and I shared a look as I gave a small wink, alluding to the fact that Raven's earlier story about her saving Sinclair's ass may not have been as true as she wants us to think.

We hadn't been working long, maybe thirty minutes when we all got a call, signalling that we were being called off. I had been working with Raven to restore the power, and by working I mean doing whatever she told me, as I wasn't really sure what exactly she was even doing.

"Why the hell are they calling us off?" she questioned, as her, Gina and I met up with Sinclair, "I have trip circuits all over the grid"

Sinclair sped his pace, causing the remaining three of us to do the same, "Whatever it is, it supersedes the power problem."

I felt my heart falter at his words, knowing he was right. Whatever was going on- it was serious.

So, you can imagine my worries when we entered the dining hall, only to see a member of Ice Nation seated at one of the tables, Bellamy and Pike standing in front of her.

I split from the rest of the group, instantly making my way towards Bellamy, my eyes wild in worry and anger.

Bellamy turned slightly at my arrival, giving me an assuring look as the man from before-Pike- spoke to the girl, "You're one of them. So why are you telling us this?" I wasn't sure what he was referring to, but nonetheless I watched the girl intently.

She caught my eye for a moment, and I felt myself shrink under her glance, this girl scared me, and had to make sure it wasn't too obvious. Despite my efforts, Bellamy could sense my nerves, and therefore reached out to place a supportive hand around my waist, pulling me closer to him.

The girls cold eyes had now shifted to Pike, "We abandoned Skaikru in the battle for the Mountain. It was wrong." As the last sentence left her mouth, her eyes shifted to Bellamy who nodded slightly.

He knew this girl.

My own eyes flew up to watch my boyfriend, trying to gage the situation. I really had no idea what was going on. Pike and the girl exchanged a few more words, each full of intensity. Octavia had joined us now, and she was watching the girl with as much scepticism as I was.

"Pike," Bellamy spoke, his voice deep, "She saved my life...we can trust her."

Then it dawned on me, she must have been a prisoner of Mount Weather, one that Bellamy had encountered during his undercover operation inside these walls. Despite my hesitation towards this girl, if Bellamy trusted her, then I should too- or at least try to.

"Okay," Bellamy called, gathering the attention of the rest of the group, "If we want to get to Polis before the attack, we need to hurry."

Sinclair, who had just joined us, balked at Bellamy's words, "Attack? Do we have confirmation of that?"

Bellamy shook his head slightly, "We radioed, but no answer."

Pike jumped in, "They may already be dead for all we know," he argued, "And if they are, we need to be ready to respond."

The rest of us shared nervous looks as Sinclair stepped forward, "Don't make this about the missiles."

Pike instantly made it about the missiles, arguing that we needed to

even the playing field, and the only way to do that was through bombs. I felt myself shiver at the mention of missiles. It was bombings, albeit nuclear, that had destroyed this Earth once, I didn't like the idea of using similar tactics again.

"Even if I did agree with you," Sinclair started, "We still don't have the launch codes."

From behind him, I could see a sly smile cover Raven's face, "No," she said, taking a step towards us, "But we have me."

As Raven and Sinclair broke off into their own conversation, it seemed that the plan had been set. A group would rush to Polis to try and stop whatever kind of attack was apparently happening, while the rest would stay here and prepare for a counterattack.

As Pike pulled the Azgeda girl up and out of the room, Bellamy turned me towards him, "You should stay here," he advised, reaching up to push a stray piece of hair out of my face, "Help Raven. I think you're the only one that can handle her when she's in work mode."

A small laugh escaped my lips as I nodded, "Good point." I fell silent for a moment, my eyes studying Bellamy's face, taking in every small detail, "Be careful." I finally whispered, fear eating me up inside. Anytime Bellamy marched into danger without me, I couldn't help but worry every second he was gone.

He nodded as he dipped his head to press a kiss to my lips, "I love you," he mumbled, "See you soon."

As I watched him walk away, I desperately hoped that I would get to see him soon.

-an-

hey guys! just wanted to check in and see how everyone is doing with everything going on and the pandemic currently happening. my university moved all of our classes online, so i have moved home for the year... pretty crazy

i hope all of you are safe and doing well! I will try to get some

more updates up so you have something to do if you are stuck inside haha. but i still have lots of schoolwork to do so no guarantees lol

anyway, stay safe everyone

love you all

maddy xoxo

92. ka-boom (take two)

My footsteps echoed in the empty corridors with every step I took. Each step becoming a bit more rushed. Raven, Sinclair, Gina and I had been working on the codes for over an hour, and so far we had made zero progress. At about the hour and a half mark, Raven instructed me to go check on things in the rest of the Mountain.

I had ensured the remaining of our people in the Mountain were safe and not in panic mode before moving onto my next task- securing all entrances. Raven had radioed to let me know Gina was looking for the codes in the President's office, but so far they had had no luck. I was to secure all possible entrances before joining Gina in looking for the codes.

I truly hoped that this Azgeda girl was someone I could trust, especially considering Octavia and Bellamy had just run off with her. But at the same time I feared that she was telling the truth. If there was truly going to be an attack at the Summit, who knows what could be coming next. If we couldn't figure out these launch codes, then we needed to be able to protect ourselves.

Within twenty minutes, I had secured all of the entrances except for one. The West entrance was where our armies had entered that night, the night of the massacre. It was the one Raven, Wick and I had blown up the dam in order to open. I felt myself shudder at the thought of that night. Everything that had happened then felt like a lifetime ago, but at the same time felt like it had just happened. I tried to ignore the nausea I felt at the thought of everyone who died that night. It needed to happen, I knew that, I really did. But it didn't make it any easier.

I had just turned down the corridor that led to the West entrance when a voice came through my radio, one that made my heart drop.

"Avery!" It was Raven. Her voice was strained and urgent, "Get out!" she yelled, not even giving me a chance to respond, "Get out of the

Mountain!" her words were panicked and muffled, it sounded like she was running. "Now!"

My eyes shot to the door in front of me, as a million thoughts ran through my mind. What was going on? Was everyone okay? Should I turn back or should I go?

I was still about fifty feet from the door, so if I needed to get out as quickly as it sounded like Raven wanted me to, I needed to go, and I needed to go now. Guilt consumed me as I took my first hurried step toward the door. What was I leaving behind? Who was I leaving behind.

I pushed the thoughts from my head as I hurried my pace, breaking out into a run. My heart pounded in my chest as my feet thumped against the floor.

40 Feet.

Keep going.

30 Feet.

Don't Stop.

20 Feet.

Almost there.

10 Feet.

I was steps away from the door when a horrible noise filled my ears as my whole body was thrown off balance. The Mountain shook furiously as an ear-piercing boom caused my head to feel like it was exploding.

I didn't have time to worry about what was happening, because before I knew it my body was being launched through the air.

I don't remember what happened next, all I remember was darkness.

93. frenemies

[image]

My eyes opened with a jolt, my whole body being sent into overdrive as I tried to gage where I was. Pain encompassed my every limb as my eyes continued scanning my whereabouts. A furious cough ripped through my lungs as I struggled for air.

Wherever I was, I was in bad shape.

As more of my senses came to me, I realized I was no longer in Mount Weather, but outside of it...or what was left. The sun was high in the sky as was beating down on me, the mixture of the light and whatever trauma I had ensued causing my head to pound furiously.

A mangled sob escaped my lips as I slowly came to realize what had happened- Mount Weather was gone, reduced to rubble. Another cough left my body as I attempted to push to debris that was covering me off of myself. Luckily, I had been so close to the exit that upon the explosion, the force had pushed me out, rather than keeping me in.

All things considered, I had escaped lucky.

The minute I had freed myself from the rubble, my mind shifted elsewhere. Panic consumed me as my friends filled my thoughts. I had no idea how many, if any of them had made it out. My hand instantly reached for the radio that had been resting on my hip. Luckily, it was still there. Unluckily, it was smashed with no hope of reaching anyone.

An agitated cry left my lips as I looked around my surrounding. The entire mountain was destroyed. Anyone that had been inside was gone, and there was no sign of anyone else here. I was alone.

The guilt that overwhelmed me almost made me collapse. I had left all of those people in there. I had run away while they all died.

I stumbled backward, my foot catching on a piece of fallen mountain, sending me to the ground harshly. My entire body screamed in pain as tears blurred my vision. I didn't know how long I had been buried in the rubble, or how long it had been since Bellamy and Octavia left for the Summit, hell I didn't even know if they were alive.

I knew that if I wanted to confirm whether or not I had lost everyone, I needed to get off my ass and start the long trek home. But the exhaustion and pain made it almost impossible to do so.

I was so close to just closing my eyes again, when something arrive in front of me, casting a shadow over my body. I slowly opened my eyes, squinting as rays of the sun shone from behind whatever was in front of me.

"Are you okay?" the voice asked. It was a man, I could tell that for sure. And by the looks of the shadow, he was on a horse.

Grounder.

My heart sped up as I scrambled up and moved away to the best of my ability, fear striking inside me. I had no idea where were stood with the Grounders as of now, but judging from the destroyed mountain to the left of me, not great.

He jumped from the horse, holding out a hand in front of him as if to calm me down, "I'm not going to hurt you." he promised.

The closer he got, the better I could get a look at him. He was younger than most Grounders I had encountered, probably around my age if not a bit older. His shaggy blonde hair fell in his face as he got closer. He was only a few steps away from me when recognition dawned on me. He was the same Grounder that had been in our group the night of the attack, the same one that had given me a bow.

He must have noted the look on my face, because a small smile came to his face, "I know you." he commented, his own eyes studying me.

I gathered enough courage to speak, "What do you want?" I demanded through a hoarse voice.

He shook his head, pointing toward his horse, "I want to help you, take you back to your people."

I didn't move from my spot as I kept my eyes locked on his hands, ensuring he wasn't going to try and reach for a weapon. Truthfully, I knew that if he was going to kill me himself, he probably would have done it already. "Why should I trust you?" I inquired, trying to make my voice sound steady, but it only came out shakily. "Your people did this." I bit out, lifting an unsteady hand to point to what was once Mount Weather

He nodded, acknowledging my concerns. He wasn't angry or defensive. He spoke softly, but assertive, "Ice Nation did this, not Trikru." he waited for me to interject, but when I didn't he spoke again, "The Commander will punish those responsible."

I clenched my jaw, "Why do you want to help me?" I squeaked out, "I'm Skaikru."

He gave me a small smile, "You're human."

I gripped on tighter to Everett as I learned his name was, as his horse raced through the forest. I had decided to take a leap of faith and let him help me. I knew it was either that or make the trek back alone through the forest, in less than adequate condition. I had no broken bones as I could tell, but that didn't mean I wasn't hurting.

I knew full well that he could be taking me somewhere that wasn't Arkadia, but I also knew that this was my best option if I wanted to get back to Bellamy and my friends as soon as possible.

We had remained mostly silent for the duration of the trip, save for Everett explaining to me in full what had happened in the past day or so, considering that's how long it had been since the explosion.

He explained to me that while there had been an Azgeda assassin, but they weren't headed for the Summit, the target had been Mount

Weather all along. The Ice Nation member had set off the self-destruction command, effectively killing everyone in the mountain.

He also ensured me that every Skaikru member in Polis had left alive, somewhat relieving my stress.

As the wind whipped through my hair, and the smell of the forest filled my nostrils, I couldn't help but let my mind wander. Despite our coalition with Trikru, I was still worried about what was to come. Ice Nation had carried out an act of war, one I was sure would be reciprocated in some sense.

I was so caught up in my worries that I almost didn't notice that we had stopped. We weren't at Arkadia yet, and my anxiety began to rise. Everett turned to me, giving me a small smile before dismounting, "I have to let you off here." he explained, holding out a hand to help me down.

I stared at it for a moment, hoping he would explain further. When he noted my confusion, he elaborated, "Things are weary with Skaikru and Trikru...I think it's best if I keep my distance."

I felt myself relax as I placed my hand in his, allowing him to ease me off of the horse and back to solid ground. I felt myself grimace slightly at the memory of the last time I had ridden a horse- the day I had been released from Grounder captivity. That day on the bridge when the true war between us started.

Pulling myself from those thoughts, I gave Everett a small nod, "Thank you." I whispered.

He released my hand, pointing ahead of us, "Your camp is about a mile that way." he explained.

My eyes followed his hand and I nodded, "Thank you Everett, really."

A grin came to his face as he remounted the horse, "If I'm correct, I believe you owe me-times two."

I let out a small laugh as I turned and began the trek back to camp, "You know where to find me when you need a favour."

I could hear Everett's laughter as I disappeared into the trees.

-an-

hey guys...just checking in to see how everyone is doing. I'm always here if you need to chat!

hope you enjoy this chapter

-maddy xoxo

94. a ghost

[image]

[image]

-Bellamy-

Pike stood at the front of the large room, a sad smile on his face as Bryan sat back down after speaking for Iris, one of his friend's lost in the explosion.

My heartbeat thudded in my chest as I let out a deep breath, trying to prepare myself for what I had to do next. I never thought I would be here, speaking at a memorial for the woman I loved most. My worst fear came true when I got that radio call from Raven.

50 people died because of me. Avery died because of me.

I was supposed to protect her, but instead I left her alone, left her to die.

"Who's speaking on behalf of Avery Collins?" Pike's voice pulled me back to the room, causing my stomach to churn. The room felt like it was spinning as a let out a few deep breaths, I had to do this, I had to do this for her.

I stood slowly, willing myself not to break down as I clutched a small knife in my hands, the same one I had given Avery on our hunting trip so long ago. She had taken me by surprise that day when she announced she wanted to join. I knew then that I always wanted her in my life, that I never wanted to let her go. But now, now I had to. I had to let her go, because I had left. I left her in that mountain, told her to stay...and now she was dead.

A shaky breath left my lips as I turned to face everyone, dozens of sad eyes staring back at me. My eyes began to gloss over as I cleared my throat. I couldn't form words at first, the emotions becoming too much. But she deserved to be remembered, I owed

her that. "Avery was the best person I've ever known." My voice didn't sound like my own, it was weak and it was broken "She was authentic, and she was strong and she motivated me to be the best I could be."We had been instructed to keep our words short, which was more than difficult. Truthfully, I would have been able to go on for hours about how amazing Avery is--*was*. As I turned to set the knife with the other belongings left for those we lost, I dropped my voice, wanting it to be for Avery only, "I love you. May we-"

I was cut short, as the sound of the door opening and someone rushing in caught my attention. I was angry at first, angry that someone had interjected what felt like the last moment I had with the woman I loved. However, as I turned slightly I felt like all the blood had left my body, my face paled as I met her eyes. The knife clattered from my hands as I stared at her for a moment, frozen in place. She was only a few feet away when my brain finally yelled at me to move. I quickly moved toward her, needing to feel her touch to know I wasn't dreaming.

All the eyes in the room followed me as I staggered towards her, careful not to lose my footing.

Relief and joy flooded my body as she crashed into me, burying her head in my chest as she always did. A collective gasp was heard around the room at the sight of her, but I didn't care. I wrapped my arms around her, holding her as tightly to my body as I could.

Avery was alive.

She was crying against my chest, her body shaking slightly with the sobs. Tears filled my eyes as well as pressed my face into the top of her head, making sure it was really her.

I pulled her away from my body, attempting to get a proper look at her face. She look exhausted, a mixture of blood and dirt was plastered to her face, but she was alive and that's all that mattered.

"You're okay." I promised, pressing my lips to her forehead before pulling her back into my body, "I've got you."

-an-

okeyyyy! short chapter and it was in the pov of bellamy which I have never done before! I just felt that their reunion would have been best if we could get a glimpse into how bellamy was feeling after he thought he lost the love of his life.

comment and vote (please!) if you are enjoying this story- voting and commenting lets me know that people actually like what i write ahaha

stay safe everyone

love you all

-maddy xoxo

95. tensions

[image]

-Avery-

After Everett had dropped me off, I had made it back to Arkadia in a short amount of time, desperate to ensure the safety of my friends. I received little flack at the gates, being let in quickly as the guards watched me in shock.

It was Raven who saw me first, and she had looked at my like I was a ghost, "I thought you were dead!" she had cried as she pulled me into a bone crushing hug. She then proceeded to explain that she had radioed me after the explosion, but when she received no response she assumed the worst. Her face then fell as she started pulling me toward the ship, instructing me to get to the mess hall as soon as possible. Apparently they were holding a memorial for those lost, and Bellamy was about to lay me to rest.

I had rushed in, incidentally causing as scene in the process. Bellamy wore the same expression as Raven had when his eyes fell on me- complete disbelief.

Now, as I held onto Bellamy as tight as possible, I couldn't help but forget about all the others in the room for a moment. He held me close, and at that moment I never wanted to let go. But, as I've learned, things often don't work in my favour.

I pulled away from him at the sound of more people entering the room. As I turned, I saw a group of guards approaching Pike. Their eyes scanned the room as they spoke to him, the only words I was able to pick up were "Grounders" and "tree line".

I nervously looked to Bellamy who was gripping onto my hand, as Pike marched over to Abby and Kane, telling them that there were 300 Grounders camped outside of our walls. I wasn't entirely sure what had happened after the explosion at Mount Weather, but I had a feeling fear and mistrust were common emotions running through

most of our people right now. Considering Everett had eluded to some tensions between us, I knew those feelings were reciprocated on the side of the Grounders as well.

There was some back and forth, Abby and Kane explaining to Pike that they were aware of the army. It was only when Pike balked in surprise, raising his voice that the rest of the room became alerted. I leaned into Bellamy as Kane tried to diffuse everyone's worries, letting them know that this was not an army, but rather a peacekeeping force sent by the Commander.

Pike continued pushing, causing Abby to speak up. But it didn't matter what she said, Pike was determined to sway the opinions of the rest of the group, condemning the Grounders, and creating tension in the room. My blood began to boil, who did this guy think he was? He had been here for a couple of days max. He had no idea what was truly going on.

I felt nerves begin to bubble up inside me as murmurs began flying around the room, people becoming increasingly angered. Bellamy shifted his weight, clearly on edge as well.

A man beside Bellamy and I spoke up, "You," he called, pointing a shaky finger in Lincoln's direction, "You don't belong here!"

My anger only increased as I took a step away from Bellamy, "Back off." I snapped, ready to step in front of the man. Before I had the chance, the man launched something in the direction of Lincoln. It was only when it struck Lincoln across the head that I realized it was a rock.

"Hey!" I screamed, my voice instantly being lost in the chaos that began to ensue. Bellamy grabbed a hold of me, pulling me along with him as he rushed towards Lincoln just as people began swarming. Bellamy pulled a few men away, trying to free Lincoln of the completely unwarranted attack.

Despite my exhaustion and pain stricken body, I stepped in, aggressively shoving away anyone who tried to get anywhere near Lincoln.

The pandemonium only lasted a matter of moments, as a loud whistle ripped through the room. It was Pike. I glared toward him with angry eyes as he spoke, claiming that our enemy wasn't in this camp, but out there.

I stood, fuming in anger as I spoke up, "You don't know anything about who our enemy is." I spat, gathering the attention of everyone in the room. It was clear everyone was expecting something else, but at that point I had nothing else to give.

Bellamy didn't say anything as he grabbed my hand, beginning to pull me from the room. As I followed behind him, my angry eyes stayed locked on one person- Pike.

—-

It seemed that our sweet reunion was short lived, as now Bellamy marched down the hall, anger in his eyes as I struggled to keep up.

"What was that?" He snapped, stopping to turn and look at me, "49 people just died because of the Grounders, Avery! I almost lost you, and you expect me and everyone else just to trust these people."

I clenched my jaw, "49 of our people died because of Azgeda. They do not represent all Grounders, Bellamy." I answered, relaying the information that Everett had told me on our journey back. "You heard Abby!" I continued, my arm flying out to point back toward where we had just left, "They're a peacekeeping troop."

Bellamy rolled his eyes, "You're smarter than this, Avery." he muttered, turning and beginning to walk once again.

I chased after him, my eyes ablaze, "Smarter than what, Bellamy? Smarter than to trust Pike? A man that's been here for a matter of days? I've been here months Bellamy, months of peace with the Grounders. And we're going to throw that all away because he tells us to?"

"Three months ago you would have been totally on board with this." He snipped, turning to look at me with angry eyes, "You hated the Grounders."

I felt myself shrink back as I bit the inside of my cheek, "Three months ago I hated the Grounders because my brother died at their hands" I answered, causing Bellamy's face to softened, "But I can't hate them for doing what they needed to do to protect their people." I added, my voice lowering.

Bellamy let out a small sigh as he ran his hand through his hair, "I don't want to do this right now." He muttered, his eyes roaming across my body, "You need to get to medical." he pointed out, reaching out to take my hand.

I pulled away, my eyes meeting his as a hurt expression fell across his face. "I can take myself." I whispered coldly, not giving him a second look as I turned and left him standing alone.

Tears of frustration filled my eyes as I marched through the Ark. The Grounders took my brother away from me, and now I was afraid they were inadvertently driving a wedge between me and the person I loved most in this world.

96. crumbling

[image]

[image]

-Bellamy-

I sat in one of the chairs in mine and Avery's room later that night, awaiting her return from medical. I was angry, more at myself than anything. She was alive, which was a miracle, but she had still been at risk. She had almost died and that was because of me.

My mind soon found itself travelling back to the moment Raven's voice came through that radio when we were in Polis. Only a day had past since then, but it had felt like a lifetime. The minute that call came in, my whole life crumbled.

"Bellamy, Bellamy come in." Raven's voice was full of pain and sadness as it came through the radio, plunging me into instant worry. Something wasn't right. The assassin hadn't shown like Echo promised it would, we were wrong- I was wrong.

Raven spoke again before I had a chance to respond, "The Grounders attacked Mount Weather."

I kept my eyes trained on the Commander as I reached down and freed the radio from my belt, "What are you talking about?" I demanded, my voice wavering. This had to be a mistake, it had to.

The words that left her mouth next were ones I had never wanted to hear, ones that brought the world down around me. "It's gone, it's all gone, they're all gone," she cried, "Sinclair and I are the only ones left."

"I'm so sorry," she sobbed, the pain she was feeling emanating through the small device in my hand, "I'm so sorry."

Reactions of shock flew around the room as everyone adjusted to the new they had just heard. I stood frozen in place, my mind spinning as I

tried to process her words...this couldn't be true. Avery couldn't be dead, she couldn't be.

I felt like my legs were going to collapse from beneath me as my glassy, angry eyes looked up to meet Clarke's and then the Commander's. I need an explanation and I needed it now.

But it turned out it wasn't them who were going to provide me with an explanation as to why my girlfriend was dead, no, instead it came from the Ice Nation ambassador.

He took a few steps forward, so he was in front of us, his back to the Commander, "You should have never moved your people back into Mount Weather." he barked, his eyes full of pride and anger, "Ice Nation did what Lexa was too weak to do." He spun around, meeting eyes with his Commander.

If Kane hadn't of taken my gun away, I would have shot that man right then and there. As far as I was concerned, he was a dead man walking.

I numbly watched as Lexa reacted to what Ice Nation had done, deeming it as an act of war, and in turn arresting both the delegation and the prince. But it wasn't enough, it wasn't enough to undo what had been done.

Abby spoke up, instructing that we needed to get back to Arkadia as it could be next. I kept my watery eyes on Clarke, trying to decipher what was going through her mind.

"Clarke, we need to go now." I spoke for the first time since the radio call with Raven. My voice was shaky and it was full of pain. Nothing could explain the devastation that I was feeling right now, but I knew I had to hold it together until we were back at Arkadia, until I was alone.

Clarke didn't say anything in response to my plea, Lexa spoke instead. "We need an ambassador from the thirteenth clan to stay in Polis."

My eyes flickered to Clarke who stared back at me with sympathy, "It's not safe here." I argued, feeling betrayed in this moment. I had just lost one of the most important people in my life, the woman I loved most aside from my sister and I needed my friend, I needed Clarke.

"Clarke will be safe here, under my protection." Lexa promised. But her promises didn't mean anything to me, not anymore.

I gave Clarke a final pleading look, but she simply shook her head. She wasn't coming with us.

I turned, unable to look at her anymore. My throat and jaw ached from trying to hold in the tears, I couldn't bear it much longer.

As we began the descent from the tower, Octavia arrived at my side, placing her hand in my own. When she looked up at me, I saw the tears in her eyes. She had lost her best friend too.

The sadness in my little sister's face was enough to finally break me.

A single warm tear fell from my eye.

"What are you thinking about?" Avery's voice came from the door of our room. I jumped, startled at her arrival.

She was cleaned up, the dirt washed from her face and the wounds cleaned, fresh bandages covering parts of her body. She was alive, and she was okay, but she was broken nonetheless.

I didn't realize I was crying until I felt wetness on my face. I quickly reached up to wipe it from my face, I hated showing weakness, even around Avery.

Her face softened as she took a few quick steps toward me, "Bell," she whispered, her own eyes becoming sad as she sat beside me on the bed, "What's going on?" she inquired gently.

I didn't say a word at first, but instead pulled her into my grasp, "I'm sorry" I whispered, feeling myself relax and she snaked her arms around me.

She nodded against my chest, instantly knowing what had me so upset, "I'm okay." she promised, her voice muffled from my shirt, "I'm okay."

-an-

thank you to -everythintrash for requesting a chapter from the perspective of Bellamy when he got the radio call from Raven. I hope you liked it! :)

get ready guys...things are going to start getting rough

-maddy xoxo

97. doubts

[image]

-Avery-

It was sometime in the night when I awoke.

Our room was empty, Bellamy having gone to the mess hall after I had returned from medical. We hadn't talked about out argument earlier, and truth be told I didn't really want to. I knew what was wrong with Bellamy- he blamed himself. He had been close to tears when I had returned to our room, most likely beating himself up for something that wasn't his fault.

Something had woken me up, but seeing as Bellamy wasn't back yet, I had no idea what it was.

I sat up, pulling on my boots and a jacket just as a loud knock came at the door. That must have been what pulled me out of sleep.

"I'm coming!" I yelled, my voice thick from sleep as I pushed myself to my feet, trying to ignore the pain that shot through my body.

A small wince covered my face as I pulled the door open, my muscles screaming in agony. The pain expression quickly fell from my face at the sight of Harper in front of me, her eyes wide in worry. "You should come outside." she panted, looking over her shoulder down the hall.

I felt my heart drop, "What's going on?" I asked, already out of the room and beginning to follow her down the hall.

Harper began leading me outside, "It's Bellamy, he-"

That was all I needed to hear. I took off running, leaving Harper to try and catch up. A million thoughts raced through my head as I sprinted down the corridors. Was Bellamy okay? Was he alive? Or was he gone?

I could feel my heart breaking at all possible prospects. I couldn't lose him.

I was outside in a matter of minutes, the cool night air causing even more adrenaline to course through my veins.

There was a crowd gathered by the front gates, and I instantly made a beeline toward it. As I got closer, I could see there were two distinct groups formed- Abby, Kane, Octavia and Lincoln and on the other side, Pike, Farm Station, and...Bellamy?

I felt relief blood my body at the sight of my boyfriend in one piece. But that relief soon turned to confusion as I took in the scene-Farm Station, including Bellamy were all handcuffed. I pushed past a couple of people, desperate to get to the front of the crowd and figure out what was happening.

Octavia's worried eyes met mine upon my arrival, "What going on?" I snapped, my eyes flickering to Bellamy who directed his eyes toward the ground, avoiding my gaze.

It was evident I had missed out on something.

No one answered my question, instead, one of the Farm Station members spoke, addressing Pike, "Sir, you should be on the ballot tomorrow."

I felt like I was going to be sick, this man could not be our chancellor. My eyes shot over to Abby, willing for her to diffuse the situation. She met my eyes briefly before looking back toward the crowd.

"That's enough!" Abby snapped, her angry eyes glaring toward Pike before she spoke again, "Take them away." she instructed.

I stood helpless and watched as Bellamy and the others were pulled away, toward the prison ward no doubt. I had just been about to call out for my boyfriend's attention, to ask him what in the hell was going on. Last I had heard from him he was going to get a drink in the mess hall and now he was here. I didn't get a chance to ask him however, as he spoke first, but it wasn't to me. It was a

name in the form of a chant-Pike.

Anger and confused consumed me as the others joined in, their chants filling the night air. I spun to Octavia and Lincoln, fury and wonder in my eyes, "What the hell is going on?" I demanded as the chants faded away into the Ark.

Octavia just shook her head, allowing Lincoln to speak instead, "They tried to move a force out to the Grounders stationed here to protect your camp, they want to get rid of them." he explained, his voice stern.

"Get rid of them?" I echoed, not fully understanding as I glanced back to where Bellamy had disappeared.

Octavia clenched her jaw, her eyes locked on where her brother had been, "They want to kill them."

I felt nauseous as I looked between the two, my eyes wide, "What the hell is he doing?" I snapped, not needing to say his name. Bellamy was on the wrong path here, and it was my job to set him straight.

I was fuming as I entered mine and Bellamy's shared quarters. I was furious at Pike, but mostly, I was furious at Bellamy. This wasn't who he was.

I knew he blamed himself for what happened at Mount Weather, but whatever guilt he felt, that didn't excuse trying to murder an army sent to protect us.

I let out an agitated cry as I swiped my arm across the small shelf in our room, knocking all the contents to the floor. Bellamy was supposed to be able to talk to me, to tell me what he was feeling. Instead, Pike got in his head, and planted seeds of doubt and regret. Angry tears fell from my eyes as I stared down at the mess I had made-books, plants and papers littered our floor but what caught my attention was what wasn't there.

The canister containing Finn's ashes had been resting on that shelf

before I had left for Mount Weather, and now they were no where to be seen. I scoured the whole room, hoping that Bellamy had just moved them somewhere else, perhaps uncomfortable with the prospect that my brother's remains were resting just a couple of feet away from our bed.

However, when I couldn't locate them, a whole new anger set in. All I could see was red, and the anger only grew as I marched toward lock up.

At the speed I was going, it took me less than five minutes to reach the cell where the prisoners were held.

"Let me in!" I snapped as I arrived in front of the cell, my anger being wrongly placed on one of the guards stationed outside of lockup. He look dumbfounded as he stared back at me. It wasn't often that someone begged to be let in to the cell.

"Open it." I repeated, my voice lowering slightly.

The guard shook his head, still in shock, "We're not really-"

"It's okay," It was Nathan Miller who stepped in, instantly typing in the code that allowed me to enter, "She's okay." he promised.

The minute that door was open I was making my way straight toward a certain curly haired person.

"Where is it?" I snapped, angry tears filling in my eyes as I marched toward him. Bellamy looked up at me, his eyes wide in surprise. "Did you take them!" I snapped, my voice colder than I had ever heard while speaking to Bellamy.

He stood up, his eyes briefly looking back toward the rest of the prisoners who were now watching us intently, "Come here." He whispered, softly taking my arm and leading me away from the others.

I aggressively ripped my arm from his grasp as I looked up at him, clenching my jaw, "Did you take them, Bellamy?" I gritted, my eyes boring into his.

Bellamy still looked confused as he shook his head, "Avery, I don't know what you're talking about." he admitted.

"His ashes! They're gone!" I yelled, causing more people to look over at us. Pike stood from across the room, beginning to make his way over to us. Bellamy turned slightly, holding out a hand to stop Pike, just as I shot him a dirty look. I did not like this man, and I especially didn't like that he was turning my boyfriend into someone I didn't recognize.

Bellamy then turned back to me, his eyes full of sympathy, as well as a bit of hurt, "I would never do that to you." he whispered, dipping his head slightly so he was closer to me.

I took a small step back, feeling regret for accusing him. No matter what was going on with him at the moment, I knew he wouldn't do something to purposely hurt me. I had taken it too far. I shook my head, embarrassed I had even accused him "I'm sorry." I whispered.

He nodded as he reached out for me, "Can we-"

I pulled away for the second time that day, giving him a sad look, "No, I don't have anything to say right now, Bellamy. " I muttered, turning before I changed my mind. I hated leaving him in there, but what I hated more was the person he was turning into. So, I knew that letting him sit in there with Pike and the others was the best thing for both of us.

-an-

uh oh guys! looks like there's some mistrust between bellamy and avery...yikes

hope you all are doing well

-maddy xoxo

98. truth

Day had come by the time Bellamy entered our quarters. I stared up at him from where I sat on our bed, trying to restrain myself from reaching out to him.

"Someone pay your bail?" I muttered, looking back down to flip a page in the book I was currently attempting to read.

Bellamy shifted uncomfortably, "Pike won." he whispered.

My eyes paused on the page, my heart dropping to my stomach. After spending most of the morning trying to figure out how my brother's ashes had mysteriously disappeared, I had voted in the election this morning, like everyone else that could. I had voted for Kane, but apparently the majority voted the other way.

I finally looked up at him, "So you're his bitch now?" I questioned, instantly feeling guilty as a look of hurt flashed across Bellamy's face.

His throat bobbed as he shook his head, "He's doing what's best for us."

"He's doing what's best for him." I corrected, locking my eyes with his.

He broke first, shifting his eyes to the ground, "I have to go." he muttered, looking back up at me briefly, "Can we please talk later?"

I locked my jaw, resisting the urge to be difficult, "Yeah." I finally answered, turning my eyes back to my book before Bellamy could say another word. He left a few seconds later, the door quietly clicking behind him.

If I had known what he was on his way to do, I would have never let him leave.

—-

After Bellamy had left, I had sat wallowing in anger for a while before deciding to make myself productive.

I had found my way outside to the garden, offering up my assistance. I needed the fresh air, and medical was slow today so I wanted to offer my help where it was needed. Lyla, our head gardener and crop grower gladly assigned me to harvesting some of our ready crops.

I was in the middle of picking vegetables when a figure stepped in front of me, casting a shadow across my line of vision. I looked up, using my hand to shield the sun from my eyes. Through a squint I could see that It was Jasper standing in front of me.

I smiled, wiping the dirt from my hands onto my pants, "Hey, Jasper."

He gave me a small smile, but I could tell by the look on his face something was wrong, "Can we-uh...can we talk?"

I gave him a weary look as I pushed myself to my feet, "Are you okay?" I questioned.

He glanced around for a moment before pulling me away from the garden, to a part of the grounds that were less busy.

I stared at him, my brows furrowed in worry as I waited for him to start speaking. "Jasper?" I proved softly, reaching out to touch his arm.

He shook his head, tears welling in his eyes, "I'm sorry." He whispered, his voice breaking.

My heart thudded in my chest, "For what?" I questioned, "What are you sorry for?"

"I took them." he muttered, guilt covering his face.

I still had no idea what he was talking about, "Took what? Jasper, what-"

"Finn's ashes." he cried, his eyes casting downward, "I took them

and I was holding them and I fell outside of the dropship and I-"

I cut him off, not needing to hear anymore. My first initial reaction was to cry, or yell or walk away, but I let myself breathe for a minute. When I calmed myself down, I didn't question why Jasper took them or how he had known I had them, but instead I pulled him into a hug. He was tense at first, shocked at my reaction.

I was hurt, upset and confused that spreading my brother's ashes had been taken away from me, but at the same time I was relieved. Relieved that I didn't have to go through the pain of spreading what was left of him, relieved that he was finally at rest. I was especially relieved that he would forever be at the drop ship, my safe haven. Knowing my brother was put to rest there made it even more special. Truth be told, that is where he would have wanted to be anyway.

"I'm sorry." he whispered again, his tears soaking into the shoulder of my shirt.

I nodded, pulling back so I could look at him, "I know."

—-

The rest of my afternoon was spent in the garden with Jasper. I had convinced him to help me harvest. Really, I didn't need the help, but I wanted to keep him occupied, take his mind off of everything. Octavia had joined us at some point, and soon enough it felt like old times.

"You know," Octavia started, flicking a piece of dirt toward me, "You're like a freaking legend around here...risen from the dead and all."

I let out a laugh as I brushed the dirt from my face, "I was never dead." I pointed out, a grin coming to my face as Jasper laughed.

Octavia smiled as she looked over at me, giving me a small shrug, "Well we all thought you were so just go with it okay?"

I was about to speak again, only to be cut off when yelling was heard by the front gates. Octavia and I locked eyes before jumping

to our feet, eager to see what was going on.

The gates were opening, and our people were entering camp. I hadn't been aware that anyone had even left in the first place.

Octavia and I shared another look before heading for the main gates. As the returnees filed through, my eyes landed on Bellamy. My breath caught in my throat at the look of him, at the look of all of them for that matter. They were all covered in blood...but it didn't look like theirs.

Octavia and I made our way toward Bellamy, worry in both of our eyes, "Bell!" Octavia called as we approached, "Are you okay?"

Bellamy nodded, his eyes landing on me, "I'm fine." he muttered, beginning to push past us.

My hand shot out, grabbing a hold of his arm, "Bellamy, what the hell happened?"

His dark eyes met mine, and I felt myself shrink back slightly. No words left his mouth as he pulled from my grasp, pushing past myself and Octavia.

Octavia let out a small scoff, "What's the matter with him?" she spat, confusion and anger lacing her words.

I let out a small sigh as I shook my head, "Guess I better find out." I muttered, already looking for Bellamy in the crowd. I spotted him instantly, he hadn't made it very far.

I gave Octavia a small nod before heading after my boyfriend. He had stopped moving by the time I reached him, and was standing watching the others, a sad look on his face.

"We need to talk." I announced, grabbing a hold of his arm so he couldn't leave. He glanced down at me, his eyes showing he was exhausted. I felt myself soften at the sight of him. But as much as I wanted to pull him into a hug, I needed to know what was going on.

I shook my head, lost at what was going on with him, "Bell, you can

talk to me." I promised, my grip falling down his arm to take a hold of his hand. His fingers curled around mine, just as his mouth opened to speak, but another voice cut in.

"Everybody listen up!" Pike stepped onto a small platform, elevating himself above the rest of us as he began speaking.

I watched with narrowed eyes as he addressed the people of Arkadia, claiming he wanted to create a "self sustaining, prosperous and safe Arkadia".

The crowd let out cheers of agreement, causing me to look around in shock. How could so many people support him.

As he continued speaking, things only got worse. With each word that left his mouth, my hand, that was still gripped in Bellamy's, began to loosen.

Horror ran through my veins at Pike's words. They had attacked the Grounders.

Tears filled my eyes as I slowly dropped my hand from Bellamy's, my head whipping toward his. The minute his eyes met mine, I knew what he had done.

A choked gasp escaped from my lips as I took a step back, staring incredulously at my boyfriend as more cheers sounded around camp.

"Avery-" Bellamy started, trying to take a step toward me.

I took another step back, sticking my arm out in front of me as to stop Bellamy from coming any closer, "Don't touch me." I whispered. In that moment I could feel my heart breaking, breaking for the man I thought I knew, but maybe I didn't, not really at least.

With one final look at Bellamy, I turned and rushed back toward the Ark, needing to get away from him, from everything.

Once out of the immediate crowd, my eyes landed on Octavia and Lincoln who were standing, watching Pike with dark eyes.

I couldn't speak to them, not at the moment. I was too angry, too upset to hold a solid conversation. All I could muster was a quiet apology to Lincoln. His people had been attacked at the hands of my boyfriend.

I didn't know where we went from here. I didn't know where Bellamy and I stood. But what I did know was that Pike needed to stop, and I was full willing to play my hand in doing so.

99. divided

[image]

Before I had managed to make it into the Ark following Pike's speech, I was stopped by Kane. He had instructed me to meet him in an hour in one of the vacant corridors. I had no idea what he had planned, but nonetheless an hour later that's where I was headed.

As I rounded the corner, my eyes fell on Kane and Octavia who were standing, speaking about something. Kane handed Octavia her sword and as I got closer I could hear their words.

Octavia was looking at Kane in shock, "You want me to go see Indra?"

Kane nodded, his eyes then turning to me upon my arrival, "With Avery."

I looked between the two of them, "What's going on?" I questioned, my eyes meeting Octavia's as she gave me a small shrug

"You girls," Kane explained, pressing a gun into my hands, "Are going to meet with Indra. I'd do it myself but Pike's watching everything I do now."

I looked back at him in confusion, looking down at the gun in my hand, "Why me?" I asked, briefly glancing toward Octavia, "If I walk in there holding a gun they'll-"

Octavia placed a hand on my arm, "You'll be fine Aves, I've got you."

Kane nodded, "It's safer if you both go."

I let out a small sigh, slinging the strap of the gun over my shoulder, "How do we even get out? The gates are being guarded like-"

Turning around, Kane lifted a piece of the wall, revealing a hidden

passage that I assumed lead out of camp. Octavia and I shared a look before both of us stepped forward, looking into the passage.

"Crawl space door in 20 feet drops you outside the camp wall." Kane looked up, causing us to meet his eyes, "Get out there. You find out what the hell happened and then you report back here, you got it?"

I felt a grin come to my lips as Octavia and I slipped into the passage. A similar expression covered Octavia's face as she turned back to Kane, "We were born for this."

Octavia and I remained mostly silent as we headed toward the grounds where the Grounder peace keeping troop had been stationed. Our silence was mostly due to the fact that we were on high alert, but it also had something to do with the emotions we were both feeling.

We weren't far from our destination when I spoke up, "Pike's manipulating him." I muttered, my eyes scanning the forest, "It doesn't excuse what he did, but there's more to it than meets the eye."

Octavia nodded, her jaw clenching, "He needs some sense knocked into him. Pike can't get away with this."

I looked to her with sad eyes. She was right, but at this point it felt like us against all of Arkadia. I didn't have anything else to say at the moment, but if I had of, the words would have been knocked out of me in shock at what I saw next.

As we pushed through the final line of trees, the sight of a graveyard met my eyes. I felt my heart drop as my jaw slacked in shock. There, in front of us, were hundreds of murdered Grounders, men and women, young and old alike. It was clear no mercy had been shown. This hadn't been a battle, it had been massacre.

Octavia mirrored my devastation as the two of us slowly walked across the fields. The smell of death assaulted my nostrils as flies buzzed overhead, taking advantage of the decaying bodies. I felt

like I was going to be sick as we continued through, each body I saw taking a toll on my mental state.

Bellamy had played a role in this.

I felt myself stumbling a couple of times as we neared the Grounder tent that had been set up. I was in utter shock at the sight in front of me. Maybe this is why Kane wanted me to go. He wanted me to see what Pike had done, incase there was ever any chance I was going to side with my boyfriend.

There had never been that chance, and now I knew for sure there never would be.

I tried to shake the look of horror of my face as Octavia and I pushed into the tent. I needed to hold it together.

As we entered, my eyes landed on Indra who had clearly been wounded in the attack, she looked like the only survivor.

"Octavia? Avery?" It was Clarke who spoke our names, turning from tending to Indra to look at us in shock, "Where's Kane?"

Octavia looked around the tent, "He sent us."

As Octavia dropped down beside Indra, I stood in place and studied the look of Clarke. I hadn't seen here since she left our camp after we saved our people from Mount Weather. She looked different, much different. Her hair was longer, her clothes were different and the way she carried herself was off. She looked like a Grounder.

"How did this happen?" Lexa barked, her angry eyes looking between Octavia and I.

I glanced over at her, trying not to cower at her glares. Octavia and Clarke both stood, Clarke stopping beside me to give my hand a tight squeeze. I could tell it was her way of saying "hello" amidst all the chaos, and so I returned the gesture.

"Kane lost the election to Pike" Octavia answered, her eyes casting to me for a moment, "Everything is different."

A look of disgust covered Lexa's face, "Your people voted for this?" she snapped.

It was Clarke who answered, "No." she replied, turning to Octavia and I, "No. I don't believe that."

I looked over at her, shaking my head, "You haven't been there, Clarke." I argued, biting down on my lip, "People are afraid, they don't know what to do so they're turning to Pike."

Clarke's eyes darted between Octavia and I, "Listen to me," she demanded, "The Grounder army is going to be here in less than a day. I need to see Bellamy."

At the mention of his name, my eyes fell to the ground, mortified at what he had done.

"Bellamy was apart of this! He's with Pike" Octavia explained. "What makes you think he'll help us."

Clarke didn't break her gaze, "He saved Indra's life."

My eyes travelled to the wounded Grounder, and for the first time since this all started, that sounded like something the Bellamy I know would have done.

"If what Octavia's saying is true, then Pike trusts him," Clarke now had her attention directed at Lexa, "If I can get to him, he can get to Pike."

"You can't just walk in there, Clarke" Lexa shot back, "You've been living with their enemy. If it were me I'd kill you right on the spot."

My eyes met Octavia's for a brief moment, before I looked back to Lexa, "We can get her in."

By the time the three of us had made it back to camp, the plan had been set. I would sneak Clarke into one of the rooms in the Ark, while Octavia coaxed her brother into said room, where Clarke would be waiting.

We had decided that it would be best if I wasn't openly part of the plan, better to keep Bellamy thinking he hadn't fully lost me as an ally...yet.

"In here." I muttered, pulling open the door and ushering Clarke inside. She gave me a small smile as she entered, quickly glancing around at the items littering the room, most from Mount Weather.

She didn't say anything about it, but instead took a seat at the small table that was position in the middle of the room.

Silence settled over us for a moment, and I was about to get ready to leave when she spoke, "How are you doing?" she asked, her voice soft and guilt ridden.

I chewed on the inside of my lip, debating what to say to her, "I'm fine" I finally answered, using the same answer I had given everyone for the past three months.

She nodded, looking down at her hands, "Sorry I didn't get to say goodbye."

I shook my head, "It destroyed him when you left." I muttered, no longer referring to myself. I had watched Bellamy take Clarke's departure hard. He had been dealing with the same grief and guilt she had been, but he had stayed, he hadn't run.

I could tell she wanted to reply, to argue her case, but I didn't have the time to let her do that right now, "I should get going." I whispered, turning toward the door. With my back turned, I spoke again, "Stay safe, Clarke."

My heart felt heavy as I left the room and in that moment I realized just how much I had missed Clarke. She may have been a pain in my ass most of the time, and for a while I had seen her as my brother's murderer, but she was my friend, and I wished she would come home.

-an-

please please vote and comment if you are enjoying these updates!

hope everyone is well

-maddy xxoxo

100. betrayal

[image] [image]

"They've been in there a long time." I muttered, quickly sticking my head out from where Octavia and I were hidden, awaiting Clarke so we could get her back out of camp.

Octavia nodded, joining me in peering down the corridor, "If they're not out in five minutes...I'll go in."

I perked up at the sound of footsteps coming toward us, "Someone's coming." I whispered, pulling Octavia back so we were hidden once again.

I pressed my back up against the wall as voices met my ears. I could tell one was Clarke and one was Bellamy, but it didn't sound like things had gone well.

I turned to Octavia, lowering my voice, "Something's not right."

Wordlessly, I looked back down the corridor, being met with the sight of Bellamy and another Farm Station guard pulling a handcuffed Clarke down the hallway. I let out a quiet curse as I ducked back behind the wall, "He's turning her in." I snapped, angry that Clarke hadn't been able to sway Bellamy.

"Damnit." Octavia whispered, looking down the hall for herself, before rejoining me. "Stay here." she whispered, "Don't let them see you."

I locked eyes with her for a moment, knowing this was probably goodbye for now. It had been agreed that I would stay in Arkadia, while Octavia and Clarke left. We needed an inside man, or in my case woman. I'd work with Kane, funnelling any information I could gather.

I pulled her into a quick hug as the voices got closer, "Be safe." I whispered.

She nodded as we pulled apart, giving my hand a quick squeeze, "You too."

And then she was gone, jumping in front of Bellamy and the guard. She didn't hesitate in knocking the guard to the ground, then turning her focus to her brother.

I watched from my hiding place as Bellamy stared back at his sister, "You can't just hit a guard." he chastised, still holding his grip on Clarke.

Octavia didn't back down, "I just did ." she muttered, "Let her go."

Bellamy pulled Clarke behind him, shaking his head, "I can't do that."

"Come on Bellamy." I whispered so only I could hear, desperately hoping there was still a chance he was on our side.

But it looked like there was no chance. Bellamy held firm, telling Octavia that she needed to go.

I felt my heart drop as the sound of approaching guards echoed through the halls. Apparently, that had caused a distraction for everyone, as Bellamy took a step away from Clarke, toward his sister.

The minute Clarke was free, I watched as she reached for the electric prod on the fallen guard's belt, wasting no time in jabbing it into Bellamy's ribs. I felt myself wince as I watched him gasp for air before collapsing to the ground.

By the time I looked up again, Clarke and Octavia were gone. I prayed that they would make it out without being caught, because who knows what would happen to them if they were.

It was now that I finally pushed myself out of my hiding spot, quickly making my way toward Bellamy.

"Come on." I whispered, grabbing a hold of his arm.

Bellamy looked up at me, his eyes wide as the effects of the prod

began to wear off, "Avery?"

I crouched down, attempting to yank him to his feet, "Bellamy, get up!" I snapped, wanting to get out of there before the rest of the guards arrived.

He stayed still for a moment, and I could tell he was debating whether or not he should come with me. Luckily he seemed to have at least a bit of a soft spot for me, as he finally pushed himself to his feet.

I let out a small sigh of relief, as I allowed him to lean on me, "We need to talk." I muttered, already leading us to our quarters.

It had taken longer that I had wanted to get back to our room. Bellamy had gained most of his bearings back by the time we reached our door, but had slowed us down for most the walk. I was convinced he had done so on purpose, wanting to be caught by the guards without openly betraying me.

But nonetheless, we had made it back without being caught.

The minute we were both through the door, I turned to him, my arms crossed over my chest. He stared back at me, an impatient look covering his face, "What did you need to talk about, Avery?" he questioned.

I cleared my throat, my eyes falling to my feet for a moment, "I saw what you did." I whispered, my sad eyes looking up to his.

Bellamy shook his head, crossing his own arms over his chest, "What are you talking about?" he questioned, a hint of frustration in his words.

I bit down on my lips, the scene from earlier filling my mind, "I saw all the people you murdered, Bellamy. That's what I'm taking about."

His face fell, shocked at the fact that I had seen the damage of Pike's army first hand. He then cleared his throat, his eyes

darkening over, "We did what needed to be done."

I had wanted to believe that Bellamy had played no role in the massacre I had seen earlier today, but in that moment he confirmed my worst fear.

I uncrossed my arms, allowing them to flail around in anger, "You killed innocent people Bellamy! People who we are supposed to be allies with! Does that not bother you at all?"

Bellamy clenched his jaw as he stared at me with dark eyes, "Killed innocent people like your brother did. You forgave him easy enough."

I felt like I had been shot in the chest. Bellamy had never spoke an ill word against Finn, nor had he ever spoken to me with such anger. I truly couldn't believe what I was hearing. "Don't." I snapped, my voice coming out in a cold whisper as I took a small step toward him, "Don't you dare."

He shook his head, clenching his jaw, "Trikru killed 37 of our friends, they tortured you, they-"

"It doesn't matter what they did. We were enemies then, and we're supposed to be allies now. The fact that you can sit here and tell me that you have no remorse for what you just did, it- it disgusts me Bellamy." I looked at him in complete disbelief, " Is this who you want to be? Because if it is then I'm not sure I want to have anything to do with you."

Sadness flooded his face, before it clouded over in anger, "I'm doing what's best for this camp. What's best for you." he answered, repeating similar words he had said to me the day he tortured Lincoln in the dropship.

"You're not doing this for me." I answered coldly, "You're doing this to clear your own conscious," my words came out bitterly, causing Bellamy to flinch, " I know you blame yourself for what happened at Mount Weather, but it wasn't your fault. But what is on you, is if you continue to slaughter innocent people. That is what you will have to live with."

Bellamy just stared back at me, his eyes still inked with anger, "These people killed your brother, Avery. They have done nothing but caused us trouble from the minute we got down here!" he was yelling at me now, something he had never done before.

I took a small step back, staring back at my boyfriend in bewilderment. Tears of frustration filled my eyes as I spoke, "Killing innocent people isn't who we are, Bellamy...it's not who you are."

I said no more as I made for the door, trying to get away from him as quick as possible.

"Where are you going?" he snapped, reaching out for my arm.

"Away from you" I muttered, pulling away from him like I had been burned, "I think it's better if I stay somewhere else."

I didn't give him a chance to respond, as I was already out the door and down the hall. Tears of anger and sadness fell down my cheeks as I kept walking, to where? I didn't really know.

-an-

uh oh

101. last hope

[image]

"Thanks for letting me stay here." I sighed, unfolding a blanket and throwing it across the couch in Raven's quarters.

Raven nodded, giving me a warm smile as she tossed me a pillow, "Always." she paused for a moment, her eyes watching me intently, "Is everything okay... with Bellamy I mean?"

I bit the inside of my cheek, stopping for a moment before turning to face her, "We'll be okay." I promised. Despite the fact that I was hurt by his decision, I still loved him...I always would.

Giving me a small smile, Raven decided to drop the topic, changing the conversion, "Did you hear Jaha's back?" she asked, taking a seat on her bed.

"Yeah," I replied, putting the final touches on my makeshift bed, "Kane mentioned something about it."

"I think he's lost it." she muttered, "He keeps rambling on about some City of Light, he's got people listening to him preach like it's some kind of sermon."

I snorted, shaking my head, "Three months in the wilderness will do that to you I guess."

Raven didn't answer, and I could tell she was thinking about something. When I looked over at her, a sigh escaped her lips. Reaching into her pocket, she pulled out a small disk looking object, "He gave me this." she admitted, holding the chip out so I could see it better.

I looked back at her in confusion, "What the hell is that?" I asked, leaning in so I could see it better.

Raven bit down on her lip, "It's the City of Light."

A look of bewilderment clouded over my face as I looked back down at the 'City of Light', "What do you do with it?" I asked, still inspecting the small object, "Is it like a hard drive?"

"You swallow it."

My eyes were wide as I leaned back slightly, "You're not going to..."

She shook her head, pocketing the object once again, "No." she answered, but there was slight hesitation in her voice.

However, by the look on her face I could tell she didn't want to speak about it anymore. So, like she had done for me just minutes earlier, I changed the subject, "Did Murphy come back with Jaha?"

Raven let out a bitter laugh as she pushed herself to her feet, "Who cares anyway."

I looked down at my feet and sighed. Murphy and I had not gotten off to the best start, hell we hadn't gotten off to the best anything. But after Finn's death he was there for me. Although not in a conventional way, I could tell he was trying.

Forcing a smile, I looked up, "Right."

Grinning, Raven reached out to squeeze my arm as she walked to the door, "I should go get some work done."

I nodded, "I'll see you later."

As I watched Raven walk off, I felt something in the pit of my stomach, like perhaps I shouldn't be letting her leave.

The next day I was walking from Raven's quarters to the mess hall to get something to eat. Raven hadn't been there when I had gone to sleep the night before, nor when I had awoken this morning, so I was on my own for lunch.

Well, that is until someone fell into step with me.

"Hey," he whispered trying to keep his voice down as to not be overheard.

I nodded my head in greeting as my eyes darted around the corridor, ensuring no one was watching, "Miller." I muttered, turning slightly to look at him.

Miller's eyes did a scan of the hallway, similar to mine before he spoke again, "The job's done." he explained. By the 'job', I knew he meant him and Kane bugging Pike's quarters.

I nodded, quickly plastering on a fake smile as a woman past us in the corridor. Once I was sure she was out of sight, I spoke again, "What's next?"

"We think they're planning an attack on another Grounder village...Kane's going to try and talk Bellamy out of it before they leave. He wants you there." Miller outlined the plan, causing my heart to clench.

The last I had met with Kane, Miller and Harper, Bellamy and I had been on good terms. I didn't have the heart to explain that talking to him wouldn't be as easy now. So, I nodded my head, "Sounds good."

"Meet Kane at the loading zone...2 hours." With that, Miller turned a corner, leaving me alone once again.

Things were becoming more serious, if Pike went through with slaughtering this Grounder Village, there would be no coming back from this. War with the Grounders already seemed imminent, but this move would surely seal the deal.

Two hours later, as instructed, I stood by the loading zone, hidden from the group that was currently packing up the Rovers.

My eyes fell on Bellamy who was loading weapons into the back of the vehicle. I felt my heart clench at the sight of him.

"Avery." Kane whispered, drawing my attention toward where he

was approaching me. His eyes darted around, ensuring no one was listening or watching.

I turned from where I had been standing, joining him as I awaited instruction. Kane glanced toward the loading dock before looking back to me. "They're planning an attack." he whispered, repeating what Miller had told me earlier.

I looked to him and shook my head in awe. "Why?" I questioned.

Kane moved closer to me, "They want to extend our land, and to do that..."

"They need to get rid of the villages in their way." I whispered, realization setting in.

He nodded as he glanced back toward where Bellamy, "That's why I want you to try and talk Bellamy out of it."

I sighed, my eyes falling on my boyfriend, "I don't think Bellamy will listen to me right now." I admitted. When Kane's face fell, I offered another option. "But I have another idea." I promised, "Tell Bellamy I'm sick, that I'm in medical, and tell him I'm asking for him."

I had hope that Bellamy would at least come check on me, forgoing the massacre of a village. I knew that he was Pike's right hand man right now, and if he backed down, maybe we could delay the attack long enough for Octavia to clear the village like she was currently attempting to do.

Kane kept his eyes trained on me for a moment before nodding, "Okay." he breathed, "Go see Abby, tell her what's happening. I'll go talk to Bellamy."

I nodded, sparing one last look at Bellamy before quickly making my way through the halls to the med ward, desperately hoping that my plan was going to work.

Night had fallen, and I still sat in the medical room, my hope

quickly dwindling. Abby watched me with sad eyes as I stared at the door. Bellamy wasn't coming.

I truly felt sick at the thought that he had essentially picked Pike over me. I knew I wasn't actually sick, but he didn't. For all he knew, I was deathly ill...not that he cared.

I pushed myself to my feet, trying to hold back angry tears as I turned to Abby. "He's not coming." I declared, my voice cold as I moved toward the door.

"I'm sorry, Avery." she whispered.

I shook my head, "I should have known." I muttered.

I had hope that he was going to come, I really did. But that was all gone, and so was all of my trust in Bellamy. I had lost him to Pike and I wasn't sure how I was going to get him back.

Anger still flowed through my veins as I marched through the Ark in search of Kane. I found him in the storage room that he, Miller, Harper and I held our meetings. He sat alone, staring at a walkie in front of him.

"He didn't come." I announced. But Kane already knew that as he looked up at me with sorry eyes.

I decided to move on, not wanting to talk about Bellamy any longer. "Have you heard from Octavia?" I questioned, moving to take a seat across from him.

Kane nodded, clearing his throat. "I heard from her right after Pike's crew left. She made it to the village."

"Nothing since?" I asked, eyeing the walkie.

"No." he answered, his voice slightly wavering.

I looked over to him, "Should we be worried?" I asked, but I was already worried. If something happened to Octavia, I couldn't just sit here and pretend everything was okay.

Kane shook his head, "Give her more time." he answered, "The Grounders will be hesitant to listen to what she has to say."

I nodded, as I focused my attention back on the walkie. All I could wish for now, was that Octavia convinced the Grounders to leave before her brother got there.

A few hours has passed, and we had heard nothing from Octavia. I had sat in the small room with Kane that entire time, my eyes trained on the radio hoping to hear my best friend's voice. As my eyes began to droop and a yawn escaped my lips, Kane had ordered me to bed, telling me he would let me know the minute he heard something.

I had argued at first, but the longer I sat there, the more useless I became.

So, that's why I was headed back to Raven's quarters, another yawn escaping my lips as I made my way through the halls.

I hadn't made it very far when a voice stopped me. I felt my body freeze at the sound of his voice.

My breathing picked up as I refused to turn around, instead I kept walking.

"Avery!" he called again, now running to catch up to me.

His hand wrapped around my arm, preventing me from going any further. "What, Bellamy?" I snapped harshly, turning to rip my arm from his grasp.

His face fell as he took a small step back, trying to give me my space. "I heard you weren't feeling well." he explained, "I wanted to come check on you."

I rolled my eyes as I continued walking. "That was hours ago that you were told." I spat. "I'm fine." I muttered, "No thanks to you."

Bellamy let out a sigh as he raced to catch up to me again, stepping

in front of me. "Avery," he breathed, his eyes sad. "I'm sorry." he whispered.

I shook my head, a look of disgust covering my face. "No you're not." I bit out, "Because if you were sorry, you never would have gone today. You would have stopped all of this."

"I'm sorry." he repeated, "I'm sorry if I hurt you, if I-"

"I don't care what you've done to me!" I yelled, "I care that you hurt other people- killed other people Bellamy. What you did to me is the least of my concerns right now."

Sadness covered his face, "Can we please talk?" he begged, "Just please come home."

I sidestepped around him, shaking my head. "No." I whispered, "That's not my home anymore."

As I continued making my way to Raven's, I couldn't hold back the tears, not any longer. As I turned the corner, I stole a quick glance at Bellamy who stood frozen in place, his sad eyes watching me go.

I felt sadness build in my chest at what the two of us had become. We were broken.

102. surveillance

[image]

By daybreak, we had received word on Octavia, somewhat relieving my worries. She was alive, but had been taken to Polis. I could rest somewhat easy in the fact that Clarke would hopefully look out for her. But nonetheless, anxiety still hung over my head.

I stood in the courtyard, helping with the harvest once again. Despite the fact that I was beyond angry with him, I couldn't help but let my eyes travel toward Bellamy who stood in the watch tower with Pike and Monty's mother.

They seemed to be in a serious discussion about something, I could only garner a guess of what it was over.

I had focused back on my task when Bellamy's voice carried through the air. "Open the gates!" he ordered, jumping from the watch tower ladder and making his way toward the gates.

"Do as he says." Pike instructed, following Bellamy down the ladder.

I stood up, dusting off my hands as I made my way toward the front gate in curiosity. Bellamy's tone made me nervous, and I feared that whatever was on the other side of those gates was going to cause problems. As the doors opened, my eyes fell on two Grounders sat atop horses. I watched from a safe distance as Bellamy approached the two men.

"We seek the one you call Pike." One of the men announced. I felt my heart drop, it was Everett, the Grounder who had helped me after the explosion at Mount Weather. I could see his blonde hair peeking out from behind the mask, and his voice was unmistakeable. Worry bubbled in my chest...what was about to happen?

Bellamy didn't waver as he spoke, "Why?"

The other Grounder spoke up, "An army has fallen, blood soaking the Earth where he took their lives one by one."

I felt myself taking steps forward as I watched the interaction. If I was in charge, I would have given up Pike right then and there. But I wasn't, so instead I had to watch the interaction helplessly.

Bellamy's voice was cold in response. "Welcome to the war against Skaikru."

"Life was taken." Everett continued, "We demand life in return."

A crowd had gathered around the gates as Pike stepped forward, "My life?" when the Grounders didn't say anything, Pike continued. "What are your terms?"

"Sir-" Bellamy warned, shooting a sideway glance toward Pike.

"Come with us." Everett explained, "And we walk away." Sounded like a pretty good deal to me.

"Walk away?" Pike questioned, "From what?"

"By order of the Commander, you have been surrounded by an army of the 12 clans. " The other Grounder shot back, "In every direction warriors wait to kill. Anyone who attempts to cross the blockade will be killed. To greet them, as we greeted those we caught outside your walls today." he paused, throwing something toward Bellamy and Pike.

A gasp flew from my lips, as did one from many others when we realized they were bloodied guards uniforms. Pike's guards who had gone out earlier to survey the area had never returned...now we know why.

"We left the bodies for the animals." The unknown Grounder announced.

"That's enough." Bellamy warned. I couldn't see his face, but I could imagine the expression he wore.

As the Grounders began to back up, Pike mumbled something to

Bellamy, who in turn said something back. I could now see part of his face, and he was angry, and worried.

"The men who wore those uniforms," the man began, "Took a long time to die."

Pike began falling back, ordering Bellamy to do the same as the Grounders spoke again. "If you do not give up your leader, you will all take a long time to die. Choose the side that's best for your people."

"Bellamy!" Pike snapped as Bellamy still stood firm, his hand now hovering over his gun.

"Come on Bell." I whispered, "Just back up." I pleaded, very well knowing he couldn't hear me.

But he didn't back up, instead he nodded, saying something before he pulled out his gun. I barely had a chance to blink before he quickly fired a shot at each of the Grounders, killing them on the spot.

A mangled gasp escaped my lips as I watched Everett and the other man slump on their horses. I stood frozen in place, my eyes wide as Pike ordered for the gates to be closed.

I watched in disgust as Pike and Bellamy began walking back toward the Ark, both of their faces blank. Before they could get very far, I stepped in front of them, shoving Bellamy back slightly. "What the hell is the matter with you?" I spat, drawing the attention of everyone in the courtyard.

Bellamy let out an exasperated sigh as he gripped onto my arm, trying to pull me out of the crowd.

"Don't," I snapped, pulling from his grasp. "I don't even know who you are anymore." I whispered, shaking my head before turning and leaving him. I tried to calm my breathing as I marched toward the Ark in search of Kane, he needed to hear about this.

"Bellamy just killed two Grounders outside of our gates." I exclaimed, bursting into our meeting room.

Kane looked up at me, his eyes clouding in concern. "He what?"

I took a deep breath, trying to calm myself down as I paced the room, "Two Grounders came to send us a warning- give them Pike or we all die. They were about to leave and Bellamy shot them point blank!" I explained, my voice rushed.

Kane let out a shaky sigh as he shook his head. "This isn't good."

"You think?" I retorted, sarcasm dripping from my voice.

One look from Kane caused me to sit down, a look of apology covering my face. "Sorry." I whispered, "I'm just stressed."

He nodded, "I know." he comforted, "This isn't easy."

I shook my head, letting out an agitated groan as I dropped my face into my hands. "Why is he doing this?" I whispered. And then I shook my head, letting our a humourless laugh. I knew why he was doing this. I didn't need to ask.

Bellamy felt guilty for everything that had happened, for the people we had lost. He was vulnerable, and looking to make up for everything that happened. Poke took advantage of that.

My head shut up as the door freaked open, just enough for Miller and Harper to slip in.

"What's going on?" Harper questioned, noting the distressed look on my face.

I just shook my head, looking down to avoiding having to repeat what had just happened. Luckily, Kane took over. "Bellamy's just killed two Grounders sent to send us a message. They want Pike."

As I looked up, Harper's wide eyes met my sad ones. "So we give him to them...right?"

"We can't." I announced, "He has too many people on his side."

It looked like Harper was about to speak again when a voice came through one of our devices. It was coming from the Chancellor's quarters, the room that Miller and Kane had bugged.

"Speak of the devil." I muttered, leaning in as Miller and Harper pulled up seats beside us.

We all remained silent, listening as Pike spoke to some of his people. Even without hearing his voice, I knew Bellamy was in there. However, a few minutes into the conversation, a voice spoke that I wasn't fully expecting.

Harper and I met each other's eyes, confusion and disappointment written on our faces. It was Monty.

While I was surprised, I can't say fully that I wasn't expecting Monty to follow what his mother did. It is what any of us probably would have done.

My attention was pulled back to the radio as Pike declared that they would be implementing camp-wide surveillance. My eyes grew wide...he was going to spy on his people?

When Monty relayed his own shock to this announcement, Pike replied that he was unable to defend this camp if every order he gave got leaked.

My nervous eyes met Kane's as Pike continued speaking, "We can't afford any more assumptions about who's a friend and who isn't. Not your oldest acquaintance, not your husband, wife, or lover." Miller's eyes hovered to me for a moment-both of us in the same boat. His boyfriend, Bryan, also part of Pike's army. "We're fighting two wars now." Pike declared, "And the more dangerous one is here, inside this camp. We can't prove it yet, but Kane and his accomplices passed information to Octavia."

I dropped my head into my hands, nausea washing over me as Pike claimed that every traitor would be hunted down and exposed for what they did. Fear ripped through me...we were the so-called traitors.

The minute Pike was done speaking, Miller reached forward and angrily flicked off the device, disgust written on his face.

Kane remained silent for a moment before giving into the expectant glares from the other three of us. "If they're going to play that game, then we're going to play it too."

Harper looked at him with an expectant look. "Meaning?"

"We don't meet here again, for starters." Kane explained, pushing himself to his feet. "We change our patterns, forget our habits. Take a different route through camp each time we go out. Assume that there are eyes on us at all times."

Miller was shaking his head as Harper spoke. "Or we could just shock-lash Pike's fascist ass and hand him to the Grounders."

Kane's head quickly turned to look at her. "That would be murder...not to mention treason. That's not who we were."

"Maybe..." Miller spoke for the first time since Pike's voice had come through the radio, "It's who we need to be."

"I agree with Miller." I added, looking between the three of them. "Maybe it's time we fought fire with fire."

Kane pushed his lips together, his eyes falling downward for a moment as he seemed conflicted. "Not yet." he finally announced, shaking his head.

Miller hastily ran his hands over his face. "Then what's the plan?"

103. chaos

[image]

Our original plan had been rather simple- wait it out before making any big moves. However, after Pike's new game plan had been revealed to us through the hidden mic in his office, there was no waiting- not anymore.

Pike was planning on mining the battle ground, going through with the attack before blowing up the Grounder reinforcements that were sure to be sent in. He was planning another massacre.

It made me nauseous just thinking about it, and it made me even more sick hearing Bellamy's voice speak up in agreement on their plan.

It went without saying that Kane, Miller, Harper and I were not going to let them go through with this. We were going to do whatever it took to stop them from leaving this camp with those explosives.

To do that, we had devised an elaborate plan. Each part needed to go smoothly in order for us to pull this off. The first part of the plan was leading them away from our trail. To do that, Kane had recruited Sinclair who happily obliged to take part, no matter what the consequences.

The two of them were staging a false sabotage. The idea was for Sinclair to be caught red-handed trying to disable the Rover. Essentially, the only way our plan could actually work, was if he was arrested and thrown in lockup. We knew that Pike and his people had eyes on all of us, so pulling this part of the plan off wasn't likely to be difficult.

The next part of the plan was where Harper and I came into play. Once Sinclair was arrested, the Grounders in prisoners bay would stage a riot, hopefully drawing all guards away from their posts and toward lockup. From there, Kane would take Pike out of camp, and

right to the Grounders.

It was a dangerous plan, one that if we got caught, could result in all of us being arrested. That's why, later that evening after the first part of the plan had been carried out, as I stood beside Harper awaiting our cue, I couldn't help but let nerves overtake me.

"You shouldn't let Bellamy see you." she whispered, turning to look at me from where she had been watching the corridor.

I shrugged, leaning up against the wall. "What does it matter anymore?" I muttered, very well knowing I no longer cared if me being apart of this plan upset Bellamy. He didn't get to be upset.

Harper gave me a sad smile as she nodded. "Try not to let any guards see you." she advised, "That way if the plan goes south, we can stay out of lockup, work on a way to get the rest of them out."

I nodded in agreement, "Good idea." I commended, "There'll be so much chaos once the riot starts, it'll be easy to go unnoticed."

"Speaking of," she started, glancing down the hallway, "It should be starting soon."

Not minutes after the words left her mouth, an alarm began to blare throughout the Ark, calling for more guards in the prison bay. Harper and I shared a look which contained a mixture of deviance and anxiety. It was go time.

The two of us took off down the hallway, both of us fitting right into the groups of guards rushing toward lockup. Harper was an actual guard and she had loaned me a spare uniform of hers, making us indistinguishable as rebels.

As we neared, the scene at lockup was complete and utter chaos. Grounder prisoners attacked Arkadian guards from all angles. Grunts and yells coming from everyone's mouths as they battled against each other.

My eyes quickly landed on Bellamy who was doubled over, clearly due to just having been hit. I pushed down the spark of guilt I felt when I looked at him. This needed to be done.

"Come on!" Harper prodded as she rushed at one of the guards, not hesitating before she jabbed an electric prod into his ribcage.

I tore my attention away from Bellamy, instead focusing on prying Arkadian guards off of the Grounders. I used all my forced, ramming my knees and elbows into any guard who got in my way.

Minutes into the mayhem, I caught sight of Bellamy taking off, rushing out of lockup and toward the main gates. My heart dropped...we had been busted.

I turned with wide eyes to Harper who had also noticed his departure. She lifted the walkie to her mouth, yelling that we had been caught-it was time to abort. We were no use to anyone if we were all in lockup...it was time to run.

I picked up my pace as I rushed down the corridor of the Ark, away from lockup. There had been so much chaos in the riot, it was unlikely anyone had seen me there at all-that's what I was hoping at least. Harper and I had split ways, knowing it was better to be apart incase we were apprehended.

It looks like our line of thinking was best, as not seconds after I rounded the corner to Raven's quarters where I was planning on laying low, my name was called from down the hall. I froze, contemplating my options-run, or face defeat.

I went with the first option.

The yelling of the guards carried behind me as I pushed myself to go faster. I had to get to our escape route. Heavy breaths left my lips as my feet pounded against the metal floors. I was almost there, almost.

A gasp flew from my lips as a body collided into me from behind, sending me harshly to the ground. I had no chance to run anymore, I was caught.

I grunted as my hands were tied behind my back, the guard digging his knee into my back, "Avery Collins, by order of the chancellor,

you're under arrest."

I tried to wiggle out of his grasp, aggressively kicking my feet as I fought against his grip. "For what!?" I spat, anger seeping from my words.

The guard ignored me, instead yanking me onto my feet. I sent him a dark glare, trying once again to pull myself from his grasp.

He harshly pulled me closer to him. "I'd watch it if I were you." he advised, his eyes taunting. "Your boyfriend can't protect you from everything."

I clenched my jaw, pulling my eyes away from his as he began to shove me down the hall. I knew he was right...whatever was to come, I knew it was out of Bellamy's control.

My hands were still bound behind my back minutes later as I was sat in a hard metal chair, a small metal table in front of me. Watching me with intense eyes were half a dozen or so of Pike and his men. However, one pair of eyes watched me more closely than the rest.

I quickly brought my eyes to his, and Bellamy instantly dropped his eyes to the ground in shame.

My eyes shifted back to Pike, who stood in front of me with his arms crossed in front of his chest. It was in this setting that he finally looked familiar to me. It finally clicked in my brain. He had taught Earth skills to us before we were sent to the ground. That was one of the rare occasions Octavia and I had been allowed to mingle with the other prisoners. I had barely paid attention to a thing Pike had said, too caught up in studying the rest of the kids in the room. Monty and Jasper had been there, entertaining everyone like usual.

I almost smiled at the memory, but Pike's words interrupted any blissful thoughts, "Do you have anything to say for yourself before we begin?"

A small laugh flew from my lips as I shook my head, "Go to hell." I spat.

I hated this man. I hated him with everything inside me. He had taken advantage of Bellamy when was he was broken and guilt ridden and turned him into someone he wasn't. This man was a manipulator and murderer.

I knew what he was doing, why I was in here. I hadn't been caught redhanded like Kane or Sinclair. The reason I was in here, was to prove a point. Anyone who went against Pike would be punished, even if their boyfriend was his right hand in command.

I could see Bellamy wince out of the corner of my eye as Pike nodded, "Finn was your brother, correct?" I felt my breathing becoming laboured as Pike continued "It sounds like him and I were alike. He understood the threat of the Grounders did he not? If I'm not mistaken, he died because your Chancellor didn't handle the issue forefront. Your brother died because Kane and the others turned him in. They failed to protect him from the Grounders and because of that he died. Are these the people-"

The sound of the metal chair screeching across the floor cut him off as I managed to stand, sending the chair flying backward, "Keep his name out of your damn mouth!" I screamed, my voice sounding darker than it ever had. If I wasn't detained, I would have lunged at the Pike. I wanted to kill him, I truly did.

One of the guards grabbed a hold of me, shoving me back into the chair. I shrugged out of their grasp, my eyes locked on Pike. "You know nothing about my brother! He was nothing like you." I bit out, my chest heaving in anger, "Don't you ever speak another word of him. " Angry tears formed in my eyes as they shifted to Bellamy, who looked equally as upset. His eyes met mine for a moment, and within them I could see that he looked broken.

Pike looked to the two guards behind me, clearly not getting the response he wanted, "Take her back to lockup." he ordered, his eyes meeting mine briefly, "You'll be sentenced along with the rest of the prisoners later this evening."

The guards grabbed me under the arms, yanking me from the chair and to my feet. I kept my angry eyes locked on Pike as I was dragged from the room. "You'll pay for this." I promised, my voice full of anger.

Before I was pulled from the room for good, my eyes locked with Bellamy's. He looked guilt ridden, but for once, I didn't care.

104. death row

[image]

When I was returned to lockup, I had been informed that Kane had been sentenced to death. I felt like I was going to be sick even hours later as the rest of us awaited our fate.

"This can't be happening." I muttered, nervously tugging at my fingers as paced back and forth.

"Avery," Kane called, "You need to sit down, you're going to wear yourself out."

I stopped my pacing and turned to look at him, "How are you not freaking out?" I demanded, my voice rising in worry, "He's going to kill you, Kane."

It was Lincoln who answered my question. "We're not giving up." he promised, shooting Kane a comforting nod. But despite Lincoln's optimism, I could tell he was worried. If they were willing to sentence Kane to death, what was going to become of the rest of us?

I let out a defeated sigh, dropping into the empty spot on the bench beside Lincoln. Everyone remained silent as I pushed my hands to my face, a million thoughts running through my mind. We were too far gone, and I really didn't think we could figure out a plan that saw all of us escaping alive.

And then, my mind went to my brother. What would Finn think of all this? Would he find a way to get us all out? Would he reprimand me for even getting involved in the first place. I felt tears brim in my eyes at the thought of him. I wished he was here. I wished he was here to tell me how stupid I was for getting caught, or perhaps how proud he was that I stood up for what was right. But I knew I would never hear any of that. I would never hear my brother's voice again- Pike's speech to me earlier was a dark reminder of that.

My thoughts of my brother were interrupted when footsteps

approached lockup. I pulled my head from my hands, quickly wiping the tears from my eyes just in time to see Pike and his men appear in front of the cell door. My eyes quickly found Bellamy, and when they did I noted that he looked just as distraught as before.

I tore my eyes away from him and watched as Kane stood, expecting to be whisked away to his death. However, Pike denied him and instead looked to the rest of us.

"Each of you," he began, his voice carrying across the cell "Is guilty for the same crimes as Kane, and as such, you will share the same fate. Death"

It felt like I had been shot in the stomach as it seemed like the room was spinning. We were going to die.

One of the Grounder women stood, asking something in Trigedsleng. Lincoln stood as well, putting out a hand to calm her.

He then approached the cell door, and Sinclair and I both stood as well. My heart thudded in my chest, my knees weak beneath me as I listened to Lincoln explain that his people were innocent in all of this. And he was right, they were. They did not deserve to die here.

Bellamy, surprisingly piped in from behind Pike, "Lincoln's right Sir. All they did was run through an open door, same as we would have if we were in there."

My eyes flickered to his for a brief moment, he met my gaze, his eyes steady.

Pike thought for a moment, his eyes scouting the Grounders for a moment before he nodded, "I believe that to be true."

His eyes remained locked on Lincoln the entire time, "Kane, Sinclair, Lincoln and Avery, as the leaders of this coup, you will pay for your crimes with your lives."

It felt like the air had been knocked out of me. I was going to die. This time there was no getting out of it.

"Sir!" Bellamy argued, his eyes ablaze, "Avery wasn't a leader in this,

she wasn't even-"

"Your girlfriend," Pike announced, cutting Bellamy off with force, "Has had much more of a role to play in this than she would like you to think." he shot back.

He then met my eyes, daring me to challenge him. When I didn't say anything, he spoke again, "Executions will be carried out at dawn."

I felt numb as I watched he and all of his men walk from sight, all but one.

Bellamy met my eyes, "I'm not going to let him hurt you." he promised, his voice low.

I shook my head, clenching my jaw as I took a small step back. "It's too late, Bellamy." I announced with a cold tone. "It's time for you to live with the consequences."

This wasn't the first time I had faced death, and I was certain that if we managed to escape it, it wouldn't be the last. but for some reason, I felt that there was no escaping. This time, it felt more certain. And that horrified me.

I sat on the hard ground, my knees pulled to my chest as my back pressed into the cell wall. I numbly listened as Kane and Lincoln spoke to each other, their voices low. I couldn't hear what they were saying, but it didn't matter anyway.

My self induced exclusion from the conversation was ruined when Kane looked over to me, still in the middle of whatever he was saying to Lincoln. I could tell that his words now applied to me too. "Death can be an act of unity." he announced. "We don't show fear." His words were meant to be uplifting, but I couldn't help but feel fear.

He gently ran his fingers over the brand on his arm- the one marking the coalition that would have been. "The people will remember."

I thought about what his words meant. I wondered who would remember us, and would the memory of us be enough to stop Pike. I then thought of Bellamy. All he would have left is the memory of me. He would lose his sister because of this, maybe not physically, but I knew mine and Lincoln's death would cause a rift between the two siblings. Maybe one that couldn't be repaired.

I swear Pike planned his arrival times, because they always seemed to coincide perfectly with our own talks of death.

"Chancellor on deck!"

A small gasp of fear flew from my lips as the words echoed through the cell. It was time.

Kane was instantly on his feet, joining Lincoln and Sinclair who were already standing. I remained on the ground, afraid that if I tried to stand up my legs would give out from under me. I was terrified.

"Avery." Kane's voice was soft as he extended his hand for me to take. I could tell he felt guilty that I was in this situation. But it wasn't his fault. I'd have fought back against Pike even without Kane. Hell, if I hadn't of had him I probably would have been caught a lot sooner.

I took his hand, allowing him to pull me to my feet as Pike and his men approached the cell. I watched from the corner of my eye as Lincoln said something to the Grounders in Trigedasleng. It sounded like he was trying to comfort them.

"Get back!" Pike yelled as he and his men entered lock up. "Up against the wall."

I scanned the group of them, and quickly noticed that Bellamy was missing. Maybe he finally decided he didn't want to be apart of this. I found it kind of sad that it took me dying for him to realize he was on the wrong side.

I didn't put up a fight. Instead, I stood silent and still as the guards fastened cuffs on my wrists and ankles.

I remained silent as they dragged the four of us from lockup, directing us down the corridors. My silence was full of fear. Each step we took I knew I was one step closer to my death. My silence was also full of sadness. Despite the anger I felt toward him, I was heartbroken that I wouldn't get to see Bellamy before I died. No matter what, I loved him.

"Make way." Pike snapped at an oncoming figure.

"Yes sir, Mr. Chancellor." I recognized the voice before I could see her face. It was Harper.

I quickly caught her eye as I was directed past her. She didn't give anything away with her facial expression, but deep within her gaze I saw something that gave me a glimmer of hope.

My hope was quickly squashed when a voice came through Pike's radio. "Sir, you were right. Octavia Blake is here and she's not alone." It was Hannah, Monty's mom on the other end of the device.

I felt my heart drop, fear coursing through my veins at the prospect of Octavia being caught trying to save us.

Pike spun to look at us. "On their knees!" he snapped. His orders were quickly obeyed, all four of us being forced onto the ground.

Pike brought the radio to his mouth once again. "Do you have a location?"

It was silent for a moment. "Negative, sir."

"Sir," Bryan spoke from somewhere behind me. "We can assume her friends have already told her where we're taking them. We shouldn't go any further until we know the route's secure."

Looking around briefly, Pike seemed to consider his options before finally nodding. "Put them in there." he ordered, motioning to one of the rooms. "Lets go! Move."

I was yanked to my feet, one of the guards pushing me toward one of the rooms. A small grunt escaped my lips as he shoved me through the door. "Is all the pushing really necessary?" I mumbled,

turning to glare at him.

The guard ignored me, but instead raised his gun slightly. Tough guy.

"I want two men on the door!" Pike ordered, his voice holding a certain urgency. "Anyone comes out of there, shoot to kill. Anyone enters this corridor, one warning, then shoot to kill."

I couldn't hear the rest of his instructions to his guards, as seconds later the door was slammed shut.

Silence settled across the room, all of us scared to speak. We all had hope that all of this was happening because we were going to be saved. But deep down the fear lingered.

Minutes after the door had been slammed, footsteps could be heard from the corridor. I felt my heart skip a beat as I took a small step back. Lincoln met my nervous gaze, giving me a small nod as he took a small step in front of me.

The door swung open with so much forced I jumped in shock. My eyes widened as I looked past Lincoln. There in front of us, was Octavia Blake.

My heart swelled as I stared back at my best friend, quickly noting the unconscious guards on the ground beside her. She was here to save us.

She had her arms wrapped around Lincoln in seconds, holding onto him as tight as she could. Their embrace didn't last long however, as she quickly pulled away to look at the rest of us. "We have to move."

I glanced into the hallway. "Where? Tavia, they're every where."

She gave me a sly smile as she bent down and wordlessly moved one of the floor tiles aside. "Everybody in." she announced, nodding toward the crawl space under the Ark.

The three men shared nervous looks, I mean it did look pretty tight. I let out a low laugh, not wasting any time in lowering myself

down.

Once lowered down, I looked up to the group with a small grin. "Feels like home."

105. hidden

[image]

Our quiet breathing filled the small space as we all waited in complete silence. I was pressed up against one of the walls, Sinclair and Kane on either side of me.

We were unsure of how long we were to wait hidden under the floorboards, Octavia being the only one who knew the whole plan.

Close to ten minutes had passed by the time we heard footsteps up above. I pushed myself further into the back wall out of instinct, afraid we were somehow going to be discovered.

I felt Kane tense beside me as the footsteps were now directly overhead. They rushed into the room, and I instantly knew it was Pike.

My assumption was proven correct as a loud crash echoed above us. "Damn!" Pike sounded upset, and that made me smile. "We did what they wanted us to do."

After the words had left his mouth, I could hear Pike stomping from the room, most likely to search for us. Several pairs of footsteps followed after him. They were all leaving.

We all remained silent, waiting until we were sure it was safe to reveal ourselves above ground. Minutes passed before Octavia looked back to the group of us, giving a small nod before she reached up and pushed the floorboard aside.

She poked her head up, doing a quick scan before nodding her head toward us. "All clear." she confirmed, "Let's go."

I was the last one to be pulled up, Lincoln and Octavia there to help me. The cuffs still dug into my wrists as I emerged from underground.

"Good times." I grumbled, shooting Octavia a quick grin as she knelt down beside me.

"Makes you kind of miss it, hey?" she joked, quickly getting to work at freeing me from the cuffs. I let out a small laugh, shaking my head as my hands were finally freed.

Looking past Octavia, I watched as Miller and Abby rushed around the corner, Miller quickly bending down to help up Bryan who was now awake. Abby checked on the other guard before hurrying toward Kane who was seated on one of the beds in the room.

Octavia turned from me, passing Miller two extra guns. I let out a shaky breath...we were prepared to fight our way out of here.

"OKS, come in." Harper's voice was quiet and unsteady as it came through the walkie.

Octavia's face fell as she reached to grab the walkie, quickly pulling it from her belt.

"What is it?" Lincoln questioned, slight worry in his voice.

"This wasn't the plan." Octavia explained, looking down at the walkie. "W use their frequency so they could hear us." the minute she had given Lincoln the answer, she brought the radio up to her mouth. "Go ahead."

Harper's response was immediate. "Stay where you are." there was a slight pause. "Repeat, stay where you are. The exit is not clear."

Nervous glances began flying around the room as Octavia spoke into the walkie once again. "How many guards?"

"Too many." Harper answered. "I said stay put."

I felt my heart drop at Harper's warning. We were trapped in here.

I was just about to open my mouth and ask what the hell we were to do now, when another voice came through the radio. This time it wasn't Harper.

"Calling all guards. The prisoners are headed for the main gate. The prisoners are headed for the main gate. Over."

I looked to Octavia with a relieved smile. "That was Monty." I exclaimed, grateful that he had finally chosen the right side.

"Guess he's with us after all." Miller commented from where he stood.

Kane wore a somber expression. "Pike will find out."

"We don't know that." Abby optimized. "What we do know is that we have to move."

No one needed to be told twice. Within seconds we were all rushing through the door and into the empty corridor.

With each corner we took, I feared that Pike and his men would be on the other side, awaiting our arrival. If we were caught this time, it would truly be the end. But at the same time, the closer we got to our escaped route, I longed to see Bellamy. I hoped that he would be waiting for us, ready to usher us all to safety, that maybe he had found the sense to chose me over Pike.

But, as we entered the corridor which contained the passaged that would get us out of camp, there was no sign of Bellamy.

I pushed away my disappointment, not being able to say that I was really surprised. He was in too deep with Pike, and maybe I would never get him back.

"Come on!" Harper prodded from where she stood next to the passage door. She wore an impatient look on her face, and it was easy to tell she was on edge.

I followed after Bryan and Miller, Sinclair right behind me. "Go." I whispered, lightly pushing the boys through the passage. The minute Bryan and Miller were through, I turned to Sinclair. "I'll follow." I promised, allowing him to enter.

I pulled myself into the crawl space, looking back out to where the others stood. "Hurry!" I begged, fearing that we would be caught at

any moment.

Kane nodded, turning to Abby. "Abby, you're next."

I didn't wait around for Abby to enter, but instead began crawling through the dark tunnel. My heart was pulsing in my ears as I went, knowing that with every inch I was that much closer to getting out alive.

Soon enough, I saw the light from the outside and my heart lurched in my chest. We made it.

"Here." Miller mumbled, extending his hand as I neared the exit. I happily took it, allowing him to pull me to my feet.

"We made it." I whispered in disbelief. Hours ago when we had been sentenced to death, I truly didn't believe we were going to escape it.

A ghost of a smile flashed across Miller's face for a moment before it fell. His eyes were no longer trained on me, but something behind me.

I spun around, my eyes widening as a worried gasp flying from my lips at the sight of my best friend draped in Kane's arms. "What the hell happened?" I demanded, my wild eyes then noticing we were missing one person. "Where's Lincoln?"

Kane shifted Octavia in his arms, "Lincoln's not coming with us." He muttered, his sad eyes meeting mine.

I felt my heart drop in shock, "Wh-"

"We have to keep moving." Kane instructed, lightly pushing me to keep going. As we continued through the outskirts of camp, I turned around over and over again, to check on Octavia and to hopefully see Lincoln running after us. But I never did...and I never would.

Minutes had passed since we had escaped, and Lincoln had never joined us. I knew it was too late now, he was gone.

Kane had explained to me what had happened, that Pike had threatened to kill all the Grounder prisoners if Lincoln didn't turn himself in. I knew before Kane had even finished speaking that that's exactly what Lincoln did. He was too good for this world, for this camp, and this proved it.

We had found Octavia's horse, Helios, waiting near the exit of the passage, and that's where Octavia's limp body now rested as we hovered in the tree line, trying to distance ourselves from the camp. I knew that when Octavia awoke, she would be distraught and that broke my heart.

My assumptions was proven right, as seconds later, Octavia's quiet voice filled my ears. "Lincoln." she gasped, pushing herself off of Helios.

She fell to the ground, quickly pushing herself to her feet as she began to stumble closer to the tree line. As she pushed through a set of branches, the camp became clear. And what I saw within the gates made my heart break.

"No." Octavia whispered, coming to an abrupt stop.

Lincoln was stood in the middle of camp. Rain pouring down around him as he remained still, his wrists and ankles cuffed. Pike stood in front of him, his men behind them.

I wasted no time in rushing to my best friend, Kane close behind me. The minute I was close enough, I reached out to her, placing a soft hand on her shoulder.

Tears were already forming in Octavia's eyes as Lincoln fell to his knees in front of Pike. It was time.

Octavia's hand shot up, gripping onto my own. I pulled her closer to me, trying to provide her with any comfort that I could.

And then it happened. Pike rose the gun, pointing it directly at Lincoln's head. Within seconds the trigger had been pulled and Lincoln fell to the ground. If we had been closer, I was sure we'd have been able to see the life drain from his eyes.

Octavia let out a mangled cry as her legs began to buckle beneath her. Tears fell from my own eyes as I pulled her into a tight hug, trying to take her attention away from the scene. I held her so tight, my own body beginning to rack with sobs.

I felt broken for my best friend. She had loved Lincoln like she had never loved before, and now he was dead.

Lincoln had saved all of our lives, more than once. We all owed him so much, and it broke my heart knowing he had died at the hands of Skaikru.

He didn't deserve this, not at all.

Lincoln's death crushed me, but at the same time it fuelled a fire. Pike needed to be stopped...he needed to be killed.

-an-

LINCOLN DESERVED BETTER! I SAID IT ONCE AND I'LL SAY IT AGAIN!

106. remorse

[image]

No one had said a single word the entire trek. Looks of sympathy were thrown in Octavia's direction, but aside from that, silence prevailed.

I had remained close to my best friend, watching as she walked through the forest with a stone cold expression. All sadness seemed to have faded...now, she was angry.

I wasn't sure where we were going, but hadn't bothered to ask. I assumed wherever it was was somewhere safe.

Soon enough, we seemed to have reached our destination as Miller and Bryan at the front of the group began to slow down. They were wordless as they led us to an entrance to a cave.

I followed behind the group, Octavia being the only one behind me. I continuously checked over my shoulder to ensure she was still behind me, half afraid she was going to try and leave.

As we entered the cave, I felt my heart stop in my chest as I pulled my eyes from where they had been focused on the ground. He was already watching me as I entered, his eyes wide and full of regret.

I now knew why Bellamy hadn't been there to help us escaped, he had been here the entire time. I met his gaze for a moment, my eyes steady as they locked with his. He looked like he wanted to say something to me, his lip shaking slightly.

I didn't give him the chance, instead I tore my eyes from his, focusing them on Indra who was standing behind him, a dark look on her face.

As Octavia entered the cave, I stole another glance at Bellamy. He watched his sister for a moment before searching behind her, clearly expecting to see someone else. "Where's Lincoln?" he

questioned, his voice wobbling.

I looked down, clenching my jaw as Octavia spoke. Her back was to her brother, and her voice was cold. "Pike put a bullet in his brain."

Bellamy looked to me with wide eyes, almost as if he was hoping I would tell him that it wasn't true, that Lincoln was still alive. I glared at him, slowly shaking my head to confirm Octavia's statement.

"O." he breathed, looking back to his sister. "O. I am so sorry-"

Bellamy was cut off as Octavia spun around, sending her fist into his face. Bellamy staggered backward, before looking back at his sister with sad eyes. Octavia didn't wait long before she hit him again.

I felt myself wince. No matter what, I hated seeing Bellamy get hurt.

"Octavia." Kane warned. "That's enough."

"Kane!" Bellamy argued, looking up with an already bloodied face. "Stay out of this."

Octavia's breathing was laboured as she hit her brother again. And again. And again.

With each hit, I felt myself crumbling more and more. I couldn't watch this. I quickly turned, pushing myself out of the cave. My body shaking in upset.

As I marched away, the sound of Octavia's cries and Bellamy's grunts filled my ears. We were all broken, and I couldn't handle it. We needed each other, but we couldn't even trust the people we loved most.

As I emerged into the forest, I took a deep breath. The air was thick, the ground wet from the rain that had been falling only minutes prior. I ran a hand through my hair, stumbling back against a tree as tears fell from my eyes.

I slid down against the trunk, the tears falling faster as my breathing began to increase. My hands were shaking in front of me as I tried to focus my breaths. I knew what was happening, I was on the brink of a panic attack.

It felt just like that night in the Mount Weather bathroom when Clarke had to calm me down after I began panic over not knowing where Finn, Octavia and Bellamy were.

My panic now stemmed over the current state of everything. Lincoln was dead, Octavia was broken and Bellamy had betrayed us all.

"Avery?" his voice was quiet, and slightly shaky as he spoke.

My head shot up, my watery eyes meeting with his own. Bellamy's face was covered in blood, and that caused me to break even more. The rain had started again at some point, and was pouring down around us.

"What are you doing out here?" I demanded, my voice breaking as I tore my eyes away from him.

Bellamy took a small step toward me. "I wanted to make sure you were okay." he explained. He sounded smaller than ever.

I closed my eyes for a minute, focusing on calming myself before I spoke again. "Shouldn't I be asking you that?" I questioned, trying to divert the attention from myself.

Bellamy moved closer, crouching down in front of me. Much like myself, Bellamy ignored my question about his wellbeing. "You're not okay." he acknowledged, noting my teary eyes and laboured breathing.

I stared back at him, finally managing to calm my breathing on my own. "I'm fine." I snapped, pushing myself to my feet.

Bellamy scrambled after me as I began to stalk back to the cave. "Avery!" he pleaded. "Can we please just-"

I spun around, my eyes ablaze. "Can we just what, Bellamy?" I

demanded. "There's nothing I have to say to you! You had every opportunity to do the right thing. You can't make up for that now that everything's over."

Bellamy looked defeated as he reached out for me. "I'm so sorry." He whispered, "I should have protected you, I should have-"

"You're right." I snapped. "You should have protected me. You were angry and guilty because of what happened at Mount Weather, I know that. You thought you lost me in the explosion, but you didn't. So it's beyond me how you thought siding with Pike was the answer. You played his game and you almost let me die, Bellamy. He was going to kill me."

Bellamy had tears in his eyes. It wasn't something I saw often, so at the sight of it, I almost broke down myself.

"I wanted you to come to me." I whispered. "I would have helped you Bellamy, you could have talked to me. Whatever you were feeling, it didn't need to end up like this."

I couldn't say anymore, as tears were threatening to spill and cries were readying to overtake my words. I quickly turned from Bellamy, escaping back into the cave, leaving him standing in the rain alone.

107. hostility

[image]

Dusk had begun to settle outside, leaving the group of us huddled around a small fire within the cave. I sat beside Kane, my eyes focused on Bellamy who was distanced from the group. I absentmindedly listened as the others discussed what was next. There were talks of handing Pike over in order to have the blockade lifted. But there were also concerns that it wouldn't be that easy. Bellamy had revealed to all of us that Lexa had been killed. If what he said was true, who knew where we stood with the Grounders now.

Bellamy remained silent from where he sat, his hands chained. His face was still bloodied and bruised. Every time I looked at him I felt a pang of sadness.

Suddenly, he caught my gaze. He focused on me for a moment, only being interrupted when a voice came through one of the walkies.

"Bellamy," the voice called. "Come in. It's Monty." We all paused, turning to look at the radio. "I'm in trouble." Monty announced. "Please say you still have your radio."

Sinclair reached out, taking a hold of the device. Kane held out his hand, prodding Sinclair to pass it to him. But Sinclair shook his head slightly, still holding onto the radio. "If we respond and Pike's listening-"

"-Go to channel 7." It was the first time Bellamy had spoken since he re-entered the cave after the two of us argued outside. When we all looked to him with scepticism, he elaborated. "'Please say you still have your radio.' It's seven words after the word trouble."

Bellamy wore an impatient look as no one followed his instructions. "It's code." he explained. "Go to 7."

Kane looked away from Bellamy, looking to Sinclair and then to

me. I gave him a small nod, believing that Bellamy was telling the truth. I really hoped he wasn't going to prove me wrong.

Sinclair turned the dial, switching the channel before handing the radio to Kane.

Soon enough, Monty's voice came through the channel. "Bellamy, are you there?"

Kane slowly raised the device to his mouth. "Monty, it's Kane." he paused for a moment. "What's wrong?"

"Pike knows that I helped you get out." Monty's words caused my heart to drop. If Pike knew, then Monty was in trouble.

Kane kept his composure. "Can you get to the dropship?"

"I think so."

"Good. Go there." Kane instructed. "I'll bring you in." his eyes flickered to the rest of us for a moment. "Stay off the radio. Over and out."

"Hold on," Harper proclaimed, "What if it's a trap and Pike's waiting?"

I didn't want to believe that Monty would betray us- again- but it wouldn't completely surprise me. I felt like I couldn't trust anyone anymore.

Kane pushed himself to his feet. "That's why I'm going alone."

Octavia followed after him. "Like hell you are."

Miller then stood, looking down to check his gun. "I'm with Octavia. Monty saved our lives. I'm going too."

"Me too." I announced, standing up after the others, my hand hovering over the gun that resided in my waistband.

Kane turned to look at us, seemingly unimpressed with our antics. "No you're not." he rejected. "If this really is a trap, I'm not

marching our entire insurgency into it."

Octavia pulled on her jacket. "To stop me you're going to have to kill me." She still wore the same stone-cold expression as before.

"She hopes it's a trap." Bellamy proclaimed, a knowing look covering his face.

Octavia shot her brother a quick glare. "He's coming too." she barked. "We need a hostage to trade for Monty."

I felt my heart drop ever so slightly. I was furious with Bellamy, don't get me wrong, but I didn't want to send him back to Pike.

"That's a good plan." Kane nodded after considering it for a moment. "He stays chained. Gag him." he instructed.

I met Bellamy's eye briefly before turning my attention back to Kane. "Is that really-"

"He's the enemy." Kane snapped, staring me down for a moment, awaiting my rebuttal. When I didn't give one, he looked to Miller and Bryan. "Do what I said."

I let out an exasperated sigh, raking my hand through my hair as I turned from the scene, not wanting to watch Bellamy being gagged and chained like a prisoner.

I knew that the minute they left that cave, it could very well be the last time I'd see him, for a while at least. If he was being given to Pike, who knew what would happen.

I wanted to grab onto him and not let go, to tell him I loved him. But I couldn't do that. The pain and anger I felt toward Bellamy still outweighed anything else...and that hurt the most out of everything.

It was dark by the time movement could be heard from outside of our hideaway. My eyes flickered toward the opening, quickly meeting with Miller's before refocusing on who or what was making

their way toward us.

Miller, Bryan, Harper and I had stayed hidden while the others had gone to retrieve Monty. I had sat with a gun in my lap, anxiety and nerves overtaking me the entire time we waited.

But now, as the footsteps got closer, I was almost more nervous than I was before. Would they all come back? Would they all be okay?

I didn't have to wonder much longer, as seconds later, Octavia stepped into view. I felt myself relax...Pike hadn't killed her. Behind her was Monty, and once again my anxiety began to fade. He was on our side, for real this time.

When Kane didn't follow immediately after Monty, I felt myself quickly growing concerned. I wouldn't have put it past him to turn himself in so others could live.

My thoughts of Kane were quickly diverted when the third and final figure walked into the cave. He was staggered behind the other two, entering close to a minute after them. He was no longer chained and gagged, yet he wore a somber expression.

It was then that I truly felt myself relax. Bellamy was okay, and he was here.

As much as I wanted to jump up and run to him, I restrained myself and remained on the ground. I hadn't forgive him- not yet.

Despite my refusal to greet him, Bellamy immediately focused on me, beginning to make his way toward me.

I turned my head away slightly, trying to deter him from coming any closer. Bellamy ignored the cue, coming to a stop in front of me. "Hey." He whispered, his voice sounding small.

I bit down on my bottom lip before forcing myself to look up at him. "What are you doing here?" I demanded, trying to not let my voice break. "Where's Kane?"

Bellamy looked slightly dejected from my comment, but brushed it

off nonetheless. "We turned Pike over to the Grounders. Kane's going with them to Polis."

Finally. Maybe Bellamy had chosen the right side for once.

I didn't show my excitement that Pike had been surrendered, instead I just nodded. "You turning him in doesn't just fix everything that happened." I muttered, keeping my eyes locked with his.

Bellamy's eyes morphed into certain sadness as he let out a small sigh. "Avery-"

Whatever he was going to say, I didn't get to hear it. All of our attention was quickly pulled to the radio that resided beside Sinclair. The voice coming through it sounded panicked. It was Jasper.

"Is anybody there! Come in! Please someone!"

I pushed myself to my feet, following after Bellamy who was already rushing toward where everyone was congregated.

"It's Jasper." I announced, my worried eyes meeting with similar expressions on all of my friends faces. When no one made a move for the radio, I went to reach for it. "Pick it up!" I exclaimed.

Bellamy reached out, catching my arm before I could take a hold of the device. "Wait." he ordered, his eyes focused on the radio. "It could be a trap."

I scoffed, "A trap?" I echoed, looking at him in confusion. "Jasper has no reason to trap us." I argued, "He was never working with Pike...even he knows wrong from right in this case."

Bellamy looked visibly offended as he released his grip on my arm.

I let out an exasperated sigh, as I shook my head. "Jasper needs help. We can at least radio back and see what's going on."

When no one objected, Sinclair pulled the device to his mouth and spoke into it, responding to Jasper's pleas for help.

The response that we received made my blood run cold. Arkadia wasn't safe.

Whatever Jaha had brought back here- The City of Light, that chip that Raven had been talking about, it had taken over.

I felt like I was going to be sick as Jasper explained that Raven had taken it, and that he was bringing her to us. We needed to help her.

I let out a frustrated yell as I kicked at a rock, pulling at my hair as I paced back at forth. Raven had told me about the chip, that Jaha had given it to her. I should have helped her, kept an eye on her. Instead, I was too focused on Bellamy and everything he was doing. I had let her down.

Sinclair's voice hummed in the background as he directed Jasper to where we were. They would be here soon, and I would have to face the demons that I had allowed to overtake one of my best friends.

"I don't understand it." Sinclair announced once he had finished speaking to Jasper. He was looking around, hoping someone else knew what was going on.

I calmed myself down enough to turn and face the group. "It has something to do with a chip." I explained, my voice strained in frustration. "You ingest it, and it takes you to something called the City of Light." I then shook my head. "I have no idea what that means thought."

Sinclair nodded as he let out a small sigh. "We'll know soon enough." he assured. "Be ready."

Bellamy, who had been standing next to me then spoke, but not to Sinclair or I. "O., wait!" he called, already making his way toward his sister who was packing her stuff feverishly into a bag. "You can't just leave."

Octavia let out a humourless laugh. "Watch me."

"You heard what Jasper said on the radio!" Bellamy argued. "Arkadia is not safe."

"What Jasper said sounds insane." Octavia snapped, still fumbling with her stuff. "Pike's gone. I can handle myself."

I was about to step in, to tell her that just because Pike was gone, didn't mean we were out of danger. I stopped myself, however, deciding I could talk to Octavia on my own. This was a conversation to be had by the siblings.

She threw the strap of her bag over her shoulder. "Grounders burn their dead." she announced, finally looking at her brother.

I realized that where she wanted to go was right back to Arkadia. She wanted to burn Lincoln's body.

"I know that." Bellamy promised. "And then what? Where are you going to go?"

Octavia shook her head. "You don't get to ask me that!" The whole group was watching now, our attention pulled from Jasper's oncoming arrival to the sibling argument.

Bellamy dropped his voice slightly, but it was useless as we could all still hear him clearly. "What more do I have to do to prove that I'm on your side?"

Octavia's voice sounded broken as she spoke "Bring Lincoln back."

With that, she pushed past her brother, making her way to the exit of the cave. Before she got very far, she turned back to her brother. "Turning Pike in doesn't make you one of the good guys Bellamy." she bit out. "You did that to save me, and to make Avery happy." her eyes quickly flickered toward me, meanwhile Bellamy kept his adverted to the ground. "Not because you thought what Pike was doing to the Grounders was wrong."

Bellamy finally turned, "The Grounders were starving us out!" he defended.

Octavia didn't miss a beat. "Because you massacred an army sent to protect us!"

"That army could have attacked us at any moment and you know

that." Bellamy shot back.

"But they didn't attack. You did that." Octavia exclaimed. "You were hurting, and you lashed out because that's what you do." her voice softened ever so slightly. "There are consequences, Bell. People get hurt. People die, your people." she looked like she was on the brim of tears. "Monroe's dead. Lincoln is dead. Avery almost died because of you." Octavia looked at me once again, her sad eyes meeting my own. "How would you have felt then?" she questioned, looking back to her brother.

She didn't wait for his response. "Maybe then you would have realized what you did...you'd now how I feel."

Without saying anything else, she turned away from us, making a quick approach for the exit.

"Tavia!" I called, already pushing past Bellamy and making my way after her, "Just wait!" I begged, reaching out and catching her arm as we emerged into the cool dark night.

Miller briefly looked over at us from where he stood on watch. I gave him a quick nod, letting him know we were fine.

Octavia spun to look at me, "Don't even think about defending him." she warned, her voice cold. "You almost died because of what he did."

I nodded, releasing my grip on her. "I know." I promised. "I'm not going to defend him."

"Then what do you want?" she questioned, her tone more curious than accusing.

"Let me come with you." I offered, giving my best friend a pleading look.

"Not happening." his voice came from behind us. He had followed us out here.

I spun around, sending a glare in his direction. "Stay out of this, Bellamy." I snapped, "You don't get to tell me what to do."

Before Bellamy had anymore chance to object, the sound of a vehicle approaching filled the night.

"They're here!" Miller called, drawing the attention of the others still in the cave.

I turned from Bellamy, shooting him an angry look before watching headlights illuminate the forest.

The minute the Rover came to a stop, a figure was jumping out of the passenger side. My jaw slacked slightly in shock, it was Clarke.

She met my eye, giving me a quick nod. However our greeting was cut short as Jasper's voice cut into the air. "I need some help!" he screamed. "We need to get her inside before she wakes up!" he was carrying an unconscious Raven in his arms, and I felt my heart breaking.

I pushed my feelings aside as we all jumped into action immediately. I gave Octavia a quick look, almost as if to say I couldn't leave with her, not now.

"Were you followed?" Bellamy questioned Jasper as he approached.

Jasper shook his head slightly. "No. I mean I don't think so."

Bellamy let out a low sigh. "Here." he offered, taking Raven from Jasper's grasp.

I rushed to his side, taking a hold of Raven's hand. "We've got you." I promised. I wasn't even sure if the real Raven could hear me, but she needed to know she wasn't alone.

As we rushed toward the cave, I could hear Miller giving Bryan directions to get to the ridge to ensure we weren't followed. If the rest of the people who had taken the chip found out where we were, we would all be done for.

Like I had wanted to say to Octavia earlier, Pike may have been gone, but we weren't done fighting yet. We had a new enemy...and this one seemed much bigger than before.

108. chipped

"Clear some space!" Clarke ordered as we entered the cave, Raven still draped in Bellamy's arms.

Sinclair shot to his feet, beginning to push things aside so we could set Raven down. I released my grip on her hand, watching as Bellamy placed her on the ground.

As I turned to Jasper and Clarke, another figure caught my eye.

Octavia was standing behind them, a concerned look on her face. My heart swelled. She was staying... at least for now.

"What the hell happened?" Sinclair asked as he studied Raven's face.

Jasper threw his hands up, it was clear he was overwhelmed. "I told you on the radio. Raven is not Raven anymore. None of them are." After taking in all of our shocked expressions, he spoke again. "Jaha's been chipping everyone."

"Jasper's right." Clarke supported. "I've seen it with my own eyes."

"I don't need your help, alright!" Jasper snapped, beginning to lunged toward Clarke. I stepped in between them, placing a calming hand on Jasper's chest. "Relax." I breathed, shooting him a pleading look. "Explain to us everything else you know."

With one last glare at Clarke, Jasper gave me a small nod before taking a step back. "Jaha is using the chips to control everyone." his voice was low, and mostly directed at me, however as he continued, he addressed the whole group. "You swallow it and it changes you. You forget who you are and then you see this thing, ALIE, only she's not really there. She made Raven slit her own wrists."

My eyes darted to Raven and I felt sadness bubble in my chest at the sight of bandages on her wrists.

"She was trying to get it out of her head." Jasper explained. "I was

trying to help her but-"

"-Okay, then let's help her now." Sinclair proposed. "Did she say how?"

"She was working on building something." Jasper answered, "She needed one of our wristbands but Jaha destroyed them all."

"Wait a second." Clarke breathed, reaching into her pocket and pulling out a small box. She opened the box, revealing a little chip. "Does it look like this?"

"Not exactly." Jasper replied, his attention focused on what was in Clarke's hand.

Like Jasper, all of us had our eyes on Clarke, and in doing so none of us noticed that Raven had opened her eyes.

She was on her feet before any of us had a chance to react. I felt her before I even saw her, her fist coming into contact with my face.

A surprised grunt flew from my lips as I hit the ground, Jasper landing beside me after having been hit himself.

"Don't let her get away!" Clarke screamed, all of them making for the exit where Raven was headed.

Bellamy stopped beside me, reaching down to pull me to my feet. "Are you okay?" he questioned, his worried eyes studying the sure-to-bruise area on my face.

I nodded, turning from Bellamy to help Jasper up. "I'm fine. We've gotta go."

Jasper and Bellamy followed close behind me as I rushed into the forest where the others were trying to keep Raven at bay. She was screaming for them to let her go as she attempted to gain her bearings. This definitely was not our Raven.

"If Raven finds out where we are, so will ALIE." Jasper explained as the three of us joined the rest of the group. He didn't wait for anyone to say anything else before he stuck some sort of syringe

into the side of Raven's neck, causing her to slump to the ground.

I looked over to him with wide eyes, worried over what he had just injected her with.

Jasper took a small step back. "Reaper stick." he explained. "Last dose."

"We need to go." Clarke announced.

Bellamy's breathing was laboured as he looked over to us. "Why?"

Clarke wore a hopeful smile. "Because I know where we can get a wristband."

The ride to Clarke's mystery destination was rather silent.

The group of us sat jammed in the Rover, an unconscious Raven slumped across my lap, her feet resting on Jasper's lap.

I let out a small sigh as I reached up to touch the swollen area on my jaw where Raven had hit me.

Bellamy cleared his throat from where he sat across from me, and it looked like he wanted to say something, but Jasper beat him to it. "She's got a pretty good swing." he muttered, shooting me a quick grin. He sported a matching bruise on his own face.

I let out a small laugh, nodding as the Rover began to slow. "I think we know who we want backing us up in this fight." Of course we wanted Raven backing us up. Killer hitting abilities or not, Raven was integral to our group. She was the smartest one by far when it came to everything mechanical and even beyond that. We needed her.

The Rover soon came to a stop, all of our eyes travelling toward our destination. In front of us was some kind of building, like a homestead. In front of that stood a Grounder woman and she didn't look happy. At the sight of us, she pulled a blade from the sheath, her eyes angry.

I felt nerves bubble in my chest as Clarke spoke. "I'll go talk to her." she assured, her own eyes hiding a hint of nervousness.

"I'll go with you." Bellamy offered.

Despite not knowing exactly where Clarke had taken us, everyone jumped into action immediately. Octavia hopped out first, Sinclair and Jasper soon following. The three of them pulled Raven from off my lap. I quickly followed after them, wanting to stay by Raven's side.

As I got to the back of the Rover, Bellamy, who had jumped out before me, stood by the doors, his eyes on me. He was silent as he held out a hand, offering to help me down.

I stared at him for a moment, considering ignoring his gesture and just hopping down. But something tugged in my heart and my hand quickly found its way to his.

As his warm hand gripped around my own, I felt butterflies in my stomach. It was good to feel his skin against my own once again. I missed his touch, his warmth. Shivers raced up my arm, as I jumped toward the ground. Within a matter of seconds I forced my self to pull away from him. I couldn't let myself fall for him once again. We needed more time apart.

Bellamy watched me with careful eyes as I turned from him. I feared that if I faced him any longer I would be driven to press my lips to his own. I missed him so much.

"I thought you said she was a friend?" Octavia questioned, her eyes locked on the woman in front of us.

Clarke let out a small sigh. "We'll handle it." she promised. "Just stay here."

I glanced to Octavia slightly, a feeling growing that I couldn't quite explain. As I watched Bellamy and Clarke walked toward the woman, I soon realized what it was...I was jealous?

Clarke and Bellamy had always been in this together, I knew that. They were both clearly born to be leaders, but lately it seemed

different. And the way Clarke was so dismissive of Octavia's concerns put me on edge.

She hadn't been here. She didn't understand what we had all gone through these past few months. Who said she could be our leader once again?

I pushed away those thoughts, attributing them to the fact that I was exhausted and upset. I shouldn't take those feelings out on Clarke.

"She's waking up!" Sinclair's worried voice pulled my attention away from Clarke and Bellamy who were currently in conversation with the woman. Instead, I turned to make my way toward where Raven was draped in Sinclair's arms.

"We have to get her inside." I proclaimed, my anxious eyes glancing back toward the entrance. The woman still looked like she was on edge with us being here.

"Bellamy!" I called as Raven began to squirm in Sinclair's grasp. A blindfold was secured over her eyes, but that didn't mean we were safe from her finding out where she was.

Bellamy looked back at me, giving a small nod before he turned back to the woman and raised his gun. "We don't have time for this." he announced. "Move!"

Like any sane person, with a gun pointed to her face, the woman quickly moved, allowing for us to enter the building.

"I told you my mom was here." Monty worried as we all rushed through the door. "If she was chipped, ALIE would know."

"That's why we're putting her in the back." Clarke explained, "Through there!"

Sinclair rushed past her, taking Raven toward the back room. The others followed, Clarke pausing to look for something.

"Here." she breathed as she found a pile of rags, "Take these. We can use them to tie her up."

I nodded, not saying anything else as I took the material into my hands, quickly rushing after the others.

"Tie her to the bed!" Clarke instructed as Sinclair set Raven down.

The minute she was on the mattress, Raven began to struggle, letting out angry grunts as she tried to free herself.

I threw a pile of the rags toward Jasper, allowing him to get started on the side he was standing on. The two of us worked quickly, tying several knots to ensure they would hold.

Despite our speed, Raven somehow managed to pull the blindfold off from over her eyes. The minute she was free of it, her head quickly turned back and forth, it was clear she was trying to figure out where she was.

"Where the hell am I!?" she screamed, trying to once again fight against our restraints.

"Hold her!" Sinclair yelled, causing all of us to try and push her back onto the bed.

"LET ME GO!" Raven's screams were vicious, and they almost scared me.

"We have to finish tying her down!" I yelled, my voice being drowned out by Raven's screams.

"Raven, stop fighting!" Octavia begged, her own voice being lost in the noise.

As we attempted to finish trying the restraints, one of Raven's hands slipped free, and she easily landed a punch on Jasper's face.

He stumbled back, clutching his cheek in pain. "Why is it always me!?" he exclaimed. If we were in a different situation, I might have laughed.

"Jasper!" Monty yelled, ignoring Jasper's complaints. "We need help!"

Jasper moved on from his battered face, and jumped back to Monty's side, helping to tie the restraints around Raven's wrists. Meanwhile, Sinclair and I focused on the ones around her ankles.

The entire time, Raven let out vicious screams, demanding for us to let her go. I tried to block her out, instead focusing on finishing the final knots.

After a few moments of chaos, we all managed to secure the restraints. Each one of us took a step back and watched as Raven still struggled. Her body almost lifted off the bed as she used all of her limbs to pull against the ties.

"LET ME GO!" Her voice almost sounded demonic as she spoke.

I felt myself shrinking back ever so slightly. Feelings of guilt, sadness and worry overtaking me.

I had let this happen, I wasn't there for her like I should have been. Now, Raven wasn't Raven, and I was worried.

109. family ties

After a lot of technological talk that I was no where close to understanding, Sinclair had laid out the plan for trying to get the chip out of Raven's head. Apparently, before ALIE truly overtook her, Raven was planning on using something called an EMP to essentially fry the chip.

In order to do that, we needed an electromagnet, and according to Sinclair, one of the only places we could get one was the Ark- the exact place we couldn't go.

Just as all hoped seemed lost, Monty spoke up. "We use the Dropship." he proposed. "It has P.I. thrusters just like the Ark."

"That's good." Sinclair confirmed. "Okay. I'll go salvage the magnet."

Monty's arm shot out to stop him. "Uh, no." he argued. "You should stay with Raven and figure out how this thing works. I'll take the Rover, be back before you finish the device."

I nodded, speaking for the first time since all the tech talk started. "I'll go with you." I offered, earning a grateful nod from Monty.

"Me too." Octavia chimed in from beside me.

Bellamy looked to the two of us, concern written on his face. As the three of us turned to leave, he began to say something to his sister. She cut him off with a small shake of her head. "Don't." she warned.

Upon Octavia's rejection, Bellamy looked to me. Unlike my best friend, I listened long enough for Bellamy to form words-or rather a word- "Avery-"

I shook my head, locking my eyes with his. "We'll be fine." I muttered, not saying anything else before attempting to brush past him.

I didn't get very far.

"Avery." His hand shot out to grip onto my arm. His tone had shifted from pleading to warning.

I turned to face him, briefly catching the awkward faces of Sinclair and Clarke.

"Let go of me, Bellamy." My voice was low, but strong.

His eyes darkened ever so slightly. "We need to talk." he whispered. "Just stay here, please."

I looked up at him through my lashes, my eyes angry as I pulled from his grasp. "We can talk later." I shot back before successfully managing to make it to the door without being stopped.

As I stepped into the cool night, I briefly turned to look back at Bellamy. He was standing in defeat, his sad eyes still locked on me.

"Aves, you coming?" Octavia yelled from the running Rover.

I nodded, turning away from Bellamy. "Yeah." I sighed, jogging toward the vehicle. "I'm coming."

As I pulled myself into the passenger seat, I felt a pull in my stomach. It seemed like all Bellamy and I were doing was going back and forth. He told me we needed to talk, I brushed him off and we both went back to being sad and lonely.

I knew I needed to talk to him, but every time I looked at him I remembered everything he had done, and I felt so hurt, so broken.

As we pulled up to the Dropship, I let out a shaky sigh.

It was my first time back here since the revelation from Jasper that this is where my brother's ashes had been spread. It felt different knowing this was Finn's final resting place.

"Who'd of thought it'd be good to see the Dropship again?" Monty breathed, his eyes focused on the structure in front of us- the place that was once our home.

Octavia wore a dark expression as she pushed open the door of the Rover. "It's not."

Monty and I shared a quick look before following after Octavia. Despite all that had gone on here, this had been my safe haven for the last few months. The place I could escape from everything else and just be myself-alone. Clearly, my best friend didn't share that sentiment.

"I heard you tell Bellamy you were leaving." Monty's voice was directed at Octavia as the three of us made for the ship. "Is that true? After everything we've been through?"

Octavia slowly spun to face him, giving a small, nonchalant nod. "Yeah."

I watched my best friend with careful eyes as Monty took a few steps closer to her. "Octavia, we're your people." he argued. "We were sent down here together. We survived together."

"Lincoln was my people!" Octavia argued. And while I knew that she was hurting, her words hit me. Octavia and I had known each other for years, we had been through so much together and it stung to hear that she didn't consider us-me- her people.

If she noticed the look of hurt on my face, she didn't acknowledge it. "I'm not Trikru, I'm not Skaikru. I'm nothing."

"Tavia," I breathed, my voice soft. "That's not true."

She finally looked at me, her face was darkened. Without saying anything to me, she turned back toward the Dropship.

"You're part of the hundred." Monty exclaimed, still trying to show her that she belonged with us. And he was right. What the group of us had gone through down here, was enough to create a bond that should never be broken.

Clearly, Octavia didn't agree as she spoke again. "Not anymore."

I stood, silent, as I watched her make her way to the outskirts of what used to be our camp. I didn't know what she was doing, if she

was ever going to turn around and come back. But, despite how much I cared about her, I couldn't force her to stay here.

I knew the pain she was feeling, the pain of losing someone. After I had lost my brother, all I had wanted was to be alone. I had needed time to think, to re-find myself as a person without Finn.

"Come on." Monty muttered, nodding toward the Dropship.

I nodded, reluctantly pulling my attention off of Octavia. As I entered the ship behind Monty, I sincerely hoped that she would be here when we exited.

Minutes later, I found myself slowly pacing the length of the main floor as I waited for Monty to finish extracting the parts we would need to save Raven.

My eyes sporadically flickered to the entrance, ensuring there were no unwanted guests. I could hear Monty tinkering with equipment behind me, that being the only noise I could hear.

As I stood in silence, a thought popped into my head. I did one last sweep pf the Dropship before pulling myself onto the upper level. Memories from this area flooded into my head, but I pushed them aside, instead focusing on what I came up here for.

It wasn't hard to find, it was exactly where I had left it.

As I took the bow into my hands, I felt myself smile. This place, and this bow had been my escape for those three months after Mount Weather.

"Avery!" Monty called from the bottom of the ladder. "I'm ready! Let's go."

"Coming!" I called, slinging the bow over my shoulder before quickly making my descent. We needed to get back to Raven as soon as possible.

Monty was waiting for me at the bottom of the ladder, his bag slung

over his shoulder. "Let's find Octavia and get out of here."

I nodded, silently hoping that she would still be out there. "Did you have any issues?" I questioned as the two of us made for the exit.

Monty let out a small laugh. "I had a hell of a time prying open the sub-assembly, but, I got it."

As we emerged into the cool night, both of us fell silent.

A sense of eeriness loomed around us as we stood in front of the Rover. The headlights and the moon overhead slightly illuminated the space.

Monty flicked on his flashlight, quickly scanning it across the tree-line as the sound of snapping twigs filled the night air.

"Octavia!" I called, the sound of my own voice almost making me jump.

A response didn't come from Octavia, instead, the sound of the Rover door opening pulled our attention toward the vehicle.

My hand flew back, reaching for the bow that hung off my back as Monty swung the light in that direction. My hands were trembling as I held the bow in front of me, ready to use it if necessary.

A small sound of surprise fell from my lips as the figure emerged from within the Rover.

Hannah Green wore a look of relief at the sight of her son. Her actions mirrored her expression as she rushed toward us. "Monty, thank God!" she cried, pulling him into a tight hug.

I stepped back slightly, worried about her true motives of being here. Hannah had been on Pike's side, she gave her full loyalty to him...what is to say she wasn't still after us? Or that she wasn't chipped?

"Mom?" Monty questioned, the shock evident on his voice as he accepted her embrace.

"I'm pretty sure I lost them in the woods." Hannah breathed, pulling away from Monty, "Did you see anyone? They're everywhere."

Monty gave his mother a concerned look before brushing past her, quick looking toward the tree-line. "You got away?" he questioned, disbelief dripping from his tone. I was somewhat relieved to know he felt the same uneasiness that I did.

"I had to find you." Hannah explained.

My eyes quickly flickered to Monty, and I gave him a nervous look. I didn't think that was the mother that he knew.

Monty met my gaze for a brief moment before looking back to his mother. "How could you turn me in?" he demanded.

Hannah's face fell slightly. "I would never do that." she cooed before quickly looking around. She was waiting for something.

"Monty." I whispered, urgency in my tone. "We need to go."

"Mom," Monty ordered. "What was dad's favourite colour?"

Hannah let out a breathy laugh. "We don't have time for this. We can't stay." she exclaimed. "Everyone knows to look for you here."

"Brown." Monty snapped, his hands reaching out to grip his mother's arms. "He said it reminded him of your eyes. But you don't remember that do you?"

Hannah remained still for a moment as I looked between her and Monty frantically. I didn't know what the next move here was. I couldn't just attack Monty's mother with no mention of a word from him.

Apparently, I didn't need to decided the next move. Within a split second, Hannah spun around and swung at me, her fist coming into harsh contact with my face. I stumbled backward, and just as I was regaining my bearings, she hit me again.

My body crumpled to the ground, the bow flying from my grasp as I hit the dirt. Hannah took this as an opportunity to kick me while I

was down-literally.

"Mom!" Monty screamed, terror in his voice as he attempted to pry his mother off of me. Hannah's face was blank as her foot collided with my ribs.

A pained cough flew from my lips as she turned from me, throwing Monty off of her. I then watched in horror as she picked up my bow and ruthlessly snapped it across her knee. Guess I wouldn't be using that anytime soon.

"Mom, stop!"

Monty's words fell on deaf ears as Hannah spun around, now focusing her attention on him.

My head was spinning as I tried to push myself to my feet. Pain seared in my ribs with every movement I made.

Monty let out pleas for his mother to stop as she continuously hit him. I couldn't imagine the hurt and betrayal he was feeling right now.

"Monty!" I choked, trying to push myself to get to him. I had to help.

Hannah paused briefly, crouching down so she could look at a doubled-over Monty. "I'll stop when you take this."

In her hand was a small chip-ALIE.

"Never." Monty spat, which consequently resulted in Hannah striking him again.

"Get off of him!" Octavia's voice came from somewhere behind me, but in a matter of seconds she was prying Hannah off of Monty.

"She's chipped!" Monty screamed from where he laid on the ground.

I had managed to push myself onto all fours, and watched through blurry vision as Octavia drew her sword.

"Octavia, no!" Monty pleaded.

I began to push myself to my feet, knowing that I needed to be there to help Octavia. But, sticking with her pattern of being cheap, Hannah turned and quickly kicked at me again, this one coming into contact with my jaw.

Pain shot through my entire body as I thudded back to the ground.

"Aves!"

With Octavia distracted, Hannah managed to knock her sword from her hand, and in turn knock Octavia to the ground.

Small breaths of pain fell from my lips as I rolled over, watching as Hannah sat on top of Octavia and began pushing the blade into her neck.

"Monty!" I cried, my words weak in my throat. "Do something." I pleaded.

Monty finally managed to get to his feet, horror written across his face. "Mom!" he screamed. "Please stop! What are you doing?"

He was shaking as he reached to his waistband, quickly pulling out his gun. His entire body was trembling as he aimed it at his mother. "Please don't!" he begged, his voice dripping with sorrow. "Don't make me do this!"

When Hannah didn't stop, Monty let out a pained scream before he clamped his eyes shut and pulled the trigger.

My eyes were wide as the shot rang off around us. They grew even wider when Hannah, who had clearly been hit, continued pushing the sword toward Octavia.

Monty let out final scream before pulling the trigger once more. This time, Hannah looked up in shock before she slowly fell off of Octavia. She was dead.

Monty had just been forced to kill his own mother.

110. EMP

[image]

Silence enveloped the three of us as we made our way back to the group.

Octavia, who had thankfully decided to stay with us, sat up front, driving the Rover.

I sat in the back with Monty, carefully watching him as he stared down at the floor. He looked broken.

"I'm so sorry, Monty." I whispered, reaching out to place my hand over his own.

He looked up at me, his eyes teary. "I'm sorry that she hurt you." he whispered, his eyes focusing on my swollen eye and bruised face.

I felt my heartbreak...he just had to kill his own mother, yet he was apologizing to me?

"You have nothing to be sorry for." I promised, my voice firm, "Nothing at all."

Monty let out a small sniffled as he leaned into the side of me. "That wasn't really her." he whispered, it sounded like a mixture of a question and a statement. "It was ALIE." He cleared his throat. "My mom was already gone." he announced, and it now became clear he was trying to convince himself. "She was already gone."

When we returned to where the rest of our friends were, we were met with the sight of Bellamy and the Grounder woman -Niylah- standing outside, seemingly in some sort of discussion.

Upon our arrival, Niylah turned, swiftly making her way inside just as Jasper was making his way outside.

I pulled my attention away from them for a moment, instead focusing on grabbing the pack and handing it to Monty who was waiting outside of the Rover. He took the bag, wordlessly beginning to make his way toward the hut.

Octavia and I followed, all of our faces somber and bruised as we approached our Bellamy and Jasper.

Monty moved past them, barely giving them a second look as he disappeared inside. It didn't take a mind reader to figure out that something had gone wrong on our trip to the Dropship.

Bellamy beat Jasper to the punch in inquiring about our journey. "What happened?" he demanded, his eyes flickering between Octavia and I.

My best friend shifted slightly, glancing at her brother before looking to Jasper. She didn't say anything, but the look on her face gave away enough for Jasper to know his best friend needed him.

His shoulders fell ever so slightly as he nodded at Octavia, the two of them then beginning to make their way inside.

I went to follow, my head down as I tried to pass Bellamy. He didn't let me get very far.

His hand shot out to lightly grab a hold of my arm, effectively holding me in place. "Are you okay?" he whispered, his voice soft and full of worry.

I cleared my throat, working up the nerve to look up at him. When I did, I felt my heart soften ever so slightly. The look he was giving me made it really hard to be mad at him. But as hard as it was, there was no denying my anger. "I'm fine." I muttered, moving to free myself from his grasp. "We should get inside."

Surprisingly, Bellamy didn't put up a fight, but instead gave a small nod before following me toward the entrance. I was conscious of how close he was standing to me as we made our way to the back, his presence causing my body to buzz.

I was shaken from my thoughts as a yell from Sinclair carried

throughout the room. "Hold her arms down!" he ordered to Monty who was struggling against a resisting Raven.

She thrashed around, similar to how she had when we first tried to restrain her. It seemed that ALIE was nervous about us actually succeeding in getting this thing out of Raven's head.

I jumped into action, moving to the other side of Raven where Octavia stood just as Raven struck Monty, sending him to the floor.

"Raven!" I yelled, trying to hold her down the best I could in order to allow Sinclair to hook up the device. She continued resisting, letting out angry grunts as she tried to push us off of her.

However, suddenly her motives changed from trying to push us off, to instead her ramming her head into the hard metal of the headboard on the bed.

My eyes grew wide as she continued to smack her head off the hard frame, angry grunts still coming from her lips.

"She's trying to kill herself!" Bellamy exclaimed, rushing to the side that had been left vacant by an injured Monty.

He grabbed a hold of her arm as I took a hold of Raven's head, trying to prevent her from hurting herself any further. "Raven, please!" I begged, becoming increasingly concerned that we were going to lose her as she continued to fight against my restraint.

"Stop," Clarke begged, "And I'll give you this."

We all froze, including Raven who had her eyes set on the small item in Clarke's hand. It looked similar to the chip that Raven and the others had taken to get into the 'City of Light'. However, I knew it wasn't. What Clarke was holding was the Flame...exactly what ALIE was after.

With Raven momentarily distracted, Bellamy took that as an opportunity to snap the wristband around her arm. Raven's eyes shot over to him as Sinclair finish hooking up the EMP. "No!" she begged, "Please don't do this! The EMP will give me brain damage! You know that, please!"

"Don't listen to her." Octavia ordered, as she continued to hold Raven down.

"Sinclair, please!" Raven cried, "Please don't."

"We only have one shot at this." Sinclair announced. Although he was ignoring Raven's pleas, I could tell he was distressed. "The EMP will fry the wristband too."

"Okay, do it." Bellamy ordered.

So Sinclair listened. He flipped the switch, and I felt myself take in a sharp breath as I awaited the results.

However, nothing seemed to happen, which caused all of us to look to Sinclair with wide eyes. "What happened?" I questioned, my voice full of duress.

"Nothing." Sinclair breathed, looking down at the device. "The battery must not be strong enough." His eyes were just as wide and worried as everyone else's.

"Well then get one that is!" Clarke demanded.

"The Rover." Monty announced, already making his way toward the door. Bellamy followed after him, the two of them rushing outside while the rest of us did our best to keep Raven at bay.

Each second they were gone felt like an eternity. Raven continued to fight against us, and it seemed she was getting closer and closer to breaking free from our hold.

A minute or two had passed since they had rushed outside when a gunshot rang off somewhere beyond the walls. I felt my heart lurch at the prospect that Bellamy and Monty were in danger. Time seemed to move even slower now as I awaited their return.

To my immense relief, the were inside within a matter of moments, both of them unscathed.

"Guys, we have to move!" Bellamy announced, hovering by the door with his gun clutched tightly in his hands.

Sinclair's hands were shaking as he and Monty rushed to hook up the new battery. "Got it!" he yelled, wasting no time in pulling the switch.

Unlike the last time, it clearly worked this time as the sound of electricity buzzing through the device met my ears.

Raven let out a heart shattering scream as the currents flooded into her. In a split second, she was silent as her body slumped in defeat, her eyes closed.

I felt myself pale as I took a small step back, my breathing rigid as I stared down at Raven, instantly fearing the worse.

Clarke quickly moved to her bedside, placing two fingers on Raven's neck. "She's breathing." she confirmed, somewhat easing my fear.

But when Raven still didn't open her eyes, I felt my heart beginning to hammer against my chest.

"Come on, Raven." I begged, crouching down so I was at eye level with her. "Please, Rave. Open your eyes."

Clarke lightly shook her, worry in her voice as she spoke. "Raven." she pleaded. "Come on."

Octavia stood beside me, her actions mirroring mine and Clarke's. I felt worried tears threatening to spill from my eyes as I stared at Raven's unconscious body.

I was terrified that we might have just killed the Raven we once knew.

111. together

"She tried to warn us." Jasper announced as he slowly paced around the room.

"Not helping." I snapped from where I stood next to a still unconscious Raven. Minutes had passed and she had still not woken up. It seemed like we were running out of ideas on how to wake her.

Jasper didn't reply to me, but instead slowly walked toward where Clarke stood. I watched him skeptically, readying myself to ask what he was doing. Before I had the chance, he reached forward and grabbed something from Clarke's pocket.

She spun around in a flurry, her eyes wide. "Hey!" she snapped, beginning to chase after Jasper who was stumbling away from her, trying to hold onto whatever it was he had taken.

"What are you doing?" Clarke demanded, meanwhile the rest of us watched on in confusion. Now really was not the time for whatever was going on here. Raven needed us.

"Don't move!" Jasper snapped, reaching for a large stick that was resting on one of the walls. He kept his eyes locked on Clarke as he placed something down on the table-the Flame.

Clarke's eyes grew even wider. "No!" she pleaded, "You can't!"

Jasper continued to lift his arm, ready to bring the stick down and shatter the small chip. "ALIE did that to Raven! She's never going to get this."

"No!" Clarke screamed, her hand shooting out to grab onto Jasper. "It's Lexa!"

We all fell silent, watching as Jasper slowly turned to Clarke who had tears in her eyes. "Part of her's still in there. I saw them cut it out of her head." she cried. "I'm not-"

Clarke abruptly cut herself off, a look of realization coming to her face.

Bellamy took a small step forward. "What is it?"

Clarke spun to look back at the rest of us. "Both the A.I.s were made by the same person." she exclaimed. "Both tap into human consciousness. They must work similarly, right?" she breathed, looking to Sinclair.

He nodded, "There's probably only one way to consciousness so it's possible, yeah."

Octavia, who was standing next to me, looked down at Raven briefly. "What does this have to do with anything?"

Clarke started back toward the bed. "I've seen an A.I. get removed before." she explained, her eyes focused on Raven. "Help me get her on her side."

No one asked anymore questioned as we all rushed to help. Octavia and I were joined by Bellamy who helped us move Raven down the bed before flipping her so her back was toward Clarke.

"Get that med kit from my bag." Clarke ordered, pointing Monty toward her pack.

Within a matter of seconds, Monty had hurried back toward Clarke, the kit being passed between the two of them. I watched with curious eyes as Clarke pulled out a scalpel, analyzing it for a moment before focusing on the back of Raven's neck.

As she hovered it over the skin, Sinclair leaned forward. "Woah, woah, woah. What-"

Clarke looked back at him with a confident look. "It's okay." she ensured, not waiting for his reaction before she turned back to Raven and slid the blade across her skin.

I watched in anticipation as blood began to flow from the wound, but nothing else. "Clarke, what's going on?" I asked, my voice wavering in fear.

She looked up at me, her eyes clouded in their own worry. "This has to work."

As if on cue, a new substance started to flow from the incision. It was metallic in colour and oozed like blood. "Is that-"

Sinclair cut me off with a small nod. "It must be whatever's left of the chip."

A small cough from below caused me to quickly drag my eyes downward. When I did, I was met with the sight of Raven, wincing as she brought her hand up to her head, and then her shoulder. "Ow." she muttered.

Relieved smiles came to all of our faces as we moved to gently help her up. "I never thought I'd be so happy to see someone in pain." Octavia grinned, earning a laugh from Raven.

"Are you okay?" I whispered, my eyes scanning her face to ensure she was really okay, that it was really her.

Raven gave me a small nod, a comforting smile coming to her face. "I'm okay." she promised, her hand reaching out to grip onto mine. "I'm good."

I felt my eyes stinging, tears of guilt threatening to spill. Raven noticed my expression and shook her head. "Don't." she ordered, "Do not blame yourself."

"I-"

I was cut off by Monty's voice across the room. He wasn't speaking directly to me, it didn't really sound like he was speaking to anyone in particular. "We could have saved my mom." he announced, his

sad eyes cast on the floor.

I felt my heart break for him. Mere hours ago, he was forced to kill his own mother because of ALIE, and now he just watched as we saved our friend from the same monster.

I watched with sad eyes as Jasper took a small step toward his best friend, reaching out to place a hand on Monty's shoulder.

Upon Jasper's touch, Monty harshly stepped away. "Get away from me !" he snapped, the tone of his voice taking me aback.

All of us were wordless for a moment as Monty quickly rushed out of the room. Jasper wore a sad expression as he watched his friend go.

Bellamy was the first one to break the silence. "ALIE knows we're here." he announced. "We need to move."

And so we did.

We helped Raven from the bed, all of us making our way outside to the waiting Rover. We knew that wherever we went next, we weren't entirely safe. What we did know, is that all of us were alive, we had saved Raven, and we were going to survive...together.

112. return to arkadia

[image]

We were headed back home- or what was left of it.

Raven had revealed to us that the reason ALIE had wanted Raven to kill herself, was because she knew why ALIE wanted the second A.I. so bad-it was the only way to stop her.

Therefore, we needed to regroup in Arkadia, find out once and for all how to stop all of this, how to stop ALIE. Our first objective was to find Lincoln's book, which would hopefully lead us to the next Commander. Once she had the Flame, she could stop ALIE.

We hadn't been driving long, but it seemed like everyone in the back of the Rover had fallen asleep.

I sat up front, next to Bellamy who was behind the wheel. My eyes scanned the landscape ahead of us, looking for any sign of danger.

"You look exhausted." Bellamy commented, startling me from my thoughts. He was looking between the road and me, a look of concern on his face.

I shrugged, "I'm okay." I lied, not wanting to reveal the truth. That truth being that I was completely and utterly exhausted.

Ever since I had stopped sleeping in the same bed as Bellamy, I had barely slept. When I did manage to fall asleep, I was plagued with constant nightmares. Without Bellamy there to calm me back to sleep, I often found myself only able to sleep a handful of hours a night.

It truly made me realize how much I relied on Bellamy, how much I needed him.

"You should rest." he advised, not believing the lie that I was okay. "Just close your eyes for a bit."

I shifted in my seat, "No, you need someone awake with you." I muttered, keeping my eyes locked on the road ahead.

Bellamy shook his head. "I'll be okay." he promised, "I'll wake Jasper if I need someone to keep me company."

I looked over to him with the smallest of grins. "You'd prefer Jasper's company over mine?"

"I can hear you." Jasper grumbled from the back, still half asleep it seemed.

I stifled a laugh as Bellamy chuckled beside me. "Go to sleep, Avery." he ordered, "You need it."

I let out a shaky sigh as I rested my head against the window. Bellamy was right, I really did need it.

"Becca's journal is amazing." Raven announced, her eyes quickly scanning the pages of the leather faced book in her hands.

It was early morning at this point, the sun just beginning to peak out from beyond the horizon.

Everyone was awake now, and at some point during the night Clarke and I had switched seats. I wasn't exactly sure when, and I assumed I was half asleep when the switch took place.

But now as I sat in the back crammed between Octavia and Raven, I felt more awake than ever. My nerves on edge the closer we got to Arkadia.

"At 26, she found a pathway to access the human mind." Raven flipped the page, lightly running her hand across it. "That same year she had to lock up ALIE because her answer for what was wrong with the world was too many people." She noted the distressed looks on all of our faces as she continued. "She was 27 when it launched the bombs."

Clarke spun around, now intrigued in the conversation. "What did

she write about the Flame?"

"ALIE 2.0." Raven answered, "She saw it as a way to atone for her sins. She designed it to not just access human mind, but to merge with it. It couldn't wipe us out because it would be one of us." she explained. "She tried it on herself first, altered her genes so her body wouldn't reject it."

"Bekka Pramheda, the first commander." Clarke confirmed before pausing for a moment. "The gene therapy made her blood black didn't it?"

Raven looked down at the book before nodding. "Yeah." she affirmed.

"How did you know that?" I questioned, looking between the book and Clarke.

"Nightblood." Clarke answered. "That's where it came from. Somehow, it became hereditary." she noticed the slightly confused look on my face. "Luna has it." she explained. "That's why we have to find her. If she can access ALIE 2-"

"-She can tell us how to stop ALIE 1." Octavia concluded.

"Bekka Pramheda gets her second shot at atonement." Sinclair observed.

Monty, who was tinkering with the Flame in his hand, spoke for the first time in a while. "Get back to the mind pathway." he ordered. "If ALIE 1 uses it to upload our minds to the City of Light, then there's a chance my mom's still alive."

Raven wore a slightly uncomfortable look. "That depends on your definition of alive."

I glanced over at Monty, giving him a sympathetic smile as Bellamy called back to us. "Eyes sharp!" he ordered. "Weapons hot, we're almost home."

He then pulled the walkie to his mouth, calling in for both Harper and Miller who we had left behind at the cave.

When no response came from either of them, I leaned forward, my eyes meeting with Bellamy's, "That's not a good sign." I pointed out.

Jasper let out a humourless laugh. "Yeah. Great start."

Twenty minutes later, we were back on the road to Arkadia. We had arrived at the cave, like agreed upon, to pick up Miller, Harper and Bryan, but they were no where to be seen.

The feeling of worry among all of us was evident as we continued toward what was left of the Ark, hoping to potentially find them there.

We were close to the forest line when Bellamy pressed on the brake, shoving the gear into park. "Monty, you take over the wheel. Octavia, Sinclair, Clarke and Avery, you're with me." he ordered, then looking to Raven and Jasper. "Jasper, man the turret."

Raven didn't let him finish, instead she sat up, pulling herself into the front seat that Clarke had just vacated. "I'll keep lookout." she announced, not wanting to be told to just relax.

I reached over, grabbing the hand gun that I found myself so often using. At this point, I may as well call it my gun.

As I hopped out of the Rover, Monty began rolling forward slowly, the rest of us following beside, our guns raised.

Soon enough, we emerged from beyond the trees, and the structure of what was once home came into view.

"We've been gone for 2 days." Clarke announced, her eyes scanning the scene in front of us. "Why haven't they fixed the gate yet?"

Jasper looked down at her from where he was standing through the hole in the top of the Rover.
"Maybe because there's no one here to fix it." he offered.

I felt myself shudder. "It looks abandoned." I observed, my eyes flickering over the place which was once so full of life, now

absolutely silent.

"Miller." Bellamy snapped, speaking into the radio once again. "Where the hell are you?" He then lowered the radio, focusing on raising his gun once again. "I don't like this."

"That makes two of us." I muttered, my hands trembling ever so slightly as I gripped onto my gun.

"Maybe they got chipped." Jasper suggested.

Bellamy shook his head slightly. "If they got chipped, they would have been waiting for us at the cave."

Jasper threw out another pessimistic comment. "Maybe they saw the open gate and went for Lincoln's book." A.k.a the exact thing we were here to retrieve.

"Maybe you should stop saying 'maybe.'" Octavia muttered, causing Jasper to scowl at her.

"If they are chipped," Clarke announced, "Then ALIE already knows we're coming."

"Which means we're as good as dead." I concluded, meeting Clarke's eyes. She let out a small sigh, not wanting to confirm what we all already knew.

With my nerves higher than ever, I almost didn't notice that Octavia had stopped walking. But when I almost ran into the back of Bellamy, I noticed he had frozen as well.

My eyes travelled to my best friend before following her line of sight. Her eyes were locked on the ground in front of us, and it didn't take me long to realize that was the exact spot Lincoln had knelt just days earlier. That was the spot he had been murdered by Pike.

I felt sadness consumed me as my eyes focused on the blood stained ground. Bellamy watched his sister with sad eyes, guilt entangled within them.

Octavia clenched her jaw as she spoke. "Let's get his book and get the hell out of here."

"Now that is a plan I can get on board with." Jasper mumbled, tearing his eyes away from Octavia and back toward the Ark.

As Octavia marched off toward the entrance of the structure, Clarke looked to Bellamy and I in confusion.

"Lincoln." Bellamy whispered, not needing to say anything else. I watched Clarke's face fall as we started walking again.

My chest was heavy as we made our way toward the hangar bay. I wasn't sure what we were going to find when we opened those doors, but I was afraid it wasn't going to be anything good.

113. ghost town

"Close the doors and turn the Rover around. We might need to get out of here quickly." Bellamy instructed as we all made our way into the hangar bay, alerts on high.

As the doors closed, darkness overtook the large room. The only light being from the headlights of the Rover.

The group of us looked around, looking for any sign of life.

What we saw seemed to be the exact opposite of that. Much like the courtyard, inside seemed to be a ghost town. It looked like everyone had just up and left in a hurry.

Board games looked suddenly aborted, dinner plates left with untouched food. "It looks like they just got up and left." I observed, lightly running my finger across a board game. "No one was expecting this."

Clarke nodded, her face showing a mixture of curiosity and concern as she scanned the area.

"We're in and out." Bellamy announced, "Pack as much gear as you can into the Rover."

"Avery and I will get the map." Octavia offered, not waiting for a response from anyone before she took off toward the living quarters.

I looked over at the group, giving them a slight shrug as I moved to follow after her. Guess I was going to get the map.

I could hear Jasper announce that he was going to come with us, claiming that the two of us shouldn't be alone. We all knew it was actually because he didn't want to load gear.

He caught up to us a few moments later, shooting me a small grin. I jokingly rolled my eyes as we made our way down the corridors,

our footsteps echoing in the emptiness.

Octavia walked slightly ahead of the two of us, quickly making her way toward what was once her and Lincoln's room.

"This will be hard for her." I whispered, casting my eyes toward Jasper, "Just watch what you say, please."

Jasper nodded, his face taking a serious tone. "Of course." he promised.

It seemed too soon when we stopped in front of the door to their chambers. I knew first hand how hard seeing the things a person left behind were, how hard it was to see the life they had left.

The door creaked against its hinges as Octavia pulled it open.

No one said a word as we slowly stepped into the room, the eeriness of it overwhelming me. The last time I was in here, Lincoln had been alive. He had been sitting on the couch, pulling on his boots and laughing as Octavia and I recalled memories from our time in the Skybox. Everything was so much better then.

Jasper and I stopped just inside the door, watching as Octavia slowly moved across the room. She reached out, taking a hold of Lincoln's guard jacket, before bringing it up to her face. She buried her nose in it, taking in his scent one last time.

In one quick movement, she tore the it away from her face, her body racking in sobs as she launched the jacket across the room. A pained scream fell from her lips as she swiped her hand across the desk, sending all the items clattering to the ground.

I winced slightly, taking a small step back so I was running into the front of Jasper. He looked down at me, giving me a sad look.

"Tavia," I called from where I stood, not wanting to get too close as to give her some space.

"What?" she snapped, her voice full of anger. I shrunk back slightly, not used to hearing her speak to me like that.

"Remember when you told me it gets better?" Jasper asked, deciding to take over when he noted the distressed look on my face.

Octavia didn't turn around as she spoke. "This is not the same thing." she growled.

Jasper didn't seemed phased at her tone. "You know, it's okay to fall apart a little, Octavia. " he paused for a moment. "You loved him."

She remained silent for a moment before yanking open a metal chest that sat on the floor in front of her. "A warrior doesn't mourn the dead, until the war is over." she bit out, beginning to rummage through the chest.

Jasper let out a low sigh as he slowly turned. "I'll wait in the hall." he muttered, not awaiting a response before taking his leave.

I remained in place, watching as Octavia aggressively pulled things out, looking for Lincoln's book. "You need to mourn, Octavia." I announced, "Trust me."

Octavia stopped moving, but didn't turn to look at me. "This isn't the same as your brother, Avery." she snapped back, her voice cold. "Think about how you would have reacted if you lost Bellamy."

I did my best not to let her words waver me. I knew that she was hurt, and that she was grieving. Despite Octavia's claims, I did know what she was going through. Losing anyone is hard, we all knew that. Losing the person you love most in this world is especially hard. And although I didn't love Bellamy and my brother in the same way, losing either of them is something I never wanted to go through.

But I did. And losing Finn destroyed me in its own way. He was my brother, my twin. He had literally and figuratively been by my side since birth. I lost a part of me that day.

And I knew that if I lost Bellamy, another large chunk of my heart would be gone. So, I knew where Octavia was coming from, I understood her hurt.

"You're allowed to be angry." I spoke, my voice firm. "You're

allowed to want revenge...but you're also allowed to mourn. You have a right to be sad."

Her shoulders raised and fell with each deep breath she took. She still wasn't looking at me, but I could tell she was crying.

"I'll wait with Jasper." I muttered, deciding what she really needed right now was time alone.

As I turned into the hallway, Jasper looked up at me. At first his expression was somber, but within a matter of seconds, an urgent look spread across his face.

I watched as his mouth began to form my name, but I couldn't hear it, something was in the way. And that something was blinding pain.

A harsh ringing filled my ears as I felt the impact on the back of my skull.

I stood still for a moment, the shock of the blow just registering. Then, the ground was suddenly approaching as I began to fall.

The last thing I saw was Jasper's terrified face before I hit the ground. Black slowly rimmed my vision, and before I knew it, that was all I could see.

114. payback

My eyes opened with a jolt, a mixture of fear and pain being the first thing I felt.

Slowly, my senses returned, and I was able to feel the tight bounds around my wrists and ankles. The gag in my mouth wasn't hard to miss either.

My head was pounding in pain, causing me to feel disoriented as I moved my eyes across the area in front of me.

I was in the airlock...but I wasn't alone.

All of my friends save for Bellamy, Clarke and Sinclair were tied up in the same way I was. Miller, Bryan and Harper were here as well, explaining why they hadn't responded to our calls.

Most of us were seated, aside from Miller and Octavia who were standing, their arms tied to the wall.

And standing in the middle of the room, was none other than Emerson. The Mount Weather guard who had received our blood, and eventually, bone marrow treatment after being exposed to radiation. The same man who had been our prisoner here in Arkadia, let go to send a message to his people. He was back, and he looked angry.

He held a radio to his mouth, and eventually I recognized the voice on the other end as Clarke's. "Let my friends go." she ordered. "Do that, and you can have me."

Emerson wore a smirk as he spoke into the radio. "You're brave, Clarke." he taunted. "They're lucky to have a friend like you." taking

a small step forward, he spoke again. "Come to the airlock. No weapons. Right now."

Only a matter of minutes had passed by the time Clarke had come into view. She made her way down the corridor slowly, hands raised in surrender.

At the sight of her, a smug look covered Emerson's face...he knew he was going to win.

He still wore the menacing look as he turned to me, not wasting anytime in harshly pulling me up to my feet. My eyes grew wide as did everyone else's, all of us confused as to what was going on.

Jasper, who was seated beside me, attempted to kick at Emerson, which resulted in him behind hit over the head. I let out a muffled scream, watching as Jasper slumped up against the wall.

Emerson yanked me to the middle of the airlock, his arm wrapped tightly around me.

"I'm here." Clarke announced, her eyes flickering toward me. "Now let my friends go."

Emerson let out a dry laugh, his breath hitting the back of my neck, causing me to shudder. "Tell Bellamy to show himself first."

Clarke wavered, but ever so slightly. "I don't know what you're talking about."

Emerson didn't reply, but instead aggressively drove his foot into the back of my knee. I let out a pained cry as I fell to the ground, my knees screaming in pain as they hit the metal floor.

Bellamy was out of hiding within a matter of seconds, his gun pointed toward Emerson.

I was harshly pulled back to my feet, and in one swift movement, Emerson had pressed the cool blade of his knife to my throat. "Good." he approved, his voice inches from my ears. "Now take out

the clip and throw it down the hall. Put the gun on the ground. And then get inside."

Bellamy's chest was quickly rising and falling as the gun in his hands began to tremble. We all knew that if he gave himself up, all of us were as good as dead.

So when he finally looked me in the eye, I gave him a small shake of my head. He couldn't give himself up, not for me. The minute Emerson killed me, Bellamy could shoot him. Then all of my friends would be safe.

It was a bargain I was willing to take.

"Please," Clarke begged, "You wanted me, okay? I'll get inside once you let them go."

"I was talking to Bellamy." Emerson taunted before grabbing a fistful of my hair.

A pained gasp fell from my lips as he roughly pulled my head back before beginning to slice the blade across my neck. I winced, trying to fight the tears that were threatening to spill. Bellamy couldn't know I was afraid, he couldn't turn himself in for me.

But it looks like he was going to. "Okay, okay. Just stop." he ordered.

Clarke spun to look at him, lightly shaking her head. "Bellamy, don't." At least someone else realized how stupid of an idea this was.

Emerson seemed to be growing impatient as he pulled me closer, adjusting the grip he had on me as he placed the blade against my jugular. One cut and I was gone.

Bellamy gave Clarke a quick look before wordlessly taking the off the gun from around his shoulder. He quickly met my eyes as he released the clip, throwing it down the hall like Emerson ordered.

I tried to plead with him with my eyes to stop. He was going to get himself killed.

Tears streamed down my cheeks as Bellamy slowly made his way toward us, hands raised.

This was really the end.

"Those are yours." Emerson announced, nodding toward a spare set of handcuffs that hung on the wall next to Jasper.

Bellamy tried to give me a comforting look as he secured the cuffs around his wrist, but it provided me with no comfort. Crippling fear overtook me as I met his gaze. We were all going to die in here.

Once Emerson ensured there was no longer any threat to himself, he pulled the knife from my throat, shoving me back onto the ground.

I hit the ground with a thud, pain engulfing my body as I curled in on myself, afraid Emerson was going to target me again. Octavia looked down at me, her eyes full of concern.

"Get on your knees, Clarke." Emerson ordered, his gun now pointed at her. Clarke did as he said, slowly lowering herself onto her knees. "Put your hands on your head." he demanded.

Once she had done so, Emerson slowly walked out of the airlock. We all watched in horror as he pressed a few buttons on the keypad, closing the doors behind him.

He then yanked Clarke to her feet, pushing her toward the closed doors. He pushed he up against them, forcing her to look at us as he said something to her, something I couldn't hear.

Clarke was crying as Emerson turned and hit his hand against a large red button.

The minute he did so, the lights dimmed from within the airlock, changing to a red colour. "Airlock 5, oxygen venting. Airlock 5, oxygen venting."

My eyes grew wide as realization sunk in...he was suffocating us.

"Avery-" Bellamy's voice was strangled as he spoke, barely a whisper

as a result of the oxygen being pulled from the air around us.

My own breathing was laboured as the air thinned around us. It felt like my lungs were going to explode as I looked over at him. I couldn't speak, but managed to give him a small nod. I knew what he wanted to say, and I wanted to say the same thing.

I was losing feeling in all of my limbs as my eyes began to droop, black blurring my vision for the second time today. I kept my eyes locked on Bellamy for as long as I could. He was watching me as well, his own eyelids beginning to close.

I tried to force myself to stay awake as long as possible, but it was too much. My heart was pounding against my ribcage, seeming to be in panic mode as I slowly lost consciousness.

I guess, after all of this, all we had gone through since the Skybox...we were all floated anyway.

115. more goodbyes

This time when my eyes opened, it was because someone hand their hands cupping my face. Voices swirled around me as I slowly regained consciousness.

"Why isn't she waking up?" his voice was the closest to me, and it was panicked. Even without opening my eyes I knew it was Bellamy.

"Just give her some space." That was Clarke, "Her body has gone through a lot these past few days...it'll just take a minute."

The warmth of the hands on my face vanished as I felt Bellamy shift beside me.

Slowly, I forced myself to open my eyes. As I did, the light from up above caused me to wince, pain returning to my head.

"Thank God." It was Jasper who now sat closest to me, his face relieved.

Bellamy was now standing at the back of the group, his arms crossed against his chest as he watched me with careful eyes.

I was about to call out to him when Clarke blocked my line of sight. "Let's get you up." she advised, motioning for Miller to pull me up off the floor.

I gave her a lopsided grin as Miller helped me to my feet. "You did it." I breathed, both relieved and surprised that we were all still alive.

Clarke gave me a small smile as she nodded. "I'm sorry I didn't get you guys sooner."

"We're all alive." I announced, "That's all that matters."

Raven's face fell slightly. "Not all of us."

I felt my heart drop as I scanned the room, looking for our missing link...Sinclair.

My voice was shaky as I spoke. "What-"

"He was trying to protect me from Emerson." Raven explained, trying to keep a steady voice.

I nodded, pulling her into a quick hug. "I'm sorry." I whispered, knowing how much he meant to her.

She pulled away, giving me a forced smile. "We should get moving." she announced. "ALIE doesn't stop for anyone."

We all gave small mutterings in agreement before beginning to make our way back to the hangar bay. As we exited the airlock, my eyes fell on the body of Emerson, his eyes, nose, mouth and ears stained with blood. I wasn't sure what Clarke had done to kill him, but it didn't look pretty.

I walked next to Raven, my arm wrapped around her waist to provide support. I could tell she was in rough shape.

I could feel Bellamy's eyes on me as we walked. Part of me wanted to turn and through myself into him, but the other part still told me to take it slow. My head and my heart were being pulled in two completely different directions.

—-

Night had fallen as the group of us stood in the courtyard. A cool mist had settled in the air, sending a shiver down my spine.

I stood with Raven and Jasper, awaiting the return of Bellamy.

Our last objective before we left to find Luna was to burn our dead. Sinclair's body had already been lifted onto the wooden surface we would use for the burning. Lincoln's, on the other hand, needed to be retrieved from the morgue where it had been left.

I carefully watched Octavia as we waited. Her face looked conflicted, a mixture of pain and anger.

Soon enough, Bellamy emerged from within the Ark, a wrapped body in his arms. I felt my heart sink as I watched Octavia's reaction. She tried to be strong, but it was evident just how much she was hurting.

Bellamy remained silent as he lightly placed Lincoln's body on the ground in front of his sister. She gave him a quick look before kneeling down, carefully moving the sheet away from his face.

I took a small step forward, noting how her face crumbled at the sight of Lincoln. It reminded me of the day Bellamy and I had brought Atom's body home to her.

Octavia's sobs soon engulfed the quiet night as she leaned over Lincoln's body. All of us watched with sad eyes as she pulled back, tears still in her eyes as she leaned forward and pressed a kiss to his forehead.

When she finally pushed herself to her feet, her eyes landed on me. One look from her and I was by her side.

She didn't say anything, just wrapped her arms around me, silently crying into my shirt.

I let out a sad sigh, pulling her close to me as my eyes met with Bellamy's. He looked absolutely heartbroken...knowing that you played a role in making your little sister feel so destroyed was a shoe in for that feeling.

Our ceremony for Lincoln and Sinclair was quick, but full of emotions. We had all stood in silence as Octavia spoke the commemorative words used by the Grounders. "Yu gonplei ste odon."

We had all echoed the words, watching as she lit the fire, sending the two bodies up in flames.

Lincoln and Sinclair's deaths still weighed heavy on my heart as we finished packing up the rest of the Rover, prepping for our departure.

"Hey," Bellamy spoke, drawing my attention toward Raven and Monty who were slowly making their way down the ramp toward us. "We're about to leave." he pointed out, his eyes scanning the pair. "Why aren't you ready?"

Raven winced slightly, leaning into Monty. "Because we're not going with you."

Clarke's face fell. "Raven—"

Raven wore a knowing smile. "I can barely walk and my leg's killing me." she explained, taking a step away from Monty. "But my brain's all kinds of awesome."

"She remembered that ALIE downloaded herself into the Ark's main frame." Monty elaborated. "If the code's still there, we might be able to find a back door."

I looked to Raven with an grin. "Amazing." I whispered, always mystified by her intelligence.

Raven shot me a quick smirk before speaking again. "I'm guessing once you connect ALIE 2 to Luna, we'll need to access ALIE 1 to take her down."

Bellamy gave a small nod of approval before looking toward the rest of the group. "Miller?"

Miller wore a small smile. "We'll keep them safe." he promised, motioning to Bryan and himself.

"And I'll keep them safe." Harper added from behind them.

I let out a small laugh, a feeling swelling in my chest. I hoped that this wasn't goodbye forever, but for some reason it felt like it might be.

"How about you?" Bellamy asked, turning toward Jasper. "It's going to be dangerous."

Lopsided grin on his face, Jasper nodded. "You know me. I'm in."

Bellamy's eyes flickered to me for a brief moment, and without words I communicated that of course I was coming. He gave me the slightest of nods, a look of relief on his face.

I pulled my eyes away from him, moving to pull my friends who we were leaving behind into tight hugs.

"You stay out of trouble out there." Miller ordered, a hint of teasing in his voice.

I rolled my eyes, letting out a small laugh as I pulled away from his embrace. "Of course."

"Let's get on the road!" Bellamy called, already making way for the driver's side of the Rover. I could tell in his voice that he was nervous for what was to come.

With one final glance at the rest of my friends, I pulled myself into the back of the vehicle, plopping down beside a smiling Jasper.

"Luna, here we come."

116. the map

[image] [image]

"It's been an hour since we passed the airplane wreckage." Jasper announced, his hand scanning the pages of the journal in front of him. "And considering we're using a map with no distances, it could be days before we reach Luna's village."

Day had broken hours ago, a steady cascade of rain falling down around us. I sat with my head against the wall behind me, my eyes drooping in exhaustion.

"At least we know we're going the right way." Bellamy pointed out.

Jasper set the book on his lap in exasperation. "We're running out of daylight." he exclaimed. "We should stop and recharge the battery while we still have the sun."

"What sun?" Clarke questioned from the passenger seat, her eyes focused on the rain. "We keep going until it dies."

Octavia, who had been quiet for most of the ride spoke, "We keep going until we reach Luna."

I had just begun to doze off, tuning out Jasper and Octavia's conversation, when the Rover came to an abrupt stop. My eyes flew open as I sat up, glancing around. "What happened?" I demanded.

Bellamy looked back at me quickly, his face distressed.

"Think she can help us find a better map." Jasper grumbled, likely referring to Luna.

Bellamy turned back to the front, "Backtrack." he announced, starting to shift the vehicle into reverse. "We'll find a better—hey!" he cut himself off as the back doors flew open, Octavia jumping from the Rover without so much as a word.

I felt myself shiver as the cold air rushed through the open door.

"O!" Bellamy called, all of us already jumping to follow after her.

"Guess we're going on foot." Jasper announced, giving me a mock look of amusement.

I jokingly rolled my eyes as I jumped onto the forest ground, the rain already beginning to drench my clothes.

"ANYBODY HEAR THE PART WHEN I SAID IT COULD BE DAYS!?" Jasper yelled, following after the group of us.

"Stop!" Octavia instructed, turning to look at us with wide eyes. "Do you hear that?"

I paused, straining my ears to hear over the sound of the rain. Soon enough, I heard it. "Water." I exclaimed, the sound of rushing water now becoming more apparent.

Within seconds, Octavia, Clarke and I were taking off toward the noise, desperate to find Luna and her village.

"Eyes sharp!" Bellamy yelled. "They could be hostile."

Octavia stopped, turning to glare at her older brother. "They're not hostile." she snapped. "Put the guns down."

With a defeated look, Bellamy lowered his gun and proceeded to follow after the rest of us who were already running toward the sound of the water once again.

Anticipation built in my chest as we ran through the forest, the sound of the rushing water getting louder and louder. We were getting close.

We soon reached a fast flowing river, and proceeded to follow it until it led to a small opening. All of us were silent as we pushed our way through the last of the trees, coming to a stop on some kind of beach.

I let out a small gasp as I looked at what was in front of us.

There was a large lake, and tall mountains...but that was it.

"Where's the village?" Jasper demanded, his own eyes surveying the scene.

Octavia was letting out short, quick breaths as she fumbled to open to journal. She looked down at it, her eyes then travelling to a part of the beach in which some kind of rock structures stood. It looked like they were piled up to look like people. "No." she breathed. "Oh, no. It can't be."

My heart lurched in my chest as Octavia took off toward the rocks, all of us following after her.

I had been hoping that once we reached them we would see something we missed before, but that wasn't the case.

"There's no village." Jasper pointed out the obvious. "It's just a bunch of rocks."

Clarke, who had been fairly silent, wore a broken look. "She's gone." she whispered, looking around.

"What do we do now?" Jasper questioned.

Clarke turned to look at her, but before she could speak, a frustrated scream tore through the air.

My eyes landed on Octavia who was kneeling on some rocks by the water, her hands clenched in fists at her sides.

This was our last hope.

Close to an hour had passed, and we had decided that our best option was to set up camp for the night.

Jasper and Clarke were working on digging a fire pit, meanwhile Octavia was focused on trying to get a flame going.

"I'll go get some more firewood." I announced, pushing myself to my feet.

Everyone acknowledged me with small nods, except for one. "I'll come with you." It was Bellamy who stood, giving me a cautious look.

I let out a small sigh before nodding toward the forest. "Let's go." I muttered.

The two of us were silent as we made our way into the forest. Bellamy stayed close behind me, but didn't say anything.

Once we were far enough from the beach, I paused, turning to look at him. "So. You want to talk?"

This was the first time since everything happened that I had agreed to have a conversation with Bellamy. It had basically been silence between the two of us for the last while.

A look of relief covered his face as he nodded. That's all he had been asking for, to talk to me. "More than anything" he admitted.

He took a small step toward me. "Everything I did, I did it to protect you. I thought that was I was doing was what was best." he confessed. "You know that I love you more than anything, and I just wanted you to be safe."

I read the look on his face and let out a sad sigh, crossing my arms over my chest as I looked back at him. "I'm not sure what you want me to say." I admitted.

Bellamy ran a hand through his wet hair, "I want you to tell me how you feel. I want you to tell me what I need to do for you to forgive, Avery."

I bit down on my bottom lip, shaking my head. "I feel horrible, Bellamy." I answered, watching as his face fell. "I feel destroyed."

He didn't say anything, just watched me with sad eyes. I fell into silence myself for a moment, my eyes casting down to the ground beneath me.

"Remember those two Grounders you shot?" I finally questioned, pulling my head up to look at him. "That day they came to warn us

that war was coming if we didn't turn Pike over?"

Bellamy winced slightly, but nodded nonetheless, which prompted me to continue. "One of those Grounders saved my life." I announced, "More than once."

When Bellamy didn't say anything once again, I kept going. "His name was Everett." I explained, "He found me after the blast at Mount Weather. He's the reason I made it back to Arkadia, back to you." Bellamy's face had sunken in sadness and realization as I continued. "And he fought beside me in Mount Weather, saved my ass there too."

I paused, as I stared eye to eye with Bellamy. "My point is, you killed people who were trying to help us. You felt guilty, and Pike knew that. He manipulated you into killing innocent people. And inadvertently, he manipulated you into hurting the people who love you the most." My eyes flickered to where I could briefly see Octavia on the beach. "Your sister's person, her biggest love, died because of you." I whispered. "*I* almost died because of you. Pike was going to put a bullet into my head just like he did to Lincoln. And I know you didn't mean for any of this to happen, but it did." The expression on his face caused my heart to break. "I don't hate you, Bellamy, I never could. I love you, more than you'll ever know. But right now, I don't like you and I don't respect you anymore."

He let out a shaky breath, his eyes seemed glassy, almost as if he were about to cry.

"I think we should take a break from each other." I admitted, "At least for a little while. I don't want to be mad at you anymore, but we can't go back to the way it was just yet."

Bellamy's voice broke as he spoke. "I understand." he whispered with a small nod. "I'll be here when you're ready."

I gave him a small smile before glancing back toward the group. "We should get moving." I whispered. "They'll be waiting for firewood."

And so we did. But not together. Bellamy took me wanting space

very literally, as he walked a few paces behind me, his gaze set forward.

I wanted to turn around and grab his hand, hold him close as we walked. But that wasn't something I could do. I stood by what I said about needing space, I needed to stay away from him until I could respect him and look at him without seeing every horrible thing he had done.

I needed to heal the wounds he had caused.

117. signal fire

The sky was dark overhead, the crashing waves and cracking of the fire filled the still air.

I sat in front of the fire, continuously throwing cedar branches into the flames. Since returning to the beach with Bellamy, two discoveries had been made.

The first being that the cedar branches that littered the beach turned the fire green when thrown in. Octavia had pieced together that this was some sort of signal fire for Luna.

The second, and less exciting, revelation that had been made was that Octavia did not forgive Bellamy, not in the slightest. Upon our return, the two siblings had launched into an argument that caused Bellamy questioning when Octavia was going to forgive him. This elicited in the younger Blake sibling revealing the fact that she blamed Bellamy for what happened to Lincoln, that she couldn't even look at him without seeing what Pike did.

The remaining three of us had remained silent as Bellamy marched off toward the shore, hurt covering his whole face.

Clarke had given me a look, like she wanted me to go after him. But I had stayed where I was, knowing that it wasn't my place to go comfort him. I couldn't morally do that right now, knowing how hurt Octavia was and still feeling the pain myself.

So, with the moon slowly making its way along the horizon, there were only three of us seated on the beach. Clarke had ended up following after Bellamy, and I could faintly see their silhouettes along the rocky shore.

"You don't have to stay mad at him just for my sake." Octavia spoke, breaking the silence that had ensued.

I shook my head, throwing another branch into the fire. "I'm not." I answered. I had my own reasons for being upset, ones totally independent from Octavia's feelings.

The three of us fell back into a comfortable silence.

Only was it broken when Jasper's eyes grew wide. Within a matter of seconds he was on his feet, "Woah!"

I jumped, turning my head to see at least a dozen figures moving in on us, weapons pointed.

I scrambled to push myself to my feet, following the lead of Jasper and Octavia who had moved closer to each other.

"It's okay!" Octavia announced, placing her hands out to show we meant no harm.

My eyes flickered to Bellamy and Clarke who were being marched in, their mouths gagged and hands tied.

One of them men said something in Trigedasleng as Bellamy and Clarke were pushed down to their knees.

I stood next to Jasper, both of us looking around with wide eyes. What had we gotten ourselves into?

Octavia's voice was steady as she responded, letting them know who we were and what we wanted.

The man let out a bitter laugh. "Skaikru, Bringers of Death. Why should we give you safe passage?"

Octavia didn't skip a beat. "Lincoln." she answered, causing the group of them to exchange looks. "He sent us."

The man stared her down for a moment before saying something to his men. His words resulted in the ties being removed from Bellamy and Clarke.

The two of them immediately pushed themselves to their feet, pulling the gags from out of their mouthes. "What's going on?"

Bellamy whispered, leaning toward his sister.

Octavia shook her head slightly, keeping her attention focused on the strangers. "I don't know."

The man walked toward us, pulling out a small pouch which contained a series of vials. Her was wordless as he took one out and handed it to Octavia. He then moved toward Clarke, Bellamy, Jasper and I, giving us each our own.

"What is this?" I questioned, speaking for the first time since their arrival.

Looking over at me with a blank expression, the man answered. "Safe passage."

"What...does it do?" asked Jasper, hesitation written in his voice.

The man didn't answer, but it didn't seem to matter to Octavia. In one quick movement she had raised the vial to her lips and downed its contents.

"Octavia, no!"

"If only she drinks, then only she goes."

Octavia gave her brother a reassuring look. "I trust Lincoln."

Jasper shrugged, looking to the remaining of us. "See you on the other side." And just liked Octavia, he downed the liquid.

I looked between my two friends, noting how Octavia began to sway, her eyes slowly drooping. "Tavia, are you-"

I didn't get to finish my sentence as seconds later she collapsed to the ground, her body crumpling in on itself.

"Octavia!" Bellamy yelled, trying to rush toward his sister only to be held back by a couple of men.

"Oh, crap." Jasper muttered from beside me, beginning to sway like Octavia had just done.

I reached out, catching him before he could hit the ground. His body was limp in my arms as I slowly lowered the two of us onto the sandy beach.

"Last chance." The man warned.

I looked to Bellamy and Clarke who were sharing their own nervous glances. The two seemed to be having their own silent conversation, one I was clearly not apart of.

So I took a chance and brought the vial to my lips.

The liquid was sour as it reached my mouth, but I managed to drink it all in one go. The minute I had swallowed it, my body began to tingle.

"Avery!" Bellamy snapped, just now noticing what I had done.

I looked over to his through droopy eyelids. Opening my mouth to speak, the words seemed to have died in my throat.

Soon enough my eyelids shut and everything went black.

-an-

sorry this chapter is short but I thought it would be better as two rather all in one. also so sorry for lack of updates...i know I suck. online university and working is just kicking my butt to be completely honest.

hope you are all doing well!

-maddy xoxo

118. safe passage

I'm not on the beach anymore, but instead back at Arkadia.

The sky is dark, but the place that was once abandoned when we left mere days ago is now full of life.

Fires litter the field beyond our walls as hundreds if not thousands of people mill about. Tents are set up for as far as I can see.

Upon closer inspection, I realize that the people beyond our walls are not my people...they're Grounders.

The realization hits me harder than I could handle, and I physically feel myself stumble backward. It's the night Finn died.

I looked around frantically, desperate to know what exactly is going on. Has he already died? Or is he still out there, alone and afraid? My most prominent question is what in the world am I doing here.

"Aves!"

My lungs feel as if they had filled with water and finding breath does not come easily. It's him.

Slowly, I turn ever so slightly, and when I do I am met with the scene of my twin brother walking toward me, a small grin on his face.

"What's the matter with you?" he questions, "You look like you just saw a ghost."

The chants from the Grounders begin to fill the night sky. They're calling for Finn.

"Finn!" I snap, finally coming out of my trance. "You need to go!" I order, reaching out to grab onto him.

My hand meets the solid flesh of his upper arm, not going right through like I expected. He isn't some apparition, he's really here.

He lets out a loud laugh, the one I have missed so much since I lost him. "What are you talking about?" he questions, looking around as if all of this is remotely normal.

I look into my brother's brown eyes that so closely resemble my own. They're full of life once again, something I hadn't seen for months.

"Finn, please." I beg, "Please, you need to go."

My heart is pounding against my rib cage, the anxiety building within. I can't let him die again, I can't lose him again.

"Come on!" I all but scream, still gripping onto him as I try to pull him away from the camp. "I know where we can go. I can keep you safe. I can-"

"Avery." Finn's voice no longer holds any amusement, but instead is laced with seriousness. "I am going to die."

The terror rises as I shake my head. "No!" I snap. "You're not going to die, Finn. I can save you this time, I can do better."

"It's time."

This is a new voice that speaks this time, but it's one that I recognize instantly. His voice automatically causes me to relax ever so slightly.

"Bellamy!" I gasp, turning to look at him as he approached Finn and I, "Bell, you've got to help me. You've got to help me get Finn out of here. We can go-"

Bellamy's eyes are dark as he removes my hand from Finn's arm. "No." he answers, moving to pin Finn's hands behind his back. "It's time." he repeated.

I feel like I have been hit in the stomach, all the air knocked from my lungs. "What are you doing!?" I scream, scrambling to follow after them as Bellamy begins to drag Finn away from me. "Stop!" I pleaded, "Stop! You can't! I-I just got him back!"

Finn looks back at me, his eyes now full of terror. "Aves, help me." he whispers, his words causing my heart to break.

"Bellamy!" My voice comes out sounding strangled as I finally reach them. Grasping onto Bellamy's arm I begin pleading once again. "Bell, stop! Please, just let him go."

We're at the front gates now, a few more steps and Finn will be dragged out of the safety of camp.

"Let-him-go!" Between each word I find myself beating on Bellamy's arm, praying that he will release my brother.

"Ready?"

My body whips around to see Charles Pike walking toward us, a triumphant look on his face.

Bellamy nods, "Yes, sir."

"What the hell are you doing!" I demand, rounding on Bellamy. "Don't let him do this to you again, Bellamy. Don't let him control you!"

Pike finally notices me and gives me a sad smile. "This is your fault." he announces, nodding for Bellamy to take Finn away.

"No!" I beg, trying to follow but I am rooted in place.

"It's your fault that your brother is dead." Pike reaffirms. "You didn't help him. You let the Grounders kill him. He tried to tell you what he was going to do, that he was going to give himself up. You should have known, you are his twin after all."

Tears are cascading down my cheeks as I shake my head. "No." I whisper.

Pike nods, turning me so I can see out into the field beyond our camp. The light from the Grounder fires light up the scene before me.

Instead of one wooden pole like the night Finn died, there's now four. Four figures are tied to them.

It takes me a moment, but I soon realize who they are. Because now, instead of just my brother, Sinclair, Lincoln and Everette join him.

My heart drops as I turn my head to look at Pike. "Don't do this." I plead, still attempting to will my body to move. I need to get to them. "Don't."

Pike lets out a small hum. "They all died because of you." he taunts. "You could have ended all of this, but instead you let your friends die."

Nausea washes over me as I look out toward the field with teary eyes. Is he right.

"Now!"

Pike's booming voice causes me to jump. I refocus my eyes, watching as a figure walks up to Sinclair.

The figure is Bellamy and he's holding a gun.

"NO!" I scream, my voice ripping through my throat. "BELLAMY, NO!"

He ignores me, raises the gun and then fires. Sinclair slumps against the pole- dead.

Bellamy repeated the process, putting bullets into both Lincoln and Everette's skulls before moving down the line.

Finally, he ends up in front of my brother. Finn looks exactly like he did the night he died, he looks terrified. And I feel broken knowing I'm not there.

"I love you." I whisper, knowing my brother can't hear me, but needing to say it nonetheless.

My hands are shaking as they grip onto the fence in front of me.

Slowly, Bellamy raises the gun to my brother's head and then he pulls the trigger.

"NO!"

"Avery!"

My eyes opened with a jolt and soon enough I could feel hands

gripping onto me. Sunlight assaulted my vision, but in broken beams, as if it was shining through something.

My head was swimming as my eyes tried to adjust. Tears soaked my cheeks as my breathing struggled to get under control.

"Avery."

It was the same voice I heard when I first awoke. As my eyes scan the scene in front of me, I realized it was Bellamy.

He was watching me with a worried expression, holding onto me tightly as he stared down at me. Gently, he raised a hand and wipes the tears from my face.

"What happened?" I demanded, pushing myself up into a sitting position and away from Bellamy. I tried to ignore the hurt look that covered his face.

"You were screaming." Jasper answered, and it looked like he had just awoken himself.

I took this as my chance to look around at where we are. We're not on the beach anymore, that's for sure. Instead, it looks like we're in some kind of metal box. Small holes litter the roof and walls allow the sunshine to leak through.

"My swords gone." Octavia suddenly exclaimed, her eyes dancing frantically across the space in search of it.

"Guns too." Bellamy added from where he was standing next to me.

"Where are we?" I questioned, hoping someone had more of a clue than I did.

No one answered, seeming to me like no one else knew. Octavia let out a grunt before pounding her fists on the side of the box, causing a loud banging sound to reverberate throughout.

Suddenly, noise could be heard from beyond the box. I let out a small gasp as Bellamy's hand fastened around my upper arm and pulled me to my feet.

Just as I stood to my full height, the doors opened and sunlight flooded in. All of us inched back ever so slightly, bringing our hands up to shield our eyes from the sun.

Bellamy took a small step so he was standing in front of me, and I resisted the urge to roll my eyes. Always the protector.

Through the bright sun, I could see a figure making their way toward us. After a few strides, the person was close enough for us to see.

Octavia let out a relieved sigh. "Luna."

My eyes finally adjusted to the sun, and I could see that it was a woman standing in front of us. She didn't look very old, maybe a few years older than all of us, but she carried herself in a very mature way.

"Where's Lincoln?" she asked.

Clarke looked to Octavia who shook her head slightly. "Lincoln is dead."

Luna tilted her chin downward slightly as her eyes fluttered closed for a moment, taking in the news of her friend's death.

It was quickly interrupted by Clarke who took a small step toward her. "Lincoln said you would help us."

Luna's eyes opened and she focused her attention on Clarke. "Did he?"

Clarke wore a hopeful smile as she nodded. "Luna, you're the last of your kind. The last Nightblood."

A look of realization dawned upon Luna's face. "So Lexa's dead as well."

"Her spirit's chosen you to become the next commander." Clarke explained. "Titus entrusted me with the flame to give to you."

Unlike we had all expected, Luna did not look happy to heart this

news. "Then he should have told you that I left my Conclave swearing to never kill again."

Bellamy looked over the Jasper and I, a nervous look on his face. We all knew that this was probably not going to end as we had hoped.

"You don't have to kill." Clarke promised, "To lead is your birthright. How you lead is your choice." She then pulled out the Flame, moving toward Luna. "Here."

Luna looked down, reaching out to cup Clarke's hand in her own as she examined the Flame. "I recognize the sacred symbol, " she explained, "But what is that?"

"This is the Flame." Clarke explained, "It hold the spirits of the commanders, of Lexa. Will you take it and become the next commander?"

Luna's eyes flickered between the Flame and Clarke, her expression steady. Finally, she spoke her answer. "No."

And just like that all of our hope was crushed. Luna closed Clarke's hand around the Flame before turning and leaving us alone in the box. Clarke spun around, looking to the rest of us with wild eyes.

"Wait!" she called, turning to rush after Luna.

We all followed suit, quickly making our way out of the box and out into whatever was beyond. As we stepped out, each and every one of us froze in shock.

We were no longer on land...but rather in the middle of the ocean.

119. infestation

[image]

The dream about my brother from earlier still weighed heavy on my mind as the group of us sat in a dimly lit room, listening as a girl recited some sort of poem.

Luna had told us to wait in here, to relax, until the boats returned that would be able to take us back to land. We weren't really willing to go without convincing Luna to take the flame, but I seemed that we didn't have much of a choice.

The sound of a door opening near the front of the room caused all of us to perk up slightly. "She's back." Bellamy announced, reaching out to tap Clarke on the leg. "Let's go talk to her."

I watched as the two of them stood, not saying a word to the rest of us before making their way toward Luna. I felt anger begin to bubble in my chest at the sight of the two of them together.

"Do they seem closer than usual, or is it just me?" I muttered, turning back to Jasper and Octavia.

Octavia looked over at me with a quizzical look, "Bellamy and Clarke?"

I nodded, glancing back over my shoulder to where the two stood. "It's like they're a two-man team and we're just here as backup or something."

"You're overreacting." Octavia promised, "That's how it's always been."

I shrugged, "Maybe that's my point then."

"Hey," Jasper said, prying his eyes away from the girl on the makeshift stage. "Didn't you two break up anyway? Who cares about him and Clarke."

I felt my jaw drop slightly as Octavia awkwardly looked away, trying to remove herself from the conversation. "I-That's not the point, Jasper." I snapped, feeling my face reddening. "I was just making an observation."

"Right." he muttered, refocusing on the girl who he seemed rather enthralled with.

With my attention focused on glaring at Jasper, I had barely noticed the arrival of another person.

"We need to talk." Luna's voice caused me to jump slightly, not expecting her to have approached us.

When I turned, I realized her attention was focused on Octavia, who gave a small nod of her head.

Jasper turned to me, grabbing a hold of my arm, "That's our cue then."

Scowling, I pulled my arm away from him as we left Octavia and Luna alone. "Everyone is just full of private conversations today aren't they?"

Jasper glanced over at me as he flopped down into an empty chair. "What the hell has gotten into you?" he demanded. "You're being a real-"

"Don't say it." I warned, lowering myself into a seat beside him. When I could still feel him watching me, waiting for an answer, I shrugged. "I don't know." I sighed. "I just-what's there to even be happy about anymore."

He was watching me carefully. "You mean cause you don't have Bellamy anymore?"

My eyes fell to the floor as I shook my head. "No. I mean because everything has gone to shit, Jasper."

"Weren't you the one who told me it gets better?" He questioned, referring back to a conversation we had when he had lost Maya.

"Yeah, well." I muttered, pulling at my fingers. "Maybe I'm a liar."

"Avery?"

A new voice cut into the conversation, causing me to wince ever so slightly. What could he want?

I turned, my eyes meeting Bellamy's who were soft, like he was afraid I was going to break if he said the wrong thing. "Can I talk to you?

My eyes shifted to Clarke who was standing behind, her eyes darting around the room as if on edge.

"Why not?" I murmured, motioning to the empty seat beside me.

"Right." Jasper muttered, pushing himself to his feet. "I'm going to get a drink."

I watched as he made his way across the room, in the direction of the pretty girl who had just finished telling her story up front.

"I'm going to go talk to Octavia." Clarke announced, causing me to glance over to where Octavia now sat alone, seemingly done speaking to Luna.

Bellamy gave Clarke a small nod, his eyes following her as she left.

"So, what's the verdict?" I mumbled, my eyes flickering toward Bellamy as he sat down. "Is Luna going to take the flame?"

Bellamy sighed, running his hands over his thighs. "No." he answered, looking over to me with a defeated look.

I nodded slightly, "What do we do then?"

"Clarke will figure something out." He answered, glancing over his shoulder toward her.

"Of course she will." I muttered under my breath, following Bellamy's line of sight.

Bellamy either didn't hear my statement or chose to ignore it. "You had a nightmare earlier."

His words came out in a statement, not a question. When I looked over at him, he was watching me with worry.

I shrugged, my eyes falling down to look at my hands "It was just a dream."

"Avery, you were screaming." he argued. "You haven't had a nightmare in months-"

"—You don't know that." I challenged, looking up at him once again. "You have slept me with in weeks, Bellamy. How could you possibly know when the last time I had a nightmare was."

He looked taken aback for a moment. "Avery—"

"No." I sighed, standing up and taking a step away from him. "I don't want to fight with you, Bellamy."

"Then don't!" he pleaded, following suit and standing up.

I sent him a glare as I shook my head. "I'm going for a walk." I announced. "—Alone." I clarified upon noting the fact that he was about to speak.

Bellamy let out a sigh of defeat. "Where are you going to go, Avery?"

"Don't worry," I muttered, "There's not too many places for me to disappear to. We are in the middle of the freaking ocean after all."

The wind nipped at my face as my hair flew around wildly. Despite the fact that it kept blowing into my face, I didn't have the desire nor effort to tie it back. Quite frankly, I didn't have the desire or effort to do much of anything.

I wasn't exactly sure when the switch had flipped in me. When I had gone from the optimistic person I once was to the person I was

today.

I thought it might have been Finn's death. But even after I had lost the most important person in my life, I still had hope. So, that led me to think that it was upon losing the second most important person that all my optimism had faded.

I knew that I still had Bellamy, but in a way it felt that I had lost him. Hell, it felt like I had lost everyone. Even Octavia, who was still by my side. The two of us were both too damaged now for things to remain the way they had been. We were all lost it seemed.

Night had now fallen and I had yet to return to the group.

I had spent the last couple of hours alone, standing on the deck of the large ship watching as the waves crashed around me. I had never seen the ocean, and staring into it brought not only a sense of calm, but a sense of anxiety. It was so big, so mysterious.

For a split second, I wondered what it would be like to jump. Would things be easier if I just I just gave myself up to the ocean?

No, my thoughts snapped back at me, causing me to push myself away from the railing.

I let the sound of the waves fill my ears as I finally turned my back to the water, beginning to make my way back toward my friends.

I was so caught up in my own thoughts as I made my way through the rig, that I barely noticed the trail of blood at first. It was only when one of my feet slipped in the red substance that I realized.

Panic consumed me as my eyes flickered forward, following the trail that led toward the part of the rig that my friends and I were brought in on. *Please* don't let my friends be dead.

I was running before I knew it, only navigating my way through the unfamiliar territory by following the trail of blood. It was getting worse, meaning whoever it was was really hurt.

As I turned the final corner, the corridor opened up to the part of

the deck where the container that had shipped us over here sat on. And there I also found the source of the blood.

It was the girl who had been telling that story earlier, the one Jasper had seemed so taken by. "Oh my God." I gasped, instantly rushing toward where she lay, dragging herself across the ground.

I dropped to my knees beside her, pinpointing the wound as an arrow sticking from her back...someone had shot her?

She looked up at me, her eyes glassy as she let out ragged breaths, "Your...friends..."

My hands shot out, instantly applying pressure to where the blood was leaking from. "What's your name?" I questioned, my worried eyes meeting hers.

She swallowed and even that seemed painful. "S-Shay." she answered, her voice weak.

I nodded, my hands still pressed over the wound. "You're going to be okay, Shay. I've got you."

A small smile came to her face as she shook her head. "Your friends." she repeated, her eyes flickering to the shipping container. "Get them."

My head swivelled between her and the container. "They're in there?" I confirmed, not wanting to leave her unless I knew for sure.

She nodded, "Get them out."

Guilt consumed me at the thought of leaving her, even just for a second. As I looked down at her, she gave me another small nod. "Go."

"I'll be right back." I promised. "Just hold on, Shay."

As I stood to leave, her hand shot out to weakly grab onto my arm. "Machine room." she whispered, her eyelids beginning to droop.

I didn't question her, knowing I needed to move as fast as possible.

Within seconds I was rushing over to the container, my bloody hands shaking as I scrambled to open it.

Finally, I managed to pry open the doors, being met with the sight of Clarke, Octavia and Bellamy standing there staring back at me.

"Avery, you're bleeding." Was the very first thing Clarke said, her eyes locked on the blood that now coated my hands and torso as all three of them rushed out toward me.

"It's not mine!" I yelled, already on my way back to Shay. "Come here and help!" I begged, knowing I could use an extra set of hands if we wanted to save her life.

But when I reached Shay, I felt my heart drop.

She lay there unmoving, her eyes wide and staring up at the sky. In the two minutes I had left her, she had died...alone.

"No." I whispered, numbly noting the rest of my friend's arrivals at my side.

"That's the girl that Jasper..." Clarke trailed off, her voice gentle.

"Yeah." I whispered, bending down to lightly close Shay's eyes. "Her name was Shay."

As I stood back up, I felt my heart drop once again. "Wait," I gasped, "Jasper isn't with you." It was more of a statement rather than a question. It was pretty obvious that he wasn't anywhere to be seen.

"Machine room!" I yelled, the last words that Shay had spoken finally resonating with me. "Whoever did this to her, they must have Jasper."

No one else needed convincing, as without so much as another word all of us took off in search of the machine room.

I wasn't exactly sure what we were going to find when we got there, but I had a feeling it wasn't going to be good.

-an-

I feel like we are starting to see a whole new side to avery. and while it isn't necessarily positive, I think it could be a good thing in the long run.

let me know what you all thought of this chapter! :)

-maddy xoxox

120. back to the beach

"Careful!" Bellamy warned as Octavia and I burst into the machine room.

It had taken us quite a few minutes to locate it, so once we did, we knew we didn't have any time to waste.

The scene we entered to was rather horrific. I felt my heart drop as my eyes scanned the scene in front of me.

Half a dozen bodies lay dead on the ground. Jasper was tied up near the door, as was a young girl, but both appeared to be rather unharmed.

Octavia veered off toward Jasper, leaving me heading for the young girl who looked absolutely terrified.

"You're okay." I soothed, dropping down to my knees to begin untying her. Bellamy joined me, wrapped a comforting arm around the young girl. "We've got you." he promised.

It was then that a heart shattering scream ripped through the room. I tore my eyes away from the girl who was being helped up by Bellamy, only to see Luna sitting in the middle of the room, a body clutched in her hands as she let out loud sobs.

My heart broke for her as she let out a string of choked apologies. It didn't take a genius to figure out that the body in her hands was that of her lover.

I felt a tug in my heart toward Bellamy, and ever so briefly my eyes flickered toward him. He was already looking down at me when I focused my gaze on him.

Neither of us said anything, but I could tell we were both thinking the same thing. *That could have been us.*

Bellamy and I may not have been on the best of terms, but I could easily imagine the pain I would have felt if I was in Luna's situation.

Wordlessly, I tore my attention away from him, not able to bear the thought of losing him any longer.

Instead, my attention turned to the devastation that had been left in our wake. It seemed wherever we went the peace was upheaved, and unfortunately this was yet another example.

Quiet murmurs floated around the room as the five of us stood, watching as some sort of ritual was carried out by Luna and her people. A ceremony was to take place soon, one to commemorate those who were lost tonight.

"Any one of them could be chipped and we would never know." Bellamy pointed out, his arms crossed firmly in front of his body as his eyes travelled around the room.

"If they are, they'll make their move before we put the chip into Luna." Clarke countered. "Stay sharp."

"She changed her mind?" Jasper questioned as Luna made her way toward us.

"Quiet!" Clarke warned, turning to face Luna with a forced smile.

A woman followed behind Luna, holding out a tray with five drinks. We all shared brief looks before each of us took a cup.

"The ceremony is about to begin." Luna explained, giving us a small smile before beginning to turn away.

"Luna, wait!" Clarke called, "I'm so sorry. But now you see what we're facing. An enemy who will do whatever it takes to win. She won't stop until she has everyone."

I silently watched as Luna held up the Flame, "People I loved died today. Needlessly. At my hand. I can't let happen again."

With that, she turned toward the rest of the room. Everyone stood, cups held in hand.

"As we prepare to give our brothers and sister to the sea, we honour their lives." Luna's voice was strong as she spoke, but I could hear the sadness buried within.

She held her goblet up in front of her, before reciting a string of words in Trigedasleng that were repeated back to her by everyone in the room.

We then raised the goblets to our mouths, drinking the contents in one swig.

"If we're going to do this," Clarke rushed the minute Luna had turned around, "Then we need to hurry. ALIE will send reinforcements."

"And we have to find someplace private to perform the ascension" she added, quickly looking around.

Luna wore a blank expression as she lightly shook her head. "You think that to stop an enemy who will stop at nothing, *you* have to stop at nothing. How is that different that 'Blood Must Have Blood'?"

Suddenly, my body began to feel numb as I felt myself sway. It was the same feeling I had had when we were first brought over here.

"Luna, wait a second!" Octavia gasped, "You can't just--"

I didn't get to hear the rest of her sentence, as either she collapsed or I did. I wasn't exactly sure which one of us hit the ground first.

Within a matter of seconds, for the second time in less than two days, everything went black.

This time when my eyes opened, we were back on the beach.

A groan escaped my lips as I turned my head slightly, noting that

Bellamy was standing beside me, staring down. "You okay?"

I nodded, reaching out to take his hand which was outstretched. "Yeah." I sighed, allowing him to pull me to my feet.

Once standing, I looked around to see that the rest of the group had awoken as well, all of us congregating in a small line. "So," Bellamy spoke, his eyes set forward. "What now?"

Safe to say, our lives had just gotten a whole lot more difficult.

121. ice nation king

The cool metal of the Rover pressed against my back as I leaned up against it, watching as Clarke paced back and forth across the snow covered ground.

After leaving the beach, we had returned to the Rover, driving it into an open field to allow for it to charge up. Our next task at hand was deciding where we went next.

"Rover's almost charged." Bellamy announced jumping down from where he had been standing on the vehicle. "We need to pack up, we'll be home soon."

"Then what?" Clarke asked, finally ceasing her pacing. "Run away?"

I resisted the urge to roll my eyes. "We have no other options, Clarke." I argued, shifting in my position atop the hood of the vehicle.

Bellamy shot me a warning look before addressing Clarke. "We're not running away." he countered, "We need to regroup with the others, find another way to defeat her-"

"--There is no other way!" Clarke exclaimed. "We need to find another Nightblood. We need to unlock the Flame. It's the only way to stop ALIE."

"What do you expect us to do, Clarke?" Jasper questioned from where he sat beside me. "Walk into random villages asking for their Nightbloods?"

Clarke nodded, "If that's what it takes."

"We're not doing that." I announced, sliding off of the hood. "That's a disaster waiting to happen."

"Avery's right." Octavia agreed, "If ALIE can find us on Luna's rig, then she can find us anywhere. I won't help you destroy *another* innocent Grounder village."

Clarke looked between Octavia and I, her face covered in a pleading look. "If we don't find another Nightblood, there won't be any Grounder villages. Or a home for us to go back to."

"That's all the more reason we go there and make sure our friends are okay." Bellamy argued, his tone strict.

Clarke bit down on her lip, looking to the remaining three of us, clearly hoping one of us was going to take her side.

When he eyes landed on me, I gave her a small shake of my head.

Clarke was usually right, but in this case I really could not get on board with her plan. There was no way I was just going to leave the rest of our friends in Arkadia.

When she finally realized no one was going to agree with her, Clarke stalked off toward the forest without so much as another word to the rest of us.

Bellamy let out an angry sigh as he watched her go. Meanwhile Octavia and I shared defeated looks.

"She'll be fine." Jasper promised, "Just let her cool off."

And so that's exactly what we did.

Octavia and I grabbed the remaining bags, loading them into the back of the Rover.

And then we waited, and waited and waited.

And after close to fifteen minutes with no sign of Clarke, Bellamy threw open the door of the Rover.

"Where are you going?" I questioned, sitting up in the passenger seat.

Bellamy checked the clip in his gun before addressing me. "To look for her. This is ridiculous."

"Well then I'm coming with you." I announced, already beginning to follow him out of the Rover.

Bellamy let out a sigh as he shook his head. "Avery, no." he argued, turning to face me as I rounded his side of the Rover. "Just stay here, please."

I furrowed my brows. "Why?" I questioned, "You want some alone time with Clarke?"

Bellamy scoffed, "What are you talking about?"

I bit down on the inside of my cheek, willing myself to stop talking before I embarrassed myself any further with my jealously. "Nothing." I muttered, turning before he could say anything else.

I pulled myself into the back of the Rover, no longer wanting to occupy the seat next to the one in which Bellamy would take when he got back.

"You know you don't have to listen to him anymore." Jasper pointed out as I flopped down in the seat across from him.

"What?" I questioned more harshly than I had intended as I crossed my arms over my chest.

"Bellamy. You two broke up didn't you?" he confirmed, still watching me with raised brows.

I shrugged, stealing a glance at Octavia who was watching me intently. "I guess."

"Then you don't have to listen to everything he tells you to do. Do whatever the hell you want."

"It's not that simple." I muttered, not really wanting to dive into this

discussion at the moment.

"What? Cause you still love him, right?"

"You know what, Jasper? I really don't want to-"

My sentence cut off as a gunshot rang off somewhere in the forest where both Clarke and Bellamy had disappeared to.

I shot up, my eyes wide with worry as I scrambled to the front of the Rover, trying to see if I could see anything.

Octavia followed me, her slipping into the passenger seat and me into the driver's seat. "That can't be good." I breathed, my heart pounding in my chest.

"Just give them a second." Octavia advised, her own eyes prowling the tree line. "I'm sure it was just a false alarm."

"If I don't have eyes on them in two minutes, I'm going out there, Tavia." I announced, not taking my eyes off of the forest.

Luckily, for everyone involved, barely two minutes later, Clarke and Bellamy emerged from the tree line. However, much to everyone's shock, they were not alone.

"What the hell?"

My eyes continuously shifted between my task at hand and the person in which I was currently carrying out this task on.

"I'm not going to bite."

His voice was rough as he spoke, and a small grin came to cover his face.

I straightened up, finally finished with bandaging the bullet wound on his arm-courtesy of Bellamy. "I'm actually more concerned about you murdering me."

As it turned out, the person that Bellamy had dragged out of the woods with them was none other than the Ice Nation King- Roan. According to Clarke, he was our best bet at getting to Ontari, the self proclaimed Commander. Ontari also happened to be a Nightblood, and was our only hope at the moment.

Roan let out a bark of laughter, "Well considering you guys have already shot me once, I think I'm the one who needs to be concerned."

I fought back a smile as Bellamy turned his head ever so slightly. "Is everything okay back there?" he demanded, trying to look between us and the road.

"Fine." I answered, moving away from Roan and back to my seat.

"You really that afraid of me?" Roan asked, noting my urgency in moving away from him.

Bellamy, who had now taken his eyes fully off the road, looked back at us. "Someone gag him." he ordered, his angry eyes landing on me.

Jasper let out a small laugh as he leaned forward, tying a cloth around Roan's face. "Yes, sir."

The rest of the ride was rather silent and most consisted of the group of us stealing nervous glances at Roan, afraid he was somehow going to break free of his restraints.

I couldn't help but let out a sigh when the gates of Arkadia came into view. Everyone else, save for Roan, seemed to mirror my emotions.

The doors to the hangar were already open for us as we pulled up. Miller, Harper and Bryan were standing outside waiting for us.

The second the Rover was inside, Bellamy shifted it into park before jumping out and rushing to the back.

"Lock it up!" he instructed, pulling open the doors to the back of the vehicle.

I watched as he reached for Roan, pulling him out of the vehicle without so much as a word. I let out a small sigh, following after them.

"We were staring to get worried." Raven announced, making her way toward us with a smile. As she scanned our faces, he smile faded. "Where's Luna."

I gave her a defeated look. "Luna said no." I explained, watching as everyone else's faces fell slightly.

"Who the hell is this?" Harper questioned, her eyes locked on Roan.

Bryan clenched his jaw, anger written on his face. "He's Ice Nation."

"King of the Ice Nation, actually." Clarke corrected before looking to the rest of the group. "And he's our way into Polis."

Everyone seemed stunned into silence, so Bellamy took this as his chance to speak. "This way, Your Highness." he muttered, beginning to push Roan forward. "You two," he beckoned to Miller and Bryan, "With me. Take him to lock up."

As the four boys made their leave, Raven looked back to Clarke. "You want to us him to get to Ontari." she assumed.

Clarke nodded, a small smile coming to her face. "Yes."

"What happened to his arm?" Harper asked, her eyes following the boys out of the room.

I followed her line of sight. "Bellamy shot him." I explained before turning my head to look at her with raised brows.

Monty let out a small laugh. "Good luck getting him to talk now."

122. to polis

"Here." I muttered, handing Bellamy a couple of bags. He gave me a small nod of acknowledgment before turning to throw them into the Rover.

He and Clarke had finally convinced Roan to help us, and thus our next destination was Polis. Here was where we wound find Ontari, implant the Flame in her head and then shut down ALIE...well that was the goal. Nerves coursed through my body at the prospect of entering the Grounder capital, which was no doubt crawling with chipped people, but I knew it needed to be done.

"Knock out gas. Mount Weather's finest." Miller announced, joining Bellamy and I at the back of the Rover as he loaded several gas masks and canisters. "As soon as they bring Ontari out, we put 'em to sleep."

A slow smile spread across my face as Bellamy slapped Miller on the chest. "Nice work."

"Because she's chipped," Raven began, limping toward us with a large item in her hand. "You'll have to EMP her like you did me before you give her the Flame." she explained, passing the EMP device to Bellamy.

"I thought Jaha destroyed all the wristbands?" Jasper questioned, speaking for the firs time since we had returned home.

"So did he. But then I came home." Raven answered, a smug smile on her face. "There's only enough usable parts to rebuild one so use it wisely. Made a few improvements too."

Clarke, being ever the optimist, took a step toward Raven. "None of which is going to matter if you can't get us access to ALIE's code."

Raven's face dropped the smile as she gave Clarke a serious look. "You worry about the Nightblood. I'll worry about ALIE."

Jasper, who seemed to be full of questions tonight, took a few steps toward the group of us. "How can you access a code that's not even here anymore?"

Monty arrived at Raven's side with a hopeful smile. "We've got a plan."

"What are we waiting for!?" Octavia called, entering the room with an armed Roan by her side.

Bellamy glanced toward Roan, his face hinting in hesitation. "Let's move out." he called.

Hugs were given left, right and centre, reminding me too much of the last time we had left Arkadia. I was nervous then, nervous that I wouldn't see my friends again, but this time those nervous were multiplied by one hundred. We were quite literally heading into the centre of this battle.

"You ever been to Polis?"

I pulled my attention away from where it had been focused on the road in front of us, instead focusing on Roan who sat beside me, watching me with a curious smile.

I shook my head, forcing down the lump in my throat. "No." I answered, my voice sounding weak.

He gave a small nod, "You're scared." he observed, noting the shakiness in my voice.

I pursed my lips, letting out a deep breath. "I'm not scared." I lied, hoping he would buy it.

Roan smirked ever so slightly. "That's why you're shaking, right?"

I narrowed my eyes at him, shoving my hands into the jacket of my

pocket to hide the fact that they were indeed trembling. "I always shake like that." I muttered, causing Bryan and Miller to share quick smiles with each other, amused by my lying.

"What's going on back there?" Bellamy called from the front, briefly looking over his shoulder at us.

I rolled my eyes, "Nothing, Bellamy. Just focus on the road." I ordered, noting how he pursed his lips in frustration.

Roan leaned closer to me, his voice directly in my ear. "Boyfriend?"

My eyes flickered between him and Bellamy. "Yes." I answered without thinking, "Kind of." I added. Upon Roan's skeptic stares I shook my head. "It's complicated, okay?"

He nodded, moving away from me ever so slightly. "Isn't it always?"

"There it is." Clarke announced, causing me to look back toward the front. "We stop here."

The Rover came to a screeching halt, all of us wasting little time in hopping out and grabbing the supplies we would need.

As I joined Roan, Bellamy and Clarke at the edge of the cliff, I felt my heart rate increase at the sight of Polis. A large tower stood in my line of vision, daunting over all else. That was exactly where we were headed.

"All right, this is where we split up" Roan pointed out. "The entrance to the tunnel's right over there."

"Yeah, we know where it is." Bellamy shot back, which elicited in me sending him a warning glare.

Roan ignored his comment, looking over to Clarke. "I'm gonna need the Flame." When Clarke gave him a rejecting look, he continued. "Look, this only works if they send Ontari out to get it. If they don't see it, they won't do that. Not much of a trap without the bait."

Clarke briefly looked to Bellamy and I before pulling the Flame from her pocket and placing it in Roan's hands. However, before she

let go, she spoke. "Fine. But I'm coming with you."

Bellamy and I shared confused looks at her proclamation. That had never been part of the plan, and quite frankly it sounded like a horrible idea.

Roan let out a humourless laugh. "If one of you is coming with me, can't it be the trembler? She's not scared, after all." he questioned, shooting me a quick wink.

I scoffed as Bellamy stepped in front of me. "That's not happening." he snapped, glaring at Roan before looking over to Clarke. "Clarke, this isn't part of the plan."

Clarke finally released her grip on the Flame. "It is now. I'm not letting that out of my sight..." she explained, her eyes locked on Bellamy. She then focused on Roan. "And I'm the only one who knows the passphrase, so you can tell them that without me, Ontari can't ascend."

Roan stared her down for a moment before nodding. "You'll need to look like my prisoner."

Clarke didn't even hesitate. "Okay."

"Hold on," Bellamy snapped, stepping in between the two. "Give us a minute." he ordered Roan, his eyes wild in worry.

Roan rose his brows slightly before turning and making his way toward where the rest of the group stood. I let out a sigh before following after him, deciding I did not need to be in the middle of the Clarke and Bellamy debacle that was about to go down.

"You sure you don't wanna come with us?" Roan questioned, looking down at me with a smug smile.

I let out a small laugh as I shook my head. "Absolutely positive."

Ten minutes later and we had split off from Roan and Clarke, the rest of us now making our way through the dark tunnels.

A flashlight was held in one of my hands, and it shook slightly with my nerves. The quiet sounds of our feet hitting the stone below and the dripping of the damp tunnel was all that could be heard as we made our way further into Polis.

"Move, move, move!" Bellamy whispered, ushering us forward, "Come on, let's go."

After a few more moments, we emerged into sunlight, meaning we had reached the end of the tunnel. We were inside.

"This is it." Bellamy announced, leading us toward the windows.

We all dropped our bags, beginning to unpack all of our supplies needed to set up watch. I approached one of the windows, looking out into the city.

I felt chills run down my spine. It looked like a graveyard out there. Crosses coated in blood hung at almost every corner, meanwhile bloodied puddles littered the streets. Perhaps what was the most unsettling was the number of people, or rather lack there of. Less than a dozen people were visible, each of them on their knees, unmoving.

I shook the dark thoughts from my head, taking one of the guns out of Miller's outstretched hand.

A shaky sigh escaped my lips as I positioned myself next to Bellamy, knowing I needed the comfort of being close to him at this moment.

"Are we ever going to be done fighting?" Bryan wondered, asking the very questioned I'm sure we all thought about constantly.

Miller let out a small laugh. "Hell yeah." he promised. "Then we're going to build a house on the lake..."

As he and Bryan went on about their plans for the future, I felt something tug in my heart. I found myself looking toward Bellamy, and once again he was already looking at me.

I gave him a sad smile before forcing myself to look away from him.

This wasn't the time.

As I looked back down to the centre square, movement caught my eye. "There." I announced, looking through my scope at Clarke and Roan who were slowly approaching.

"11 o'clock." Bellamy called to the others. "Roan will signal when he sees Ontari. We wait until she's standing in front of them, and then we launch the gas."

"They're going to be holding their breath." Bryan explained, tossing each of us a gas mask. "So we have to move fast."

"Anyone who gets in our way, we use non-lethal force." Bellamy ordered. "These people are not the enemy. They're being controlled. The only thing we're here to kill is ALIE."

When we all gave nods of understanding, Bellamy turned back toward the centre, sending Roan and Clarke the signal to let them know we were in place.

I tightened my grip on the gun in my hand, trying to will myself to relax. My nerves only increased as Roan spoke, his voice carrying throughout the empty streets.

"I am Roan, King of Azgeda, and I have what the Commander seeks!" he held up the tiny chip that was the Flame. His words seemed to have awoken the few people who littered the street as all of their eyes shot open. Each of them slowly rose to their feet and began to approach the pair.

My heart was hammering against my ribcage as more and more people came to surround Roan and Clarke.

But one figure in particular stood out amongst the rest. "Is that-"

"--Jaha." Bellamy finished my sentence, his tone just as confused as mine.

"What the hell is he doing here?" Octavia questioned, looking over to her older brother.

Miller looked toward us as well, his voice on edge. "You see Ontari?"

"No. Hold." Bellamy instructed, trying to calm all of us down. But his words did very little to calm any of us down, as it was clear things were going south, and fast.

When Roan took a step away from Jaha and closed his fist around the Flame as if to protected it, there was no hiding the fact that something was not right.

"Something's not right." Bellamy announced, his eyes locked in on Clarke and Roan. It was when Roan pulled Clarke close and pressed a blade to her throat that we needed to jump into action. "Do it now!" Bellamy yelled.

But Bryan' didn't have the chance. None of us had the chance to do anything else.

"On your knees! Drop your weapon!"

I surprised gasp flew from my lips as someone's grabbed onto the back of me, forcefully wrestling the gun out of my hands. "Collins, against the wall!"

I spun to see one of the Arkadia guards, his eyes blank as he shoved me into the wall. Four other guards did the same to the rest of my friends, rendering us all weaponless.

This wasn't good.

123. up the tower

A grunt flew through the air as another punch was delivered to Nathan Miller's face.

Nausea washed over me as I watched him take the impact, blood flying from his mouth.

After we had been caught, they had bound each of our hands before leading us back into the dark tunnel.

For the last five minutes they had beaten on Miller, waiting for him to break.

"Stop!" I yelled, this being the fifth time I had begged for them to stop.

So when the actually stopped, I was shocked.

However my shook soon turned to horror as they turned on us. "Get him up." One of the Arkadian guards ordered. "She wants Bellamy." By she, I knew they meant ALIE.

My eyes grew wide as I vehemently shook my head. "No!" I argued, watching as the guards latched onto his arms. "Wait! Where are you taking him-"

I was cut off as a gun was driven into my stomach, causing me to lose my breath for a second. "Stay back!" the guard snapped.

"Hey!" Bellamy yelled, trying to fight against their hold. "Don't touch her!"

I let out a pained gasp, my worried eyes looking up to him.

"Avery, it's okay." he promised, but his eyes were full of fear. "It's going to be okay."

I've learned to never trust someone when they said this. From my experience, it was almost never 'okay.'

As they began to pull Bellamy away from us, a new but familiar voice filled the dark tunnel. "You know, if I were you I'd hit the deck."

I couldn't see past Bellamy, but it didn't take long for me to register who this voice belonged to.

"Murphy?" Bellamy questioned, just as confused as I was. Despite his confusion, Bellamy listened to Murphy's warning. "Everybody hit the ground! Now!"

We all did as he said, each of us dropping to the cold, hard ground as fast as we could. The guards stood in place, utterly lost as to what was going on.

Not seconds after we had hit the ground, gunshots sounded off, bullets ricocheting off the tunnel walls.

I brought my bound hands up to cover my head, cringing as bodies fell around us.

Finally, the gunfire ceased and a shocked silence settled over the space.

Slowly, I pulled my hands away from my head, shifting my body to look up.

"Fancy meeting you here." Murphy muttered to Bellamy as he made his way toward us, two people behind him.

"More will come." Indra announced, putting a name to one of the figures. "We have to hurry."

"Here."

I looked up to see Murphy, his hand stuck out to help me up.

I grinned as I allowed him to pull me off the ground. "I've gotta say, John. I don't think I've ever been so happy to see you."

Murphy smirked as he undid the ties around my wrist . "Nice to see you too, Collins."

It was in that moment as I grinned back at Murphy that I finally realized who the other person with him and Indra was.

I felt anger course through my veins as I looked between Murphy and Pike. "What the hell is he doing here?" I demanded, hearing Octavia questioning Indra in the same manner.

Murphy stepped between us, preventing me from moving any further. "Relax." he warned. "We need the extra hands."

I looked back at him indignantly. "Murphy, do you know what he did. He's-"

I was cut off by Bellamy who looked between Octavia and I. "We need all the help we can get." he announced, trying to diminish our urge to leave Pike behind.

I sent him a glare, previous emotions flooding into my head again. I was worried I was about to lose Bellamy to Pike for a second time.

Murphy stepped away from me, addressing the whole group. "Did you all part where it's time to go?" he questioned, reaching for a gun from one of the discarded guards.

Bellamy gave him contradicting look. "We're not leaving." he asserted.

Murphy let out a small snort. "We just saved your lives. Why do I feel like I'm going to regret that?"

"Clarke's in trouble," Bellamy explained.

Murphy shook his head with a humourless smile. "Clarke is always in trouble."

"Can't argue with him on that one." I muttered, earning a quick grin

from Murphy.

"They took her and the Flame to the tower." Bellamy continued, ignoring both mine and Murphy's comments. "And it's a safe bet that Ontari's there too. We have everything we need to stop ALIE all in one place."

"If we go up that tower, we won't be able to fight our way out again." Octavia pointed out joining the group of us.

"If we stop ALIE," Bellamy began, his eyes casting toward Pike. "We won't have to."

I followed his line of sight, my eyes landing on Pike who was staring back at Bellamy. After letting out a quick sigh, he stuck his hand out, handing a pistol to Bellamy. It took everything in me not to grab the gun and aim it at Pike.

Murphy rose his brows, letting out a small chuckle. "Up the tower then. Great." he shook his head briefly. "You know, after this doing the right thin can kiss my ass."

"Ow!" I snapped, turning on Murphy who was hovering over my shoulder, "That was my foot, Murphy!"

"Sorry." he hissed, trying to lean past me to look around the corner.

We were currently hidden behind one of the walls, watching the two Grounders who stood only a few feet ahead of us. They were turning the wheel that raised the lift up the tower, and currently we needed to gain control of that wheel.

Bellamy, who was standing slightly further up than the rest of us, turned and gave us a signal, calling us forward.

I readjusted the grip I had on my gun, looking to Murphy with a nervous look. "Okay, let's-"

I was cut off as two gunshots rang off from in front of us. I spun around, eyes wide, only to see Pike with his gun raised, those two

Grounders now dead.

"Hey!" Bellamy snapped, rounding on Pike. "I told you, that is not how we're doing this!"

"Are you really surprised?" I sniped, falling into step with them as we made our way toward the lift. "You know what he's capable of." My voice was cold as I sent a glare in Pike's direction.

Pike ignored me, instead looking to Bellamy. "They were in our way."

"These people are not the enemy!" Bellamy argued, "They're being controlled by ALIE, and we can save them."

"Well, there's going to be a lot more of these people if we don't move!" Miller pointed out. "Let's do this."

"I'll take it down." Indra announced, making her way toward the lever that would bring the lift down to the ground floor.

"Once we're up, you blow the elevator and then climb." Bellamy explained, going over the plan once again.

"Destroy the ladder behind us." Bryan said, adding the next part of the mission. "On it."

"Come on." Murphy balked. "You do realize that we don't have a way of getting down, right?"

Indra gave him fleeting look. "That's a problem for another day."

"Let's go," Bellamy called, "Ride's here."

Sure enough, the lift had finally made it down to where we were stationed. Murphy gave a final disbelieving look that we were actually doing this before he made his way to the lift, beginning to pry the doors open.

It didn't take him long, and once they were open both he and Bellamy were stepping inside.

When neither Octavia or I followed, Bellamy looked between the two of us. "O? Avery? You coming?"

Octavia shook her head at her big brother. "If anything goes wrong down here, they'll need my help." she explained, before adding a few words to comfort him. "We've got this."

His eyes then settled on me, and with one look I could tell he was nervous beyond belief.

"I can do more good down here." I explained, giving him a small smile. "Don't worry about us, just be safe." I said softly before looking to Murphy. "Same goes for you, John. Don't do anything stupid."

Murphy cracked a smile. "Oh, you mean like going up a tower that's swarming with brainwashed people that want to kill us? Never."

I let out a small laugh as I took a step toward the lift. With one more final look from Bellamy, I reached out and closed the doors.

Although the doors were shut, the lift hadn't started moving yet, and thus I could hear Murphy's voice from within. "Shoulda told her you loved her, dude."

I didn't get to hear Bellamy's response, as Miller, Bryan and Pike had finally started turning the large wheel, sending the lift upwards.

I turned away from the doors, my hands trembling once again as I held onto my gun, praying that more of ALIE's army weren't going to discover us before we could carry out the rest of the plan.

Trying to shake off my nerves, I positioned myself in front of the wheel, gun pointed down the corridor in order to spot for Miller and Bryan who were occupied with the wheel.

Octavia and Indra were positioned slightly further down the hall, seemingly in conversation with each other.

That's why they didn't seem to notice the figure that had just rounded the corner.

None of us noticed...not until it was too late.

124. at war in peace

[image]

The gun had been fired too quickly, not leaving enough time for any of us to try and stop the attack.

Bullets flew in every direction as he walked toward us, a blank stare beneath his usually friendly eyes.

It was Marcus Kane holding the gun, but there seemed to be no remnants of his previous self. He was chipped.

I had ended up on the floor, I'm not really sure how. All I knew was that I was frozen in place, my eyes wide and breaths laboured as the gun fire finally stopped.

Miller's face popped into my line of vision, his own eyes wild as he grabbed onto me, pulling me behind one of the walls.

It was then that I felt the blinding pain, the shock finally beginning to subside...I had been shot.

I looked down at my torso, my hands shaking more than ever as they reached up, feeling the hole in my abdomen.

"Oh no." I whispered, pulling my hand back to see it covered in blood.

My wide eyes looked around, taking in the scene around me and I soon realized it wasn't good.

Bryan was propped up against the wall beside me, his own leg coated in blood from a bullet hole. Pike lay by the wheel, a bullet wound in his abdomen as well. And as much as I hated him, him being hurt really damaged our chances of pulling this thing off.

"Back to the wheel!" Pike ordered, his voice laced in pain.

Luckily, both Indra and Octavia were unharmed, and had managed to disarm and momentarily disable Kane.

Unluckily, voices from deep within the corridor rang off, signalling that there were about to be more attackers making their way toward us.

"We're about to have company!" Octavia announced, her worried eyes landing on me.

"You want to bet?" Bryan muttered, reaching behind him. "We need to seal the corridor!" he called, then passing a detonator to Miller, "Nate..."

Miller took it without any hesitation and instantly took off toward the entrance of the corridor.

I let out quick, laboured breaths, doing my best to hold pressure to my own wound. I knew if I lost too much blood, I was as good as gone.

"Hang in there, Avery." Bryan ordered, wincing from the pain of his own wound.

I nodded, shifting slightly, "I will if you will." I bargained, giving him a pained smile.

"Take cover!" Miller yelled as he threw the explosive down the corridor.

Bryan wrapped his arms around me, hunching us both over to avoid any flying debris.

Once the dust had settled, he pulled away, another pained look spreading across his face.

I pressed my hand harder into my stomach, watching as Miller, Pike and Octavia began turning the wheel again.

Hopefully, with the entrance to the corridor now blocked off we had bought ourselves some time.

Indra arrived next to Bryan and I, her eyes scanning over both of our wounds. "Come on," she whispered, "Let's get you two up. We need to be ready to move."

She grabbed onto Bryan first, pulling him to his feet before leaving him leaning against one of the walls.

As she stood in front of me, I looked up at her through weak eyes. "I don't think I can." I admitted, feeling weaker and weaker by the second.

Indra ignored me, reaching out to lock her arms around me. "Yes, you can." she promised, wasting no time in pulling me up off the ground.

The pain was excruciating the minute I moved at all, warm pain searing through my stomach.

A shocked gasp fell from my lips as Indra leaned me against the wall beside Bryan, her arms stilled wrapped around me.

But her eyes weren't focused on me anymore. Instead, they were focused on the rubble that was piled up at the entrance, rather they were focused on the fact that it was currently moving.

"They're coming."

"They're at the top!" Octavia yelled, all of them stepping back from the wheel.

"Let's go!" Bryan yelled, holding out the bomb for Miller to take. "Set the bomb and let's climb!"

"30 seconds!" Miller yelled, rushing back to the wheel to place the explosive.

Bryan grabbed onto me, both of us leaning on one another as we began making our way to the ladder.

"Come on!" Octavia urged, reaching out to pull me toward the ladder, "We have to hurry."

"No." I panted, pulling out of her grasp. "Go. Start climbing."

Octavia's face fell as she shook her head. "Aves-"

"-Go!" I ordered, clutching onto my stomach. "You're not dying because of me. I'll be right behind you, I promise."

"Let's go!" Pike ordered, pushing past both Octavia and I before mounting the ladder.

"Here." Miller announced, shoving me toward the ladder. "I'll be behind you the whole time, Avery. I won't let you fall."

As much as I wanted to argue with him, I knew we didn't have the time for that. So I grabbed onto the ladder, pushing past the horrible pain as I began to pull myself up.

Each rung felt torture as pain ripped through my stomach. My arms and legs growing so weak I felt as if I was going to lose my grip at any moment.

Miller all but carried me up, staying so close behind me that there was no way I could fall.

If I remembered correctly, this was the second time he had completely saved my ass. The first being that night he had literally carried me into the Dropship after I thought I had lost Bellamy and Finn.

Bryan and Octavia were right in front of us, the two of them following behind Pike who had been the first to start climbing. At least if there was an army waiting up there, he'd be the first to go.

We were about halfway up the ladder when Octavia looked down, her eyes growing wide. "Indra, no!"

I turned my head ever so slightly, just enough to see that Indra had failed to climb up with us...she had gone back for Kane.

Not even five seconds later, an explosion boomed from beneath us, sending smoke and debris everywhere.

I felt my breath hitch in my throat, my mind racing to Indra and Kane and whether or not they were alive.

"Keep climbing, Avery." Miller ordered, his own voice plagued with distress.

"Almost there!" Came Pike's voice from up above, "Just a bit further."

I took a moment, trying to steady my breath and convince myself not to pass out. Just a bit further, I could do this.

Turns out that a "bit further," feels a lot longer when you have a hole in your stomach.

By the time we finally made it to the top, I was covered in sweat, my breaths becoming harder and harder to find.

Octavia was waiting for Miller and I, instantly reaching out to pull me onto level ground.

I slumped into her, feeling like I was going to be sick from how much I had just overexerted my already exhausted body.

"This way." Octavia announced, nodding down the hall to where the rest of them would be.

"No." I argued, taking a step away from her. "Don't take me to Bellamy."

Octavia looked over at me incredulously. "Aves, what the hell are you talking about?"

I let out a deep breath, steadying myself against the wall. "He can't

know." I explained, closing my eyes as a wave of nausea washed over me. "He needs to be focused on stopping ALIE, okay?"

My best friend looked conflicted as she looked between Miller and I. "He'll wonder where you are, you know that, right?"

I nodded, "Tell him I'm keeping watch, tell him whatever you need, just don't tell him I'm hurt, *please."*

Octavia shook her head in disbelief "I-...o-okay." she finally conceded, not seeming happy with this idea.

"Miller," she began, nodding down the opposite end of the hall. "The Commander's chambers are down the hall to the right, take Avery there, please."

"I can take myself." I announced, trying to hid the wince as I pushed myself off of the wall, "Go help them...all of you." I ordered, brushing them off as they all looked at me with concern.

"We'll come check on you once we know what's going on." Miller promised, his face written in conflict like Octavia.

I gave him a forced smile as I nodded, clutching onto my stomach as I began to slowly move down the hall.

No movement was heard from my friends for a few seconds, and I knew they were all watching me in worry.

"Go!" I called, not bothering to turn around. Not even a second after the words left my mouth I could hear them scrambling down the hallway in the opposite direction I was headed.

I waited until I heard them enter the room down the hall before allowing myself to stumble toward the door Octavia had pointed out. My body was screaming in protest with each step I took.

As I barged into the room, I barely had time to rush toward the couch as the entire room started spinning

My body collapsed, just missing the couch which left me sprawled out on the floor. My eyes began to roll into the back of my head as I

was now finding it too hard to even try and keep them open.

I laid like that, puddled in my own blood for who knows how long, but each second that passed I felt weaker and weaker...If I could just close my eyes.

"Aves!"

My eyes slowly opened to see Octavia kneeling in front of me, her face contorted in fear. She placed a hand on either side of my face, giving it a small shake. "Avery, stay awake." she ordered.

"We have to get her out of here!" Miller announced, he too now hovering over me. "She needs Abby."

I shook my head, swallowing to push the taste of blood out of my mouth. "I'm fine." I promised, my voice barely audible.

"You're not fine." Pike cut in, looking down at me with what appeared to be sympathy. "You lose anymore blood and you're dead. You need to see Abby."

I glared up at up him, "You'd like that wouldn't you?"

Octavia looked equally as angry as her eyes flickered toward Pike. "We need to move you, even if you're as fine as you say you are." she explained, her eyes softening as she looked down at me. "This is the only room we can't prevent them from getting into."

I let out a pained gasp as I forced myself into a sitting position. "What's going on out there?" I questioned, almost afraid of the answer.

Miller, Bryan and Octavia shared nervous glances, Bryan being the first to speak. "They're climbing."

I felt my blood run cold as, for the first time since they all entered the room, I listened to something other than their voices. It only took me a few seconds to hear it...they noises of angry yells coming from outside of the tower.

"Come on." Miller said, pulling me to my feet. He then looked to his

boyfriend. "You too, Bry. You need to let Abby check you out."

Bryan's face contorted in objection. "I am not letting him fight alone." he argued, his eyes locked on Pike.

"He won't be alone." Octavia announced, readjusting the grip she held on her sword. There was something in her eyes that told me fighting alongside Pike wasn't all she had in mind.

"See," Miller muttered. "Let's go." he advised, allowing me to lean on one side of his shoulder as Bryan leaned on the other.

It took us a while to actually make it down the corridor to the Throne Room, both mine and Bryan's injuries slowing us down substantially.

Finally, we pushed through the doors, entering a scene that sent me spiralling into confusion.

Abby, Murphy and Bellamy were all crowded around Clarke who seemed to be unconscious in the throne, her body hooked up to tubes that seemed to be transfusing blood. On a table not too far from them laid who I assumed was Ontari, her Nightblood flowing through the tubes into Clarke's arm.

I didn't have any time to ask questions as within seconds of us entering, Bellamy was rushing toward us, his eyes ablaze. "What the hell happened!?" he demanded, instantly taking me from Miller's grasp.

I felt myself stumble, only being caught as Bellamy pulled me close to him. "You're okay." he promised, his wide, worried eyes looking down at me. "Abby!" he screamed, turning his head toward her.

Abby was beside us in a matter of seconds, leading us across the room toward where Murphy and Clarke were still stationed.

I was set down on the ground, Bellamy's hand clutching mine as Abby examined my wound. He cold hands pressed into my abdomen, then coming to lightly touch my forehead. "She's lost too much blood." she explained, her voice distraught.

Bellamy's grip on my hand tightened as my eyelids began to feel heavy once again. "W-what does that mean? Abby, what-"

"Miller!" Abby called over her shoulder, "Keep an eye on Clarke!"

She then turned back to us, "It means she needs blood." she explained, giving me what seemed to be a reassuring smile. I think what she was really trying to say was that I was dying.

"I-'ll do it." Bellamy said instantly, pulling up his sleeve. "She can have my blood, any of it, all of it, I don't-"

I shook my head, giving his hand a light squeeze. "No." I argued, "You have more important things to do right now." My voice was weak, almost non-existent.

"Abby, hook me up." he demanded, ignoring my protests. "Now!"

"Don't be an idiot." Came a new voice.

I strained my eyes, looking up to see Murphy making his way toward us. "You need to fight the oncoming herds of brainwashed lunatics." he announced as if it were obvious, "She can have my blood."

"Okay," Abby conceded, grabbing her medkit, "It's settled then."

"I'm not leaving!" Bellamy snapped, panic and anger seeping through his words.

"Yes." I ordered, my voice coming out more assertive than the last time I had spoken. "You are. Octavia needs you. She's in the Commander's chambers with Pike. Go."

Bellamy looked more conflicted than I had ever seen him as he looked between me and the door. "Avery-"

I reached up, placing a soft hand on his face as I gave him a teary smile. "Bell, go. I'll be fine." I promised, not even sure if I believed my own words at this point.

His own eyes seemed teary as he finally nodded. "Murphy, you look

out for her." he ordered, "Keep her safe."

Murphy saluted as he held out his arm for Abby to hook up the IV. "Considering we'll be attached, I don't think she'll be out of my sight."

I let out a small laugh as I looked back at Bellamy. He still looked like his heart was completely being pulled in half.

Finally, he leaned forward before pressing a kiss to my lips, one so full of emotion and passion that it seemed to make up for all the time we had lost in the past few weeks. "I love you." he spoke, his eyes locked with mine.

I nodded, finally feeling at peace. "I love you too."

I watched Bellamy go, felt as Abby inserted the IV needle into my arm, and then slowly, I let myself drift off.

-an-

okay this chapter is really long but I just couldn't stop!! shit has really gone down uh oh!!! one more chapter for season 3 and then I'm going to be starting the sequel for season 4 +!!! comment your thoughts on this chapter and what you think will happen next hehehe

love you all

-maddy xoxxo

125. between life and death

[image]

I was on a beach, not like the one we had been on only days earlier in search of Luna, but rather a large one that seemed to run on forever, surrounded by large mountains. The sun shone down on me, warming my skin as calming waves crashed from beyond. It was beautiful and so, so peaceful.

Looking down at my feet, I noticed that they were bare, buried in the warm sand. A flowing white dress hung from my body.

My legs were free of the usual scratches and bruises, my hands no longer coated in dirt like they always seemed to be. Most significantly, there no longer existed a gaping hole in my abdomen.

"Aves!"

The calling of my name caused me to turn in a hurry. Because unlike the last time I had dreamt of him, I didn't feel fear this time, I felt elated.

The sight of my brother running toward me caused me so much happiness I could barely keep myself standing.

I didn't wait for him to reach me, instead I took off toward him, throwing my body into his in a bone crushing hug. "You're here!" I cried, gripping onto him more tightly, "You're really here."

Finn let out a laugh, the one I had missed so much, "That I am, little sister."

I felt a grin spread across my face as I pulled away from him, taking in all of his features. "Two minutes." I reminded him, "That's all you have on me."

Another laugh fell from his lips as he nodded toward where he had come from, "Come on. I have some people who want to see you."

I didn't argue, desperate to spend any time with my brother, not caring

exactly what we were doing.

I watched my twin the entire time we walked the length of the beach, terrified that he would disappear if I didn't.

With my eyes so focused on Finn, I didn't notice that we had stopped outside of a house. It was rather modest in size, but seemed so inviting I couldn't help but want to enter. At some point, we had veered from the beach and now stood in some kind of valley, the quaint house being at the centre of it.

Finn motioned toward the front door, "After you m'lady."

I gave him a wide grin as I slowly approached the home, turning the doorknob and entering into the warm space.

As Finn and I emerged into the house, voices could instantly be heard carrying from further within.

I looked to my brother in curiosity. Despite the unknown voices, I didn't feel scared. Once again I felt at peace.

Silently, Finn guided me through the house, the airiness and warmness of the environment making it so I never wanted to leave.

We walked through the entire house, coming to the backyard.

Finn gave me a quick wink before pulling the backdoor open, revealing the large, green yard that was covered in gardens upon gardens. It was breathtaking.

But what was most shocking was not the green grass or beautiful flowers. What had me really losing my breath was the sight of people.

However, it wasn't just any people that filled that yard, it was those who we had lost, my friends who had died before they really had a chance to live.

Lincoln, Maya, Atom, Wells and Monroe were seated around a large table, laughing amongst each other.

At our arrival, each of them looked up at us, all of them wearing inviting

smiles as their eyes landed on me.

But suddenly, I felt fear and confusion course through my veins. This was too good to be true.

My brother seemed to note my sudden change in demeanour and he gave me a knowing smile. "I was waiting for that to happen." he admitted, motioning toward a path that led away from the house. "Let's go for a walk, Aves."

With one final glance toward the table, I followed after my brother, my mind racing a mile a minute.

After a few moments of us walking in silence, I finally blurted the concern that was on my mind. "I'm dead, aren't I, Finn?"

Finn wore a tiny smile as he stopped walking, turning to look at me. "That is up to you, Avery."

I shook my head, more confused than ever. "But all of them," I began, pointing back to where the rest of my friends were, "They're all dead. And you, Finn, I watched you die. I've been broken for months because you died, you left me. So how can you be here right now, how can I be with you if I'm not dead?"

"All of those people," my brother explained, resuming his slow walk, "Have taught you something about life. Each one of those people changed the way you thought about what it meant to live, meant to die.'

"So," he continued, "Yes, they're all dead. I'm dead. But you, Aves, you're whatever you chose to be."

I looked over at him, "You mean I get to chose whether I live or die?"

"Precisely." Finn grinned, finally happy that I had understood.

I felt conflict overtake my every emotion. "What do I do, Finn?" I questioned, my voice wavering.

Finn nodded slightly, as if he had been expecting this question from me. "Only you can decide that." he explained, his feet falling motionless on the path.

I looked up, noting that we had stopped at an opening that revealed the beach we had originally come from.

"I have to decide now." I whispered, knowing what it meant that we were back here.

"Yes." Finn answered, looking over to me with a reassuring look. "Whatever you choose, Aves, just know that I am always with you, no matter what. Always."

I felt tears well up in my eyes as I looked over at my twin. "I don't want to lose you again." I whispered, distraught over the fact that I had just gotten him back.

"I know." he nodded, giving me a sad smile, "But there's a lot of people who don't want to lose you."

It was then, for the first time since I had arrived in this fantasy, that I thought of those who I would be leaving behind.

Octavia, Raven, Jasper, Monty, Miller, Bryan, Clarke, Harper, hell even Murphy.

And Bellamy. Bellamy, the man I had convinced myself I couldn't stand for so long. The man who had been only my best friend's brother, nothing more, nothing less.

But I had been lying to myself all along. Because Bellamy had always been more to me, so much more.

He had been my lifeline, the sole thing keeping me going when all else seemed to be falling apart around me. Bellamy Blake was my saving grace and there was no way I could leave him.

It was with that realization that I turned to my brother who was already watching me with knowing eyes.

"I have to go, Finn." I admitted, finally at peace with my decision. "I can't leave them. Not yet."

He gave me a grateful smile. "I was hoping you'd say that."

"I'll be here." he added, "When you're ready, I'll be here, Aves. And until then, I'm with you, in here." he said, motioning to my heart.

My face morphed into a teary smile as I wrapped my arms around him, burring my face in his chest. "I love you, Finn." I whispered, "To the Earth and back."

He clutched onto me, kissing the top of my head before taking a step back. "I love you, Aves. To the Earth and back and then some."

I let out a watery laugh, watching as he slowly took a few steps back. And then, slowly and then all at once, he disappeared.

Soon enough, the warmth that the sun had provided me on that beach had vanished, and cold gripped my body.

I felt the cold hard ground I was laying on, all of my senses slowly returning to me.

My breath ripped through my body, as if it were the first time I had ever breathed

Warm hands had been pressing on my chest, the minute I took a breath they fell away and I could hear someone let out a sob.

I was back in the Throne Room at Polis.

I was alive.

-THE END-

-an-

yes, this chapter was cliche and cheesy but I am in love with it.

I think this is what aves needed to finally feel at peace with her brother's death.

and yes, you read that correctly, this is the final chapter of 'lifeline'. but fear not, as I am going to be continuing the avery and bellamy story in my new book entitled 'salvation'! if you enjoy their story, please, please, please check it out and give it

some love.

love you all so so much

-maddy

SEQUEL

hiiii everyone!!

just letting you know that avery and bellamy's story will continue in the sequel to this book called 'salvation.' you can find the sequel on my profile :)

thank you all so much for your support on this story. please carry that love over onto the sequel. leaving votes and comments lets me know that people are enjoying the book, and means I will continue with the story.

again, thank you all so much!

love you all,

-maddy xoxo